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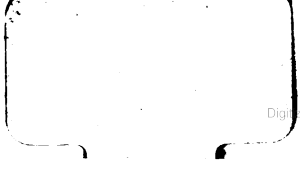

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MEMOIRS

AND

SELECT REMAINS

OF

AN ONLY SON,

WHO DIED NOVEMBER 27, 1821,

IN HIS 19TH YEAR,

WHILE A STUDENT IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

BY THOMAS DURANT,
POOLE, DORSET, ENG.

FIRST AMERICAN FROM THE SECOND LONDON EDITION.

ANDOVER:

PUBLISHED BY MARK NEWMAN.

1823.

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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT :

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BE it remembered, that on the fifth day of June A. D. 1823, in the forty seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America, Mark Newman, of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words following, *to wit*—"Memoirs and select remains of an only son, who died November 27, 1821, in his 19th year while a student in the University of Glasgow ; by Thomas Durant, Poole, Dorset Eng."—In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned :" and also to an Act entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned ; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical, and other prints."

JOHN W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

AMERICAN EDITION.

THE American Editor of this interesting biography has thought proper to omit a part of the Essays and Poems contained in the London Edition; not because he differs in judgment from the biographer as to the merit of those juvenile productions; but because he wishes so to reduce the size and the price of the book, that the circulation may be as extensive as possible; and because he thinks it will answer the great end of this edition to retain a sufficient number of those productions to make a just impression of the genius and early cultivation of the extraordinary youth who wrote them. With the same views, the Editor has omitted a few notes and other passages of minor consequence. He has also given titles to all the sections corresponding with the Table of contents. But in the biography itself he has made no alterations.

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PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE writer of the following Memoir has too much confidence in the kindness of the public, to deem it necessary for him to *deprecate* the severity of its criticism, or to *entreat* its favourable verdict on his labours. He is not unaware, that the partiality of a father for an only child—lately the last earthly solace to which he could look, on the loss of all the other members of his family—may have led him to dwell on scenes, which, however dear to his own heart, from those numerous and powerful associations, of which he alone is conscious, may present but little to interest the feelings of others.

If he has over-rated the talents and attainments of his beloved child, he has erred in common with some whose names stand high in more than one department of literature and science. He certainly felt no inconsiderable diffidence in offering to the notice of the public a life of his son, till he found that many, who had no

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parental partialities, and who were, in every other respect, more competent judges than himself, had formed as high an estimate of those talents as he entertained; and some of whom had expressed a wish that a work of this kind should be undertaken.

The writer may be suspected of partiality, especially in describing the moral and religious character of his son. It will, however, be admitted, that no other had such means of knowing that character; and he solemnly declares, that he is utterly unconscious of presenting one feature more strongly than truth permitted, or even demanded. When he asserts as he does most conscientiously—that he never, for the last fourteen years, endured one anxious feeling of apprehension respecting his child's future interests in time or eternity—that, from a perfect conviction of the purity and strength of his religious principles, his parents could ever repose on him the most unlimited confidence—the public will admit that, in whatever he has said, he is, at least, sincere. On this subject he dares to appeal, without hesitation, from his own testimony, to the united opinions of many—and especially of those numerous youths, both at home and at College, with whom his son was most intimately acquainted; and to whom he necessarily appeared, in his hours of relaxation, without even the possible suspicion of disguise. If TRUTH be PANEGYRIC, the

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eulogium must stand: and the writer can never sufficiently praise God that, in this case, an eulogium can be fairly pronounced; and that, amidst recollections which awaken all the tenderest and most painful emotions of his heart, he has not to look back on ONE act of disobedience, or ONE moral delinquency of his son. That son was, unquestionably, conscious of his own imperfections before God; and sought, through the mediation of a Saviour, the pardon of his sins; but, in all that was visible to man, there was the evident operation of that sacred principle, which taught him "to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world."

The writer has found it difficult to satisfy himself in making a selection from Essays and Poems, which would, altogether, fill several volumes, and which afford striking evidences of industry, if not of taste and judgment. In making the selection, he has done his best; though he can confidently assert, that there are among the unpublished pieces several quite equal to those contained in these volumes, and one superior to any among them.

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MEMOIRS.

&c.

HIS BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

My beloved child, William Friend, so named from his maternal grandfather, was born January 7th, 1803. It was no sooner announced to me that "a man child was born into the world," than I most solemnly dedicated him to his Maker; and from that day to the dreadful moment in which I heard he was gone beyond the reach, or the need of prayer, I never once, to the best of my recollection, offered my supplications to God in private, without distinctly remembering and mentioning him. Since his removal, it has been one of my bitterest griefs, that neither he nor those with whom he had a common and an equal interest in my affections, remain to form an object of solicitude in such hallowed employments. The sincerity with which I so often made that dedication, has now been put to a severe test; and, though not without "strong crying and tears," I have been enabled, through the grace of Him who smote me, to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away, and *blessed be the name of the* Lord." The celebrated John Howe, in addressing Sir Charles and Lady Hogh-

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ton,* on an occasion similar to that which has agonized my heart, says, "You concurred in this the dedication of your son—you covenanted with God in Christ to be his God. But then you ought to consider what the import and meaning was of that your covenant. Was it not absolute and without limitation, that God should be a God to him entirely, and without reserve? and that he should be *his*, absolutely, and be disposed of by him, *at his pleasure?* Otherwise, there was a repugnancy and contradiction *in the very terms* of your covenant. Is not *God*, the name of a being incapable of limitation?—And when he makes *his demand from us* of what we, on our part, are to be and do; he demands *our all*, absolutely; that we surrender *ourselves* and *ours*, whatsoever we are and have, to his pleasure and dispose, without other exception or restriction, than *by his promise*, he hath laid upon himself."

I felt most deeply the importance of the charge which Providence had devolved upon me. Not utterly a stranger to the state of human nature, to the waywardness of the heart, to the dangers which beset every part of the path of life; I trembled, lest, through a defect in his education, through any impropriety in our example, or through some foreign influence, he might become an injury to the world, a dishonor to his God:—and looking upon him, I uttered the language of another father, similarly circumstanced:—

* Dedication to his "Redeemer's Dominion over the invisible World," a Sermon of almost unequalled vigor, beauty and pathos, preached nearly a century and half ago.

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" Now thou art listed in the war of life,
The prize immense, and oh! severe the strife!
Thou embryo-angel, or thou infant fiend,
A being now begun, but ne'er to end,
What boding fears a father's heart torment,
Trembling and anxious for the grand event,
Lest thy young soul, so late by Heaven bestowed,
Forget her father, and forget her God!
Lest, while imprison'd in this house of clay,
To tyrant lusts she fall a helpless prey!
And lest, descending still from bad to worse,
Her immortality should prove her curse!
Maker of souls! avert so dire a doom,
Or snatch her back to native Nothing's gloom!"

DAVIS.

These apprehensions of possible evil did not destroy the pleasure which our lovely boy produced. We called to remembrance the promises of God to the faithful; the assistances which he had afforded many of our friends in training up their families; and the happy success which had crowned labors as humble as our own. They gave, however, a tone of deep and anxious feeling to our hearts, awakened within us the spirit of prayer, and roused us to the exercise of our judgments respecting the pleasing, but solemn duties assigned us. On many particular occasions did both his mother and myself jointly make *these* the special subjects of our petitions. Nor had we, in after life, neither have I to this moment, reason to doubt, that He, "who heareth prayer," approved and answered ours. Few can be ignorant that the *direct and immediate influence* produced by exercises of this kind on the mind is great and most

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salutary: they bind us, in common consistency, to *act* as we *pray*. Philosophy, which, on such subjects, only skims the surface, may maintain, that this is the *sole* effect; but that word, on which I have long rested my hopes, and which now affords, not merely my richest, but my only consolation, assures us, that, however immutable the plans of the "only wise God" may be, our prayers, when sincere and fervent, avail much in heaven.

Besides the abundant consolation which flowed to us from the word of truth, *I* found my burden most materially alleviated by a knowledge of the sound sense, cultivated understanding, affectionate heart and christian principle of his beloved mother; who possessed, in a high degree, almost every mental and moral excellency for which her son was afterwards so distinguished. I knew, from the experience of three years, that she was deficient in no single qualification of a "help meet" for me in the education of our common charge.

He passed through his earliest years, with no more than the ordinary share of infantile diseases; which sometimes alarmed us for a season, but never produced any lasting fears. We enjoyed him greatly; nor did either our tempers or our principles permit us to refuse the comfort with which Providence had supplied us in the health and sprightliness of our child; we were not disposed to dash the cup of happiness with the bitterly tormenting inquiry, 'How could we endure to lose him?' This disposition accompanied us through life: and except in cases of real or apparent danger, neither his mother nor myself ever endured, on this ground, a mo-

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ment's anxiety. *She*, in adverting to it, has often said, "The probability is, that he will survive us both; and why should we torment ourselves with the voluntary apprehension of an evil which may never arrive? God *may* take him from us; 'sufficient for the day will be the evil thereof;' and sufficient, unquestionably, will be our strength from above to bear it: but why should we not enjoy him while he lives, instead of embittering the present by the agonies of anticipation? "It will be enough"—(Alas! *I* find it so!)—"it will be enough to endure his actual death, without enduring the dread of meeting the evil at every turn of his passage through life." Thus have been secured to me nineteen entire years of parental bliss—a larger share, I fear, than falls to the lot of many parents who possess their children for a much longer time.

We deemed it imperiously necessary to form, while he was yet in his infancy, a plan of future management, to begin from the moment that he should emerge from that state. It was, I imagine, little if any thing, more than that of all considerate parents; and if more than ordinarily successful in the application, it arose from the circumstance that while we had to operate upon the most favourable materials, THE PLAN WAS INVARIABLY PURSUED: I say, *invariably*, for I am not aware, that it was ever, in a single instance, essentially neglected.

We had determined, from the beginning, TO ACT IN PERFECT UNISON—and if there should, at any time, occur an unavoidable difference in opinion, never to let him perceive it. If I had, as was sometimes probably the case, been unreasonable in demanding more than was

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to be fairly expected, or in insisting on what was, in his circumstances, impracticable, his mother was uniformly silent before him, and shewed me, when alone, the extravagance of my requisitions—thus affording *me* an opportunity of averting or correcting any evil that might have been threatened or produced—without begetting in his mind a notion that he might calculate on a rivalship betwixt the sternness of a father, and the excessive indulgence of a mother. He ever considered us as one —expected an equal share of tender affection from both —and was not, I trust, wholly disappointed.

We never employed the ordinary and vulgar method of FRIGHTENING him into obedience. Nothing but ignorance and weakness will resort to expedients which produce in many, and even in some powerful minds, distressing associations which no future instructions or reasonings can totally dissolve; and which are, not unfrequently, the foundation of mental habits, which destroy the entire comfort of future life, lead to a mad-house, or terminate in suicide. Never to the moment of his entrance upon the unseen world, did he know the torment of a superstitious apprehension.

It was an essential part of our plan NEVER EITHER TO DECEIVE HIM, or to suffer him to be deceived. We carried this into every thing. One deception discovered by a child—(and children are adepts at making such discoveries)—will ever shake that perfect confidence on which a parent has to calculate as the main assistant in a *moral* education. On this we rested a large share of our hope, and it never disappointed us. When about two years of age, he was afflicted with an inflammation

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of the lungs, which rendered respiration difficult. Incapable of transferring so precious a charge to other hands, we sat up with him, watched, wept, and prayed over him, as he lay dozing or restless. It was necessary he should take medicine. This he refused, saying, "I can't, papa, it makes me sick." I answered, "My dear, *it will make you sick;* I know it is unpleasant; but it must be taken. You will be the better for it afterwards." This reasoning making, as may be imagined, little impression, in opposition to his *feelings*, I deemed it necessary to add, in a tone perfectly understood, "Unpleasant as it is, you *must* and *shall* take it." As he never knew us promise or threaten in vain, the case was instantly decided: and he never, from that time, refused any draught, however nauseous. This saved us much future perplexity.

He was never permitted to carry a point by importunity. We strove early to establish in his mind a conviction of our superior wisdom, and of a disposition to do every thing, which, in our judgment, could make him happy. "Do you not think *we* know what is best for you?" 'Yes.' "Do you not know that we love you too well to keep from you any thing that would make you happy?" 'Yes.' "Well, then, why do you ask a second time for what we would have given you at once if it had been proper?" After some such short dialogues as this, it was almost needless to say more. He might, perhaps, a few times, have urged a request, with the hope of subduing us: but after giving him two or three practical proofs of its inefficacy, there never was occasion to speak twice. Why will any parents, to save

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themselves the pain of a momentary decision, encourage a practice which, when formed into a habit, is equally injurious to one party, and vexatious to the other! A child that can conquer, by cries or entreaty, once in twenty times, will be sure always to make the effort: for, however the chances may be against him, a mind intent on its object, will convert the mere *possibility* of success into a sufficient *probability* to justify the perpetual attempt.

We were equally anxious NEVER TO BE CONQUERED BY HIS OBSTINACY. As he was to reign only in our affections, our will, when once announced, was the law of the house. In cases where his mind was capable of perceiving the *reasons* of a decision, we often assigned them; but anxious to convince him that there always were reasons, we demanded an entire acquiescence in our determination, whether he saw its reasonableness or not; assuring him, that he would himself, when older and wiser, see that we had done right. When about two years of age, the question was brought to a practical issue: he obstinately refused for two hours to comply with a demand from his mother to beg her pardon for an offence. She was inflexible; and at length, he modestly turned round, submissively fell on his knees at her feet, and, in the most penitential accents, said, "I beg your pardon, mamma, and will never be so naughty again." The consequence of this patient decision was permanent. I am confident, that from that moment to the hour of his death, he never meditated opposition to our will, nor said or did a thing of which he feared we might seriously disapprove. In the merest trifles, no

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less really than in the most momentous engagements of his life, he was ever studious of our happiness ; and he felt, that, in consulting this, he was securing his own.

These remarks may seem both trifling and unnecessary to those who have paid little or no attention to the philosophy of education ; and who conceive it to consist only in the whipping and discipline of a school and a college : nor, in truth, do I entertain much hope that they will derive any material benefit from such minuteness. If not already aware that on these trifling circumstances much of the future character depends, I can scarcely calculate on finding among them a sufficient share of discernment to perceive the force of arguments by which the actual importance of these seeming trifles can be demonstrated. I wish to present before the public a youth of no ordinary character, equally distinguished by the brilliancy of his mental powers, the sweetness of his temper, and the strength and steadiness of his christian principles :—and it is not unnatural that I should give in detail the particulars of that process of education, by which, under God, those powers were developed, and that entire character formed. The first five or six years generally determine that which constitutes the *individuality*—the *leading peculiarity*, of the man through life. And *he* must have been a careless observer, who has not perceived the permanence of early associations and early habits. Circumstances, in after life, may modify that peculiarity, but they will never be able wholly to destroy it. And even the power of divine grace, which may effect a total moral revolution ; which may implant principles, that, after un-

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folding themselves here, shall receive their more complete development in another world; will leave it to the end of time almost untouched. It has become too intimately a part of the mental constitution to be annihilated by any thing short of that solemn event, which shall dissolve every earthly tie, and place us in a region of light and love, whose transforming influence shall leave no portion of the character unassimilated to the likeness of our God and Saviour. As the efficacy of even religious principles, in forming the character, is so materially affected by these previous associations and habits, it is of immense importance to the individual and to society that special attention should be paid to the minuter circumstances of early life. These remarks will, it is hoped, be deemed sufficient to justify the past, or any future, detail of particulars.

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HIS RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

THE most important light in which our dear child appeared to us was that of a MORAL AND IMMORTAL BEING. And while we earnestly prayed for the advancement of his highest interests in time and eternity, we knew that it were mockery to offer prayer, did we not employ all the means in our power to enlighten, impress, and guide him. We ever felt that an influence from heaven was necessary to render our labours effectual;—that He, "from whom cometh every good and perfect gift," must be the primary agent in this great work;—but that we had to hope for and calculate on that influence, only as we added our endeavours to our supplications. The Nile, fed by the rains of distant mountains, rolls majestically along in its course; rises above, and spreads over the face of Egypt; giving to that land *all* its fertility:—yet a large portion of the effect depends upon the husbandmen, who wisely construct their reservoirs, and so preserve the precious fluid, that, after the recession of the stream, they may still conduct it to every part; and thus conduce to the production of that enchanting scene, which rises up to view, with a rapidity and loveliness which almost surpass the charm of a poetic fiction. This depends wholly on the Nile: yet it depends upon the inhabitants of Egypt, whether "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose," or remain fruit-

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less and unsightly as the neighbouring sands. In simple truth, it depends on the union of both. Were the river to refuse his supply, or the husbandmen to refuse to avail themselves of his assistance, there would appear neither the beauty nor the abundance for which that land has, at certain seasons, been celebrated. And the law, which runs through nature, is equally fixed in the dispensations of grace, "work, for it is God that works."

Our hearts were naturally formed to cheerfulness; and the religion of Jesus had always presented itself to our minds as inexpressibly lovely,—as "glad tidings of great joy." It was, therefore equally from inclination and principle, that we determined, if possible, to present religion before him in her own charming and attractive form. He never saw gloom in us; and he soon learned that religion was at once the inspirer and the guardian of our happiness. A connexion, of great importance to his future character and peace, was thus early formed in his mind between godliness and pleasure. And such was the effect of this happy association, that though I never knew a human being who took a more solemn view of the realities of eternity than he, I am persuaded he never once in his life contemplated religion without a feeling of calm delight. He knew it only as the guide of life, the support of the heart, and the cherisher of a hope full of immortality. He had never felt "the terrors of the Lord;" for he had never known himself a sinner but in the light of those holy scriptures which, at the very moment of shewing him his condition, presented that blest sacrifice on which

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he could confidently rest for everlasting life. But though he had never passed through those mental anxieties and depressions which are found to give a peculiarly thrilling interest to the doctrine of salvation by faith in the Redeemer; I have rarely found any one who more ardently loved that distinguishing truth; or who felt more dissatisfied with sermons in which it did not form a prominent feature.

We began very early to point out to him the PROOFS OF THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD. The steps of the argument were so easy, that he soon comprehended all the leading topics in Paley's Natural Theology—a work, which, it is needless to say, possesses for young minds all the interest of a novel, by the variety of facts it adduces, and the happy simplicity with which it applies them in proof of its point. I did not introduce him, till later in life, to Clarke's *a priori* reasoning on the same subject. And, indeed, he never relished that great writer's "Demonstration." We corresponded and conversed much on this subject, during the last year: but he always considered the argument, *a posteriori*, as the only popular, and almost the sole ground that can be taken, with effect, against an atheist. He seemed to think that what was *conclusive* in the Demonstration, though not founded on the method of induction, was, after all, only the *a posteriori* argument in another form: and that the rest, from our necessary ignorance of *Infinity*, was more fitted to *confound* than satisfactorily to *demonstrate*. He admired, however, the profoundness of Clarke; and was equally struck with astonishment at the acuteness of Butler—first, a student for the dissenting ministry, after-

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wards Bishop of Durham—who ranked, at the age of twenty one, among that great writer's most powerful *correspondents*—for his objections were too much in the form of doubts and modest inquiries, to place him among his *opponents*.

At a period equally early, we made him acquainted with the LEADING EVIDENCES OF DIVINE REVELATION. To teach him these,—consisting, as most of them did, of facts, which are as susceptible of historical proof as any other facts,—we found to be no difficult task. It was, however, our great object to shew him the proofs which the holy scriptures themselves contain of their own sacred origin. At about the age of nine, he was a tolerable master of all the leading arguments in Paley. In future life, he studied these evidences with fresh and uncommon attention ; and as he was unusually acute in perceiving all that could be said for and against any subject ; and as he shrunk from no difficulty, his own mind anticipated, fairly met, and, to his perfect satisfaction, completely conquered, almost every objection which the heads and hearts of men have brought, or can bring, against the truth. Armed in this panoply, and with a deep and experimental feeling of its importance, he pursued inquiry, till he left no single topic, connected with the subject, unexplored. In more advanced years, he found great advantage from Saurin, whose Sermons of twelve volumes he read in French; from Butler's Analogy, which he fairly studied ; and from other works which afforded materials for the exercise of his vigorous understanding, as well as for the repose of his heart.

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Another great object was, to lead him, as early as possible, into a general acquaintance with the VARIOUS CONTENTS of Divine Revelation; and especially to impress him with those primary truths—the fallen condition of man, which the scripture either uniformly assumes, or distinctly asserts—and the abundant grace which the gospel affords for his recovery from sin, and his final happiness. We were anxious to put him in possession of a *correct principle of interpretation.* And this principle so approved itself to his maturer understanding, that he ever held it inviolate. I used to say, "My dear, if God has spoken to man, and made an explicit declaration of his will, by persons whom he has inspired, our business is, to ask, Where is that communication to be found? This book claims the honor. If God be its author, he has doubtless attended it with proofs sufficient to convince an honest enquirer that it comes from him. Examine the validity of its claim.—Are you satisfied?—This I may assume. Now, then, there remains but one duty; and that is, to ascertain, by a fair application of the laws of criticism, what is its import?—In this you must rest." "If the New Testament," says Dr Chalmers, "be a message from God, it behoves us to make an entire and unconditional surrender of our minds to all the duty and all the information which it sets before us.—Had no message come to us from the fountain head of truth, it were natural enough for every intelligent mind to take itself to its own speculations. But a message from God has come to us, bearing, on its front, every character of authenticity; and is it right now, that the question of our faith or of

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our duty should be committed to the capricious variations of this man's taste, or of that man's fancy ?" '*Our* maxim! and *our* sentiment!' God has put an authoritative stop to all this! *He* has spoken, and the right or liberty of speculation no longer remains to us. The question is now, not, 'What *thinkest* thou ?' In the days of Pagan antiquity, no other question could be put,—and to the wretched delusions and idolatries of that period, let us see what kind of answer the human mind is capable of making, when left to its own guidance, and its own authority. But we call ourselves christians, and profess to receive the bible as the directory of our faith; and the question in which we are concerned is, 'What is written in the law? How *readest* thou? What saith the scripture ?'*"

When more advanced in life—and after he had thought profoundly on this, as on most other subjects submitted to his attention,—he considered this principle of interpretation as so sacred, that rather than have violated it he would, if necessary to its maintenance, have admitted the monstrous doctrine of transubstantiation itself. He more than once reasoned thus:—"The doctrine of transubstantiation is unquestionably false. The language of our Lord,—'*Except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood—This is my Body*'—is in perfect unison with many other passages as truly figurative, and equally as bold. Nor is there any such language, except as connected with this subject, which even Catholics themselves understand *literally*. It is, therefore, right, and even necessary, to interpret these texts on the same

* Evidences and authority of the Christian Revelation.

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principle by which all others are interpreted. Either take *all* in their literal sense, or *none*: for there is no assignable reason, why *these* should form exceptions. But," added he, "If the general principle of rational interpretation did not relieve me from the difficulty, I would believe, how mysterious soever the doctrine might be, that the sacramental elements were the very body and blood of Christ; because He, who can neither err himself, nor delight to impose on his creatures, has told me so. Though it seemed a contradiction to my senses; and my reason might be ready to revolt from it as an absurdity; I would rather suppose that God wrought perpetual miracles in the case; or resolve the whole of my perceptions on the subject into sheer ignorance; than, for a moment, question what my Saviour had declared to be fact."—He did, I grant, select an extreme case for his illustration: but I am most deliberately of opinion, that the principle itself is correct; and that many grievous errors have crept into the church of God, from a disregard to its truth and importance. This persuasion was far enough from crippling his mind in the investigation of divine truth. He brought to the inquiry, indeed, none of that daring hardihood which sacrifices every canon of fair interpretation to the preconception of what a revelation from heaven ought or ought not to contain: for, having once become fully satisfied that the scriptures are from God, he sought with ardor, and he sought with a devotional spirit, the whole will of God; nor did he seek in vain. He was familiar, from his childhood, with those "holy scriptures," which made him "wise unto salvation,

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through faith in Jesus Christ." They bore him up honorably in the path of life, and they sustained him in that dread moment, when heart and flesh and life failed him.

WE MADE HIS SABBATHS ALWAYS DELIGHTFUL, by contriving to indulge him with such lessons and such engagements as should associate the idea of pleasure with those holy days. His opinion on the subject is preserved in one of those essays, (to which a more distinct reference will be made hereafter) written at the age of eleven, and entitled, "The pleasures and advantages of a religious observance of the Sabbath." Time and experience only strengthened the opinion of his earlier days. His exercises at the close of the public services were of peculiar importance to him; and they produced an effect equally salutary on his understanding and his heart. From the age of five, his mother was wont, on the Sabbath evening, to take him, alone, upon her knee, to cause him to repeat what he could remember of the sermons which he had heard; and to pray over what he had recollected. He then said that hymn from Dr Watts, "Lord, how delightful 'tis to see," &c. The prospect of this evening engagement insured his attention at the place of worship; and the success with which he would, when so young, recapitulate almost every leading sentiment he had heard, gratified both his dear teacher and himself. These exercises he continued almost till his beloved mother's death; and never shall I forget the manner in which, when a boy of nearly fifteen, he would sit upon her knee and repeat his hymn, while his arm was round her neck, and his head leaning

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on her bosom, precisely as they had been when the practice commenced in his childhood. Often have I entered their room at the close of these exercises; with rapture embraced them both, and enjoyed, in our ardent, holy, mutual affection, all but Heaven. At these, above most other moments, we felt ourselves truly united, and, as forming part of "the whole family of heaven and earth." Religion alone could so sublimate our domestic bliss. And William ever looked back on these scenes as the sweetest and most profitable hours of his life.

It was also our custom OCCASIONALLY TO RETIRE WITH HIM—especially on his birth-days—for the purpose of making *him* the almost entire subject of our thanksgiving and prayer; imploring also for ourselves that divine assistance which should enable *us* to discharge aright our important duties as parents. The effect of these retirements was great and salutary. They rendered us, if possible, dearer to each other, by bringing us into more immediate contact with our common Father in heaven, and with our everlasting home. They raised within us a livelier sense of our obligations to Him, and of our duties to each other. I used, at these seasons, to enter into his circumstances and ours, with a minuteness which would have been improper at our family devotions; and I have good reason to believe that he derived lasting benefit from these engagements. His aunt, scarcely less dear to each of us than his mother had been, made up our trio, after the melancholy day that took from us "the desire of our eyes with a stroke." When it pleased God to remove her,

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in 1818, we daily met, till her interment, by the side of her coffin ; and, hand in hand, knelt and wept, and prayed together, as we had been accustomed to do in other and happier circumstances. This practice of retirement we three continued, at meeting and parting in May and October, when William left us to prosecute his studies at Glasgow, till the last solemn evening we ever spent together. That night—never to be forgotten by me—after the family devotions were closed, and before we retired to rest, his beloved aunt, and he, and I bowed together before the throne of grace—mingling our joys and sorrows for the last time. Oh ! had we known, or even conjectured as, in the slightest degree, probable, what events were to follow so soon, and in such rapid succession, what had that meeting been ! Could *I* have borne it ? Could *they* ? Thank God, the Father of mercies, for our ignorance of futurity ! They are gone, and they will not return unto me ; but I shall go to them. Our next meeting, I confidently hope, will be before the throne of God and the Lamb ; where all tears shall be wiped away.

In a letter of exquisite tenderness, written under circumstances almost more affecting than imagination could create, is the following language, which perfectly harmonizes with the tone of my own feelings. "On Thursday last, it was your mournful lot to follow to the grave all that was mortal of your son, your only son, William. But did not the Saviour, whom you serve, see you ! had he not compassion on you ! does not he say unto you, WEEP not ! To the house appointed for all living, WE are on our march. We must meet the ene-

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my ourselves: and shall not the hope of victory make us dry up our tears, for those who have overcome by the testimony of Jesus?—through the blood of the Lamb? I knew, I esteemed, I loved, your dear departed son. I need not speak of his mental gifts—of his literary acquirements—these will be justly appreciated by many who reject, it may be, the faith in which he died. Of this faith, my very dear friend, let us be followers. Then we shall meet in that place, where the Lamb, who is in the midst of the throne, shall feed us, and lead us to living fountains of water; and God himself shall wipe away these tears from our eyes. Then you shall see your son, and I shall see my father, no more to part for ever."—That meeting shall, indeed, "turn all bright again."

William daily heard the scriptures read in the family, and as constantly knelt with us at our family altar. But we felt it extremely difficult to determine on the right method of teaching HIM HOW TO PRAY. Though no enemies to forms of prayer in the abstract, we thought that when children learn to pray by a form, they too frequently pass through the task, without any exercise of the understanding—without attention. At this time, Mrs. D. met with a passage in Zollikofer's Sermons, which instantly approved itself to our understandings; and on which we proceeded to act. It was this:—"Let your child be taught, in general, its relation to God, its dependance upon him, its obligations to him, &c. &c.: then let it form a prayer for itself. This will require thought, recollection, views of the future," &c. His mother would take him on her knee, and say, "Now,

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my dear, think how good God has been to you to-day, in continuing to you your dear papa, and me, and aunt, and other friends ; in giving you health, opportunity for learning, &c. Think of what has been amiss with you. Consider what you need,—his protection, his favor, and his mercy." This would, at times, lead to a long conversation. At length he would kneel upon her lap, with his face in her bosom, and offer his prayers. They were at first, short, singularly simple, but always conducted with the greatest seriousness. Exercise improved his talents ; and at the age of eight or nine, he could and did pray with considerable variety, with facility, and, occasionally, with pathos and eloquence. At the age of twelve, and thenceforward, he had a remarkable fluency in prayer, though it was never heard by any human being except his aunt, his mother, and myself. On no occasion could he be prevailed upon, even to his last hour, to take a part beyond that of reading the scriptures, or of reciting a hymn, in the devotional exercises of the family. It was, I believe, pure modesty ; but it was carried to an almost criminal length. In my occasional absence from home, he always devolved upon his aunt the task of conducting family prayer, for which he was himself so well qualified.

We were soon delighted, and made thankful to God, for many striking indications of his piety. His mental talents were developed in a surprising degree, at a very early stage of life ; and he seems to have felt the power of religion from the time that he could first form a notion of its nature. He was not a little indebted for this to a young woman, frequently in the habit of work-

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ing as a sempstress, at our house. She had, and still has, beyond most, the power of engaging the attention and the affections of children. Many of his hours were spent with her, while at work; and she often attended him to his bed. Religion, than which nothing more delighted him, formed their principal subject of conversation; and I shall never cease to reflect, with pleasure and gratitude, on the circumstance, that that female—whom he continued to love to his dying day, and who now mourns his loss, with a tenderness of feeling scarcely inferior to my own—was so frequent an inmate of my family. She had her reward in the kindness of my son on earth—she will have it more completely in that day and in that world, where the fruits of all such labours of love shall be fully reaped.

Amidst those early indications of religion, which afforded us so much pleasure, was his decided, invariable regard to truth. His parents had his entire confidence; and he felt no temptation to decieve *us*, as he was fully aware that his happiness and his woes were ours. We had his affections so strongly on our side, that, independently of a nobler principle, he would have been restrained from falsehood by a regard to our feelings. This may seem to ascribe to him a delicacy, a correctness, and a strength of feeling rather unnatural, or even impossible, at such an age: but it must be recollected, that all his powers had an uncommonly early development: and I pledge myself that such reasons, however out of the ordinary course, did very soon operate upon his mind. While we could calculate on this operation, in all his intercourse with us, we had ever studied to

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impress him with a sense of the divine presence and inspection. This supplied him with a motive for speaking truth in his intercourse with *others* as well as with *ourselves*. And to no part of his character did we ever direct a more constant or more earnest attention than to this. When he was about three years old, an aged female, at whose house he was staying for a day, informed me that William had told a falsehood. As deception of any kind was so perfectly foreign from all his habits, I expressed a doubt on the subject; but she stated such particulars as caused me to fear that he had transgressed. I was thunderstruck and almost distracted; for the information seemed to blast my most cherished hopes. This might, I thought, be the commencement of a series of evils for ever ruinous to our peace. I am not—I never was—naturally of a temper to augur the worst; but the first grand moral delinquency, even at such an age, must commit a breach on the noblest sensibilities of the heart, which cannot but threaten a catastrophe at which a parent may well shudder. *Principiis obsta*, (resist the beginnings of evil,) had ever been our motto; and our child lived long enough to feel its importance, and to bless God that his parents had never departed from it. I am not sure that my agony, on hearing of his death, was much more intense than that which I then endured, from an apprehension of his guilt. Instantly, but without betraying my emotions, I asked him what he had said. He answered, at once, in so artless and unembarrassed a manner, as to convince me that he was unconscious of falsehood,—that there must have been some misconception in the case, and that my boy

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was yet innocent. I pursued the inquiry, and in a few moments found, to my inexpressible joy, that he was perfectly correct in all he had stated.

This was the only time in his life in which I had even a passing suspicion of his disregard to truth. On one memorable and most important occasion, in 1820, to which I need not more explicitly refer, and which Glasgow College, with its late and present Lord Rectors, will not readily forget; he received from a distinguished professor a testimony to his integrity which his own heart felt he merited, but which that gentleman conveyed in language and with a manner so peculiarly delicate as to make upon the mind of my son a deeply favourable impression, which nothing but death could erase. In a confidential interview with that professor, he said, "Sir, I was not present on that occasion; and I can prove an *alibi*." Mr —— laying his hand upon his heart, said, "Mr D., you have removed from my mind a heavy load: I was sure you could not have been in that procession: but you need not, Sir, *prove* an *alibi*; for no gentleman in the University can require a proof beyond your own assertion." To that learned professor, I am myself indebted for the politest attentions and the most tender sympathy, at a moment when my bleeding heart felt the need of all the support that human or divine kindness could administer. And I beg him to accept this public expression of my thanks.

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HIS INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION.

I HAVE presented, in one view, the *general* history of his religious character—though that will be found to run, more or less, through the whole memoir—in order that I might pursue in a more unembarrassed manner, his intellectual progress. It may easily be imagined, that parents not altogether unacquainted with literature themselves; feeling its importance as a copious source of innocent pleasure, and as an instrument of usefulness in the world;* and marking, with rapture, the early indications of superior talents in their child, would apply themselves with assiduity, to the cultivation of his mind. We were aware that more depended on THE MANNER OF CONDUCTING HIS EDUCATION, than on our best inclinations. We, therefore, read, and conversed, and thought much upon the subject. While common observation, and our moderate acquaintance with mental philosophy, furnished us with many useful suggestions, Dr. Knox, Miss Hamilton, the Edgeworths, and others, who had written on education, afforded us most essential benefit. To

* In one of his letters to me during his first session at Glasgow, he writes, "I am glad to hear that you do not neglect classical literature; for, besides its intrinsic, it has an arbitrary value—so to speak.—*It* creates esteem; *esteem*, influence; influence is power; and power will prove, I am convinced, in your hands, the instrument of beneficence."

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the Edgeworths, however, we were chiefly indebted; as they had presented before the world the actual course of instruction pursued, with such apparent success, in their own family; thus offering a practical comment on their theory. A few years since, my dear William and I read together the Institutes of Quintilian; and I was not a little pleased to find that *we* had pursued with him (from his cradle) almost the entire course of mental discipline, which that learned rhetorician had recommended for the formation of a scholar and an orator. This circumstance may have materially influenced his opinion in favor of that author; but he ever spoke of him, as, with the exception of Cicero, to whom he was devotedly attached, the wisest of the Roman writers with whom he was acquainted.

We ever felt fully persuaded that, in education, REGULARITY, AND THE FORMATION OF GENERAL HABITS, were of great and essential importance. We had seen many a promising child spoiled—suffered to skim over the surface of things, and continuing a mere sciolist—through the absence of these. We imagined in theory, what we found in fact, that ORDER AND STEADINESS OF APPLICATION are the grand secrets on which so much of excellency depends. Having formed our plan, and determined on a strictly domestic education, we came to the resolution that nothing, over which we had control, should interfere with the execution of our intentions. The friends, who occasionally visited us, were always given to understand that our plan was unalterable; and that they must, therefore, consent to our devoting the accustomed hours to the instruction of our beloved pupil.

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His mother would say, "If any can be offended with this, they will, of course, cease to visit us; and we may well dispense with their visits; for the welfare of the child shall not be sacrificed to propitiate the favor of such unreasonable guests." Yet, however rigid in our adherence to system, we did not assign him too many hours of labour—but our language ever was, "Work while you work; play when you play." We never kept him *very long* at any one thing, knowing that variety of pursuits would operate almost as relaxation. At the age of seven, the habit of regular application was completely formed; and from that time till the moment of his last short illness, mental exertion was his delight. Except during his hours of play, or while he was engaged in those amusements which were deemed necessary for his health, his mind *chose* and *delighted in* steady and intense action; which was so much his element, that he never sauntered about idly inquiring, "What must I do next?" for he had always before him employment sufficient to occupy his whole time and attention.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich." Great talents are the immediate gift of God; but great attainments are the fruit of personal exertion. It is often the affectation, and sometimes the practical folly, of men endued with genius, to maintain that the possession of uncommon powers renders labour unnecessary. That, independently of close application, they may astonish by the occasional displays of strength and originality, few will deny; but without industry, they must never expect to gain permanent and useful fame and influence.

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My son, if not at play or in conversation, was *always engaged*, though frequently in those lighter studies which relieved, even while they occupied him. He had a considerable taste for drawing, and has left me several bold and well executed sketches. In pursuing this amusement, however, he still kept his mental cultivation in view; and would often say, to his mother, "Now, if you will read, I will draw; but unless you will do so, I cannot afford time for drawing." He seemed to give his whole mind to his pencil; yet he had the talent of attending to the subject of the book so entirely, as if he had been simply and intently listening to the beloved reader. The fact is mentioned here merely for the purpose of shewing the habit of incessant, indefatigable industry, induced by early discipline, and on which his distinguished acquirements depended.

It must not be inferred from this that he was debarred from necessary play and various recreations. We were always anxious that he should promote his health, and fit himself to go cheerfully to his sedentary pursuits, by a sufficient quantity of relaxation. Our neighbours, who often saw him trundling his hoop, spinning his top, and bounding, with the sprightliness and force of an antelope, from place to place, will bear witness that he was not a confined child—or a little demure old man. His earlier companions, who read this, will recollect that he was ever the boldest and most boisterous boy in all their games and pastimes. And it is singular enough —but it perfectly accords with his influence at a maturer age and among superior companions,—that though perfectly unassuming, and so kind that every *playfellow*

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was his *friend*, he took the lead in all their pursuits, and retained, without effort, without dispute, and by universal consent, the precedency among them. They felt, they knew not how, that he was their superior; though he never, from first to last, made any one painfully feel inferior to himself. When the weather forbade out-door exercise, his mother, his aunt and myself devised every method in our power to keep him in action during the intervals of his study. These means were quite effectual; and no parents were ever blest with a child possessing a more robust and healthy constitution.

In urging him to mental exertion, WE NEVER APPEALED TO HIS AMBITION—never placed before him a vista of literary honors, terminated by something more substantial still. His heart was open to the influence of those nobler motives which operate as surely, steadily, and powerfully, as any which can actuate the *mere* scholar. That, in after years, he was not wholly indifferent to those academic laurels, which, in such profusion, adorned his brow, will be easily believed—and it were a foolish affectation of humility to deny.* Yet, I apprehended there was, at least, *one* who felt more pride,—perhaps, not more pleasure—on these occasions, than he did. His *pleasure* was great, indeed; for, besides the natural feelings created by such honorable and public distinc-

* In a letter written during his first session, he says, "I do not wish to be too anxious about prizes: still they would not produce their desired effect, if no palpitations were their consequence. I well know, however, that higher motives should be *the* animating ones."

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tions, he knew how much his success added to the happiness of those whom he most dearly loved. In a letter of last spring, he said, "It is certainly most gratifying to me, but my chief pleasure arises from knowing how much it gratifies my aunt and you." In his earliest days, we endeavoured to impress him with the consideration —that his time and talents were bestowed upon him by God, and held in trust till that God should call him to give an account of his stewardship—that it was both the duty and the happiness of a creature to "glorify his Creator in body and in spirit"—that the capacity for usefulness generally bore a proportion to mental acquirements; as they enlarged our views, and created for us an influence among mankind, which might be employed for the general good. To these considerations he gave his full assent; and, under their influence, he cheerfully concurred with us in carrying on to a state of great perfection, the culture of his extraordinary powers. And the last letter which I ever received from him, in referring to his prospects in life, breathes that spirit of piety and christian devotedness, which we had endeavoured—and I trust successfully endeavoured—at an early period to infuse. "I think," says he, in one part of that letter, "if two lives were placed before me —one, splendid, happy, and *useless*—the other, solicitous, obscure, but still *spent in contributing to the great mass of general happiness and virtue*,—I should unhesitatingly select the latter."

One of our first objects was, to fix his attention, by AWAKENING HIS CURIOSITY AND NEVER REPRESSING HIS ANXIETY TO KNOW, BY CHIDING HIM FOR HIS TROUBLESOMENESS.

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The inquiries of children often contain references to the profoundest investigations of philosophy. On some of these, we can never fully make up our own minds; while others admit of a moral demonstration; or at least of a solution, which, if not absolutely satisfactory, is yet sufficiently probable to admit of being ranked almost among the elementary principles of knowledge. And it belongs to a judicious parent or tutor to determine in what manner to treat the questions with which he is—sometimes, indeed, awkwardly—assailed. Where it was possible, by any simple mode of statement or illustration, to satisfy his mind, we never left him in the dark: but where the subject seemed to us absolutely inexplicable, or not capable of explanation to a child; we satisfied him, and yet urged him to further thought, by saying, "When older, you will be able to understand it better: at present, you can know no more upon the subject." His confidence in us rendered such a declaration quite sufficient; and he ceased, for that time, to urge his queries. When we did talk with him, we always found a most willing, inquisitive and intelligent auditor. We trifled, played, and laughed with him; and no child could more enjoy the little pleasantries of life than he: but as to trifle, play and laugh, were not to be the great concerns of life, it was our constant object to store his mind with information; and above all, to ROUSE HIM TO THE EXERCISE OF ITS POWERS. To this he was easily and effectually roused. And this gave a large compass to his views; made him sensible of his capabilities; took him from the common herd of imitators; gave him a feeling of independence; and threw into his modes

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of thinking and expression, that charm of originality which, always natural, often surprised and delighted us. At our table, and in our walks, nothing occurred—no single fact presented itself—for which we did not ask a reason. His efforts were sometimes successful; and when they were not so, we aided him in the inquiry. And thus, in our ordinary conversations, by the simplest experiments and illustrations, he attained considerable knowledge—besides forming—what is of immense importance—THE HABIT OF ENDEAVOURING TO ACCOUNT FOR EVERY THING HE SAW.

He had a READINESS OF COMPREHENSION AND A NICENESS OF DISCRIMINATION, which are seldom found in children so young as he. An instance, very trifling in itself, but which most strongly confirms the remark, just now occurs to my recollection. I was in the constant habit of going to our place of worship after breakfast on the Sabbath morning, for the purpose of setting my watch by the clock. On returning one day, I perceived a small defect in my black silk stocking, (which I always wore over thin white cotton,) and took it off. William, who was, then, not four years of age, soon after came into the room; and smiling at my piebald appearance, said, with amazing glee, "Has papa been out in the town in such a dress?" His mother answered, "No! but I suppose you would have been highly *delighted*, if he had." He instantly rejoined, "No, mamma, not *delighted*, but *diverted*, certainly." She instantly saw the accuracy of the distinction, but, as if ignorant of it, said, "Well, but is not that the same thing?" "No, mamma!—don't you know that that which *delights* is something—something

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—something—which makes us very *happy:* and that which *diverts* is something *funny*, you know, mamma?" He had never heard a formal definition of these terms; but so great were his observation and the acuteness and accuracy of his perceptions, that he had found, from common conversation, that such were the shades of difference. Those gentlemen who knew him when he was eighteen, and listened either to his arguments in the social circle, or to his essays on the profoundest subjects of metaphysical science in the moral philosophy class, will recognize the germ of those powers which he displayed on such occasions in so great perfection.

It was our firm purpose NEVER TO SUFFER A SINGLE IMPROPRIETY OF LANGUAGE, either in pronunciation, grammar, or the construction of a sentence, to pass his lips without correction; and that he should, generally, and at first especially, read only those authors which were of classical authority, and which might, imperceptibly, form his style of expression and composition. He reaped great benefit from this determination. We made, indeed, one exception, which had the entire approbation of our understandings and our hearts. In his fifth or sixth year, we put into his hands John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. After the eulogiums which some of the first English scholars have pronounced on that work of fancy and of truth, which weaves into one narrative the most astonishingly just exhibitions of human nature, with the clearest views of evangelical doctrines and duties, and conducts us through all the windings of the christian course, from the first discovery of danger till the consummation of the character and of bliss;—it is

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needless for me to add my feeble testimony to its worth. From its influence in developing my dear boy's powers, I can never think or speak of it without pleasure and gratitude. He was aware that it was an allegory ; and it was his business, for weeks, to ascertain its design in every part. This put his young mind into constant and vigorous action ; and, by fixing his attention, and rousing inquiry, had a most salutary and visible influence on his intellectual character. He ever retained a love and veneration for that author : and though in future years, he sometimes laughed at the odd conceptions he had formed on reading some parts of the book, he never thought of it without pleasure. Some years ago, and while William was a child of eight or nine, a briefless barrister, hopeless, perhaps, of distinction in the track of life which his injudicious parents had chosen for him, diverged from his course ; and with a quixotism for which his perfect freedom from forensic engagements may account, suddenly became the champion of liberal sentiments and unimpassioned christianity, and threw down the gauntlet of defiance to the whole *evangelical* host. In one of his unfair and contemptible pamphlets, he had spoken in bitter terms of the " licentious writings" of that " old immortal tinker, John Bunyan." On reading these words, my son burst into tears, enraged that a professed scholar could be found so ignorant of Bunyan's history ; or that the avowed friend of morality should be so base a traitor to historical truth, of which he could scarcely be ignorant ; as to charge a man of eminent piety and virtue with a design to weaken the claims of a gracious God on the love and obedi-

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ence of his creatures. Nor did he ever afterwards hear that barrister's name without a feeling of indignation. He could always allow a fair attack on any opinions, however dear to his heart: but his anger was at all times roused, by profane ribaldry, by intentional mis-statement, or by a ruffian attack on departed excellence.

The principal works to which we first introduced him were those of Mrs. Barbauld and the Aikins, Day's Sandford and Merton, Baldwin's History of England, &c. This last he almost committed to memory. When reading it at the age of seven or eight, for the fourth or fifth time, he was so struck with the history of the Black Prince, that he begged his mamma (for I was then in London) to let him read a larger account. She took down Hume, and he read the story with vast delight. As he had promised, before my departure, that he would write to me during our separation, he made this a part of his communication, which, as the very first of his literary relics, I shall here transcribe. "I have taken the liberty to read in your History of England. I have read the battles of Cressy and Poictiers, when the English defeated the French on all sides. You know the particulars—but I must tell you one particular; this is, how noble the Prince of Wales was, and how he made a feast for the King of France, after he had conquered him, and waited upon him himself; and he was exalted as a king in the English camp, and had more honor than a monarch upon his own throne. And, indeed, the soldiers and generals of England have retained that spirit ever since. Indeed there was very great boldness in

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that reign." He so well understood his author, and was so pleased with his style, that he asked permission to read the *whole* of Hume. We granted his request; and here, as in every other pursuit of his life, he was *totus in illis*. As we had always freely conversed before him, he had learned that Hume was a decided enemy of Christianity: but that he generally attacked it covertly and cautiously. We thought William might not perceive his more insidious thrusts, but would probably be struck with what was obvious and palpable. To our great astonishment, however, nothing escaped him; and I am not sure whether he did not sometimes imagine indications of hostility where Hume himself was intentionally neutral. But to see the eagerness with which he would run to one of us, on a supposed discovery of the historian's unfairness, and battle with and confute that Ulysses* of infidelity, was equally "diverting and delightful." Our hearts, perhaps, felt more pride in possessing such a mind, than gratitude to Him who had formed it: but our pleasure was almost inconceivable. In more advanced life he read the essays of that learned and ingenious man, whose paradoxes and reasonings are intended and wofully calculated to produce a universal scepticism, to shake the foundation of morals, and to cut off, from wretched man, the last refuge to which he can resort,—the Being and the perfections of a God. Had the dear youth's life been spared, he would, at some future period, have publicly grappled with Hume or his living admirers, and have shewn afresh to that

* Whom Homer makes a compound of energy and artfulness.

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class of mankind, what all candid minds have ever admitted as unquestionable, that weakness of understanding is no necessary companion of a devout heart.

He soon entered on Tyttler's Elements of General History; and, after having become perfect master of them—able, indeed, to follow, without reference to the work itself, the whole of that philosophical arrangement—he passed on to the several histories of Robertson, Watson and others. He was most accurately acquainted with English history; well understood that of modern Europe; and as he was conducted, in his classical readings, *through all* the principal Roman, and through some of the Greek historians, he attained a rather unusual intimacy with the transactions and various governments of Greece, and of the *world* included in the empire of Rome. Almost the whole of these acquirements were made before he left home.

As he had, from his fifth or sixth year, displayed a fondness for poetry, we put into his hands The lay of the Last Minstrel, with a miscellaneous collection from Gray, Collins, Akenside, &c.; nearly all the most beautiful parts of which he committed to memory. In this, as in every thing else, we were anxious that he should UNDERSTAND his authors. A child may be gratified by being able to repeat poetry, and to excite the admiration of friends and strangers; but he will *relish* it and *improve his own taste*, only as, by clearly understanding it, he can form a full conception of his author's meaning, and perceive the images which the poet has drawn. He had so much of the *man* in his mental constitution,—perhaps, in the habits created by education—that he

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never would proceed without understanding what he read. He was not remarkably ready at committing *words* to memory. *Things* once heard or read, he seems never to have forgotten; and even *words*, when thoroughly learned, he generally retained. He soon attained a considerable acquaintance with the British poets, from Chaucer to the present time. Of all these, Milton was his greatest favourite. He began to read him regularly through, when about ten years old; and was, beyond measure, charmed;—for he was, then, sufficiently acquainted with the scriptures, classical poetry, and general science, to understand many of that great man's learned allusions. He frequently—perhaps, annually—read the Paradise Lost, afterwards; and he said, more than once, "I always read it with fresh pleasure and astonishment." Nor is this surprising. Milton, who seems to have mastered every department of literature, appears to have selected his great poem for the display of all his stores. It is, in fact, the *triumph* of his mighty mind; in which, anticipating the judgment of posterity, he dared to display, even while the prejudices of his age would scarcely grant him an *ovation*, the rich spoils which he had gathered in his intellectual excursions through ages and countries most remote from his own. If, as it has been said, the ÆNEID contains all the philosophy of Rome in the time of Augustus; the PARADISE LOST may be said to have concentrated almost all that was known in the age of our great epic poet. As my son's own field of intellectual vision enlarged, he saw more clearly, at every perusal, the research, and the beauty of this author. To the poets, were added the

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British Essayists; among whom, from the purity of his moral sentiments, the originality of his thoughts, and the strength of his diction, Johnson ever stood foremost in his opinion.

His advances in *general* knowledge were steady, rapid, astonishing. His spare hours were filled up with books of heraldry, which subject he had fairly studied—with old French and English writers, as Froissart, Robert of Gloucester, Langtoff, &c. which he read through and through, before he was fifteen—and with the passing literature of the day, to which he gave quite sufficient attention. His *copia verborum*, and his chaste and eloquent language, at a very early age, were remarkable; of which proofs will soon be presented, from essays begun at the age of eleven. He never learned English grammar: but as he was almost constantly our companion; never heard any grammatical inaccuracies among those with whom he habitually associated; and read only the best authors; he spoke and wrote English correctly from habit. His Latin furnished him sufficiently with the principles of universal grammar; and his own observation, with a reading or two of Murray's Grammar, supplied him with the peculiarities of his own tongue.

His powers of composition and speaking were, as he ever after thought and said, materially improved by a very trifling circumstance. Most of his young friends went early to boarding schools; and, as they were at home only during the holydays, he had not always a companion of his own age. From the habitual arrangement of my own hours, *I* could not often walk with

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him from twelve till one; and his beloved mother and aunt were sometimes similarly circumstanced. At such seasons, when the weather was fine, he would go into the garden, take a stick, and march about with unrelaxing gravity, speaking in the most energetic manner. We could sometimes, on looking through the window, catch his eye, and obtain from him one of those lovely smiles which only a parent's eye can fully perceive; which only a parent's heart can feel; and then see him recover his state and resume his speech. On his entrance, he was generally saluted with, "Well, what to-day, William?" "Achilles, Hannibal, Cæsar, Sir Arthur Wellesley, addressing my troops;" or, "I have been making a speech in parliament, on the state of the nation, on the state of the war;" or, "I have been speaking on the trial of——." &c. With his young companions, he would convert the parlour into a Court of Justice, or a House of Commons. He was ever the leading orator; and, generally, by the acuteness of his reasonings, or the nature of his subjects, left his antagonist barristers, and his parliamentary compeers, far behind him, astonished at his addresses. I have heard clever boys, many years older than he, cry out, "William, William, what is it you mean?—can't understand you."

Up to his twelfth year, however, his views, in concurrence with the wishes of his parents, were, I believe, directed to the ministry of the gospel: but about this time, his inclination took a new, decisive, and unalterable bent. Having, at the age of twelve or thirteen, accompanied his cousin to Dorchester Assizes, he was

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present at a trial in which Sergeant,—now Judge Best was for the defendant. A very material witness, on the part of the plaintiff, was a boy of about William's age. In cross-questioning this boy, Mr. B. was severe,—not, perhaps, unusually or unnecessarily so; but still, in my son's apprehension, severe. His pity was awakened for the lad; and he became, at that moment, a decided opponent of the learned sergeant. He watched every word of that gentleman's speech to the jury, and resolved how *he* would have answered it, had he been the opposite advocate. Ignorant of law, he probably deemed some parts of the speech weak, which were really impregnable. He thought, however, that many of the weak points of the argument were left untouched by the gentleman on the other side; and said to himself, as he afterwards told me, "If I were there, I would soon unravel and expose the sophistry of Sergeant B."—From that time, he determined for the bar; and nothing, ever for a moment, shook his determination. He knew, however, our wishes, and, therefore, did not press the subject upon our attention. When he was about fourteen, I wrote to him from London, on the subject of his future prospects, hinting the necessity of giving a more *specific* direction to his studies; but he dexterously evaded the point, by saying, in his answer, "I hope that whatever may be my future engagements, I shall keep constantly in view the glory of God, and the good of my fellow-creatures." In the last letter I ever received from him, and from which I have already presented an extract, he enters fully into this subject; and says, "We all feel that it is high time something should

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be definitely settled with regard to my future prospects. * * * I have always professed a determination to conform myself to *your* wishes wherever I can conscientiously do so: but what practical evidence of sincerity have I afforded ? * * * My propensity once made known, your goodness and excessive delicacy forbore to remind me of my duty; and as I forgot it, that inclination was immediately complied with. As soon, however, as the truth of the case came fairly before me, I determined to write this letter; and as the determination has been formed for some months past, you are not to consider it as a temporary or thoughtless effusion of confidence and affection: it is, in fact, no more than a recognition of indefeasible paternal rights, of which the exercise is highly conducive to the welfare of the son. * * * It is, however, *very*, *very* possible, to embrace in detail, what one would sincerely reject *on the whole;* and I therefore feel it an unspeakable privilege to apply to *one*, who, like yourself, has the same *interests*, without the same passions and prejudices which I have. * * * Immediately next in importance,* are the *chances of professional success*, which must be viewed in connexion with the character of him who is to strive after that success. Here I have only one caution to give you; and I am deeply serious when I give it. Always suspect that you *over-rate* me; and on principle abstract much from your estimate of my character, when that estimate forms part of a practical calculation. If, therefore, you find that any situation requires a *given* share of talents

* To *usefulness*, of which he had just spoken.

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and acquirements, take your conception of my abilities, strike off one-third or thereabouts; and then, if you find the remainder equal to the amount required, you may decide with tolerable correctness. But this *correction*, as a mathematician would call it, you must introduce: legal education is expensive, and success very uncertain. If, on the whole, you disapprove of the attempt, say medicine, or what you will. Only you will, of course, form a *comparative*, as well as an *absolute* estimate of these chances: because, while one profession may be poor enough, *all* may be equally so. * * * After this, I wish you to take your *own predilections* into the account—as far, I mean, as these predilections are purely arbitrary: otherwise, they are to be considered as reasons which will have their due weight in your mind; and with you the ultimate decision rests. * * * Lastly, *my own inclinations*. I know you will not like to oppose these, under the idea that my happiness will thus be compromised. I beg, however, that no feeling of this kind may have any influence. Happiness and the gratification of inclination *are* distinct, *may* be opposed to each other. I have no wish for the expensive title of barrister, with a pocket purseless and impoverished friends; still less, with the heavy condemnation at last of having misspent my opportunities of good. Again, therefore, I say, let the claims of *duty*, of *prudence* and of *filial affection* be fully satisfied first of all. After this, if any question remain, refer *that* and *only that* to my predilections.—In addition, I have only to say, inquire immediately, and decide before I leave College. Once more, do not *refer* the matter to me. This letter is not

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matter of form and ceremony, or even of duty merely. When I say, *Decide for me*, I mean, *Decide for me.* All I want is the result of your inquiries. With entire confidence in the wisdom of your decision, I am perfectly unsolicitous about the premises on which your conclusions may be founded. You may or may not state those when you announce that conclusion. Till then, however, I should be sadly mortified, if letters, which ought to be the effusion of the heart and the representatives of social chit-chat, were to be encumbered even with family business. Let me, then, have nothing more, except your kind compliance with my request, that you *will* decide, and then your ultimate decision. *If you deem it prudent for me to take the lower walks of either profession, you need anticipate no objection from my pride.*"

My mind had been long made up; and, on every consideration, after he had declined the ministry of the gospel, I thought it proper for him to enter into the law. And I certainly had hoped to have seen him an ornament to the bar. If the fondness and the folly of a parent had indulged a faint expectation that, as far as his religious principles would have permitted, he might have risen even higher than the bar, *parents* will, at least, pity, if they do not forgive me.

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HIS COMMENCEMENT AND PROGRESS IN LATIN, FRENCH, GREEK AND ITALIAN.

At the age of seven, he began to learn Latin. My friend, Mr Bullar, of Southampton, for whom my dear boy, who could almost *divine* the characters of his fellow-creatures, felt, to the end of life, unbounded admiration—afforded me the benefit of his advice, at the commencement of this part of William's education. I was a novice at teaching; but, aided by my friend, I entered upon it with confidence and pleasure. My first intention was, merely to have trained him myself till ten or eleven, and then send him to Southampton. From this I was afterwards deterred by the express desire of Mr Bullar, who, modestly, and, I believe sincerely, however incorrectly, thought, and assured me, that we could do much more for him at home, than, under his circumstances, he could accomplish for him at school. His advance through the grammar was sure, not rapid. In the declensions of his nouns, or the conjugations of his verbs, I would sometimes bet him ten kisses that I could go through them faster and more accurately than he. And this was a stimulus which he was eminently formed to feel: no severity could have urged him to so much diligence: his heart could always be touched by an appeal to his affections. After he had fairly mastered "The Accidence, As in præsenti, Propria quæ maribus, Syntax, and Prosody," I divided the whole

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into twenty-four parts, which he repeated daily;—thus accomplishing his task every month. This, I find, he continued to do till the end of his life. He parsed, of course, as he read, and thus applied his rules: but the practice of monthly repetition kept them ever ready for application. Before he went to College, at the age of a little more than fifteen, he had read *through* the elementary books of the Valpys, with Eutropius, Nepos, Florus, Justin, (twice) Cæsar, (twice) Sallust, (twice) Livy, Tacitus, several orations and some philosophical pieces of Cicero. He read frequently the Eclogues, Georgics and Æneid of Virgil; with Lucan's Pharsalia; Excerpta of Ovid, which contain most of the unexceptionable parts; and such parts of Terence, Martial, Persius and Juvenal, as prudence permitted. All the finest parts of those poets—especially their bold and tender descriptions,—he had committed to memory. My friend had furnished me with Didot's edition of Horace, printed at Paris, from which all the Pagan filthiness of that beautiful author is ejected:—and can it be worth while, for the purpose of maintaining the integrity of his writings, to publish edition after edition for our seminaries of instruction, and to thrust upon the attention of the young, scenes and language which, however popular at Rome in the days of Augustus, or in England during the reign of Charles II. are fit only for a brothel, and are condemned equally by the sober dictates of common morality and the authoritative mandate of divine revelation! This expurgated copy he generally used; and, as I had fixed with a pen the mark of reprobation on all the indecent passages in my own

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complete editions, on which he might occasionally light, he never read one line that could awaken a passion which christianity teaches us to suppress. He committed to memory the *whole* of Horace's Odes, the *Carmen Sæculare*, and *De Arte Poetica;* all which he repeated, at least, four times every year.

At his first Session in Glasgow, he gained the chief Latin prize at the Black Stone examination; and made one of the largest "*professions*" that any of his age had ever been known to make. The profession for *competition* consists in meeting several of the professors: with fellow-students as judges; and the person who "*competes*" recites to the professor of his class a list of authors, of which he *professes* himself the master; and offers to read, *ad aperturam libri*—the examiner opening as many of the authors, in what places he pleases, or to which chance may direct him. I have before me a list of thirty-nine authors, which he professed on that occasion. All who pass from a lower to a higher class, undergo a Black Stone examination, (so called from the students' sitting at the end of a long table on a black marble slab;) but the *competition* for prizes lies among those few who have the courage to dare bravely, and to meet the cleverest and boldest of their companions in literature.

At the age of nine, he began to learn FRENCH, under his beloved mother, who spoke that language with fluency and correctness. After his progress in Latin, he found this very easy; and soon read through many of the Poets, Racine, Moliere, Crebillon, Delille, &c.; together with Pascal, Fenelon, Du Bosc, Saurin, &c. It

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was originally intended that after he had been four years at Glasgow, he should spend a year either at Paris, or at the University of Montaubon; but this purpose, at his particular request, we had for some time relinquished.

The next year he entered upon the study of GREEK. It was impossible that he should not admire the Greek historians and poets; though he thought even *they* had been over-rated. That the expatriation of the Greeks, by the capture of Constantinople, and the consequent diffusion of Greek literature, contributed most materially to the revival of learning in Europe; and that nothing *then* existed which could bear comparison with the chaste and beautiful writings of the ancients, he readily admitted: but he thought it mere pedantry to offer a homage to them, which should imply a contempt for the moderns. He thought, and others thought with him, that whatever might be the powers of the ancients, they did not surpass, in any department, writers who have lived since the revival of learning; while, in some departments, they fell far short of them. During one of his vacations, after he went to College, he wrote a very elaborate essay on "The advantages of classical literature," in which he said all that he could say in favor of the ancients; but his sentiments on the comparative worth and beauty of the classical and more recent writers remained unchanged. Of the Greek *philosophers* he used to say, "It is classical treason to declare it; and, therefore, I must take care before whom I expose myself; but I think most of these are mere drivellers." He was particularly struck with this when we read to-

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gether the Ethics of Aristotle. He thought that, as a philosopher, Cicero threw all the Greeks into the shade. This might be true, without any disgrace to them: for *he* enjoyed the advantage of all *their* lights.

My dear son, however, moving, as he did, among the fine writings, and curious but unsatisfying speculations of the classics, learned to perceive, more and more, the necessity and advantages of that divine revelation, which has thrown open to the most uneducated christian, and placed among the first principles of his knowledge, the truths for which so many powerful minds had been for ages searching in vain. "The world by wisdom knew not God." He saw that while philosophers, toiling in the dark, had only accumulated a mass of errors, with here or there a particle of truth, rather "received by tradition from their fathers," than elicited by their own efforts, God had "revealed" his perfections, the nature of his government, and the riches of his grace, "to babes." He excepted from the mass of trifling philosophers, one distinguished man. His great favourite of pagan antiquity was Socrates, who had, as he thought, drawn moral science out of the obscurity, in which the miserable sophistry of the rest had involved it. This excellent man he ever designated, "the St. John of heathenism:" and he wondered how any *scholar* could maintain, that that almost inspired sage virtually abandoned the principle of the divine unity, for which he dared to die, by requesting, as Plato, in his Phædo, relates, that his attendants would offer a cock to Æsculapius. Is it forgotten that he did this—if, indeed, he really did it at all—only as he was just sinking under

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the stupifying influence of poison? My son also greatly admired the distinguished disciple of Socrates, Xenophon, whose Memorabilia, Cyropædia, and Anabasis, he read through. Besides, portions of almost all the different Greek classics, he read with me the whole New Testament and Septuagint, before he went to College.

When eleven years old, he began to learn ITALIAN, under his mother, and read with her Metastasio, Tasso, and some other of the poets—what they read in prose I forget. He never appeared afterwards to be at a loss in translating any thing he met with in the course of his reading.

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Just about this time, *he began to write themes* almost every Friday forenoon. He generally chose his own subjects; though we sometimes chose them for him, or the passing events of the day suggested them. He always wrote upon his slate, read them to the family, and, for a long time, understood that they were rubbed out and lost. But both from their extraordinary character as the productions of a child, and in order to preserve a permanent memorial of his mental progress, I copied them off, even from the beginning. After having done this for some time, I made no secret of it. As those productions afford a fair specimen of his habits of thought and modes of expression; and do, I think, contain a proof of the precocity, vigor, and cultivation of his powers, I shall take the liberty of presenting a few extracts—assuring my readers, that, as I copied them with scrupulous exactness from his slate, I give them as exactly in these pages. I have not the folly to imagine that these early productions of his pen can gratify persons of matured understanding, further than as they afford an illustration of his mental progress. The first of the following essays was written, when he was about eleven years and three months old. I have inserted in succession, pieces written at the intervals of three or six months, in the first series; and every one who understands composition, will instantly perceive his rapid improvement in the choice of his words, the structure, harmony, and force of his style. I shall pursue the

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same course in the two subsequent periods; and leave the intelligent reader to form his own judgment of that child who began the last, "ON THE CONNEXION OF IDEAS," before he attained his fourteenth year. I may remark, in passing, that, as far as I recollect, he never obtained assistance in writing any of these pieces, by *reference* to *books*. He had conversed, read, and thought on all these subjects; but when he wrote, he drew immediately from the stores of his own mind.

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THEMES

Written between the Age of Eleven and Twelve.

ADVANTAGES OF THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

(*Dated April*, 1814.)

The advantages of the study of history are various. Even if there were none, it seems natural to wish to know the degree of civilization and freedom which our fellow creatures have enjoyed, and the forms of government under which they have lived, in various ages and countries. But besides the *gratification* which it affords us, several *advantages* arise from a good acquaintance with it. By presenting to our view the actions of great and good men, it stimulates us to exertion, that we may imitate them. It is said that Julius Cæsar, when he read the actions of Alexander, wept that he, though he was as old as that conqueror, had performed no action which equalled any of his.

Besides affording examples which may stimulate us to noble and useful actions, it *warns* us to avoid those which are base or hurtful. What king of England would attempt to levy taxes without a parliament, or to encroach on the civil or religious privileges of Englishmen, after the fate of Charles I. and James II.! And will not the fall of Napoleon Buonaparte shew all fu-

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ture kings what a vain attempt it is to subject all Europe to one man! What people will imitate the French Revolution, after knowing the murders which were its immediate consequences, and the despotism to which it ultimately led! Besides all this, we see for what wise ends the darkest providences were sent; and that the greatest judgments have ultimately tended to the good of mankind.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF SOLITUDE.

(*July*, 1814.)

SOLITUDE has been supposed the fittest situation for contemplation and devotion, and for the cultivation of all the most excellent qualities of the soul. It has been loved and sought by some men, from a natural moroseness of dispositien—by others, because they have been disappointed in the pursuit of honors or riches, and so disgusted with society—and also by some good and wise men, who would have been, perhaps the honor of their age, and the lights of the world, if erroneous ideas of devotion had not led them astray. But how great are the pleasures and advantages of society! In solitude, there are none who may partake one's joys or griefs—a man must suffer his afflictions, and enjoy all his happiness (if it is possible to possess any in such a situation) alone. There is none to console the man when in distress, or to counsel him when he knows not how to act. But in society, our sorrow is, at least, *alleviated* by the

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condolence of those who love us; and pleasures are doubled, by knowing that all our joys make a friend joyful. There are in society wise and good men to advise and admonish us. All these advantages are lost in solitude.

O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face!

I think the love of society *natural* to the human race. There may have been some exceptions: but they are, in general, considered as monsters, rather than men.

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THEMES

Written between Twelve and Thirteen.

ON DECISION. (*February*, 1815.)

MANY of the best properties of the mind, when possessed in an excessive degree, are hurtful; and yet almost all of them are apt to run into extremes. Zeal may beget fanaticism; strong reasoning powers, an argumentative turn of mind, may create scepticism; emulation may become ambition; and, in like manner, decision may degenerate into obstinacy. Nevertheless, we ought not to confound these various qualities. We need not dislike zeal, because we hate fanaticism; we need not admire scepticism, because we are fond of acute reasoning; it would not be right to discourage emulation, because we see the fatal consequences of ambition. And it is an equal mistake to confound decision with obstinacy. Though they are, (if I may so speak) of the same species, they are far from being the same thing. Decision is determination and firmness, governed by reason, directed by wisdom, and associated with prudence:—while obstinacy is unrestrained, governed by passion, and directed by folly; opposing only that which is good; determined only in that which is evil; vaccillating, when it ought to decide; deciding, when it ought to consider.

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Equally opposite to both of these is Indecision. It shows a vast weakness and imbecility of the mind when a man is always halting between two opinions; when the slightest arguments can determine him; and arguments still weaker unfix his determination; when he never knows what course to take, what sentiments to adopt. Nothing can be done without decision, in peace or war, in the affairs of a nation, or in those of an individual. Decision has formed the characters of a Marlborough, a Nelson, a Wellington, and an Elizabeth;—while Indecision and obstinacy united, distinguish those execrable princes (the disgrace of Scotland, and the curse of England) the Stuarts. It is decision by which Britain has overthrown the tyrant. It is decision by which Europe has thrown off the yoke of slavery. And it is decision by which Britons have obtained their present rights and liberties.

POLYTHEISM. (*March*, 1815.)

Wickedness produces negligence; and negligence fosters ignorance. Mankind, who had received the knowledge of the only living and true God from their father, Noah, lost it by degrees from among them; and gave themselves "to believe a lie." But reason; tradition; the testimony of the earth, with its flowers, its fruits and its verdure; the testimony of the heavens, with their wonders—all—all—concurred to prove a God. Thus far went reason, but no farther: for, unilluminated by the lamp of revelation, and unenlightened by the

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torch of truth, she wandered in endless mazes of error and folly. 'The Sun enlightens us, and He shall be our God. The Earth nourishes us, and we will adore Her. But who formed the earth? We know not. Who created the sun? We are ignorant. Who "spake and it was done, commanded and it stood fast?" We know of no such Being.

But even this was too refined for them. They considered their gods only as more exalted men. They no longer worshipped the sun; but the god of the sun —a god cursed with all the passions of a very bad man. The number of gods was multiplied; and almost every tree, every fountain had its divinity. Not content with this, they proceeded a step farther; and deified men were placed among the gods, and stood next to the throne of Jupiter. These marvellous and incongruous tales, these numerous and jarring divinities, were adorned by the pens of an Ovid, a Homer and a Virgil: and their ridiculous and impure rites were sanctioned by the examples of a Numa, a Cato, and a Pompey.

As for the philosophers—what they disbelieved we know—what they believed, we can hardly tell. Although they contemned the rabble of divinities worshipped by the vulgar, they had too much timidity or too much policy to publish their opinions:—for, if they had destroyed, could they have re-edified? If they had pulled down the fabric of superstition, could they have built a more noble structure on its ruins? Had they "cast their idols to the moles and to the bats," would they have instituted a religion more agreeable to truth? What could they have done? Would they have reform-

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ed polytheism? Alas! the efforts of the best of idolaters manifest the impracticability of this. Would they have philosophized the world? It is impossible: or, had it been possible, they would have reasoned thus:—"If the world is philosophized, I am no longer a wonder, no longer a sage, no longer a demigod." Would they have established a belief in *pantheism*? If every thing is God, nothing can be God: for He is the ruler of the universe. But if the earth is a part of the universal Godhead, it has no superior; and (unless you suppose it to possess an intelligent spirit) it is, according to this system, governed by chance. This would indeed have been to take away all the restraints which the hope and fear of future rewards or punishments might have inspired.

But, amidst this universal darkness, a taper had long burnt in the sanctuary, and had illuminated the narrow land of Judea—and *there* "the sun of righteousness arose, with healing in his beams;"—and his peaceful soldiers, animated by the example of their divine master, and following the footsteps of their general; carried his standard and his victorious arms, where the Roman legions had never penetrated, and the Roman eagles were unknown. They displayed the bright light of the gospel, in the most distant regions; and idolatry and ignorance fled before them. And although the wicked persecuted the church of Jesus, they could not destroy her. She sits on a mountain, and while the lightnings play and the thunder roars below her, she may smile at their rage, knowing that she has an Almighty Friend; and confident that in "fulness of time," *his* glory, whom she adores, "shall cover the earth."

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WHAT RELIGION IS MOST CALCULATED TO PROMOTE THE HAPPINESS OF INDIVIDUALS? (*May*, 1815.)

TARTARUS and Elysium, the paradise of Mahomet, or the Indian heaven, may scare or delight some minds equally weak and credulous; may afford to the philosopher a subject of investigation; to the wit, a subject of derision; and to most men, a subject of indifference. Their state is pitiable; for the most *credulous*, when about to launch into the immeasurable ocean, and to plunge into the unfathomable abyss of eternity, must feel a great deal of terror; and fear the anger of those gods, whose commands they have broken through, in following their example. The *philosopher*, void of all religious opinions, unable to determine the being, much less the attributes, of God, may be proud of the little knowledge he has acquired, and may, perhaps, have placed his error on the throne he had prepared for truth. He may feast his imagination on the admiration of posterity; he may fancy himself crowned with the praises of future ages; but when old age or death comes upon him, he is no longer able to *investigate*, no longer able to *prove*. Does he look forward? All is darkness. Does he look backward? All is error. Does he look around? There is no light to guide him. The *wit*, dazzled with his own brilliance, shines like a meteor, astonishing all around him, by his superior lustre. It is *but* a meteor, and it sets in darkness. When he has time for reflection; when eternity is near; he sees a dreadful gulf opened under his feet: but the abyss is covered

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with darkness; he dares not fix his eyes on it; and he cannot avert them from it: he dares not plunge; but expects soon to be precipitated into it. Something within assures him that there is a future state.

But I am now come to the fourth class. The *indifferent* can no longer be indifferent; the careless can no longer be careless; when death and eternity come to support the terrors of conscience. When the tumult of the world no longer drowns the small still voice of conscience, the darkness by which they are enveloped cannot hide the whole of futurity from them; and the clouds which hang over it rather increase than diminish its horror. There is no way of escape, there is no light, there is no one to guide, no one to direct.

I have gone far enough with this melancholy picture: and, surely, that is the best religion which delivers men from so much darkness and misery. What religion effects this? We pronounce immediately, "The Christian." It has, I think, been proved, that virtue produces happiness. That the christian religion is the purest of all religions, has, I think, been sufficiently shewn. The enemies of the gospel, even if opposing a cheat, are opposing a cheat in which the happiness of the human race consists. Let them, then, tell us of the happiness of the pagans! They cannot struggle against facts! Oh! thou bloody city of Juggernaut, ye pilgrims, fainting under its scorching sun, bear your united testimony to the happiness of pagans!

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SUPERSTITION. (*December*, 1815.)

We take a melancholy *pleasure* in examining the dilapidated walls, the falling arches, and the solitary columns of a magnificent ruin. But if a man had possessed that building when in a perfect state: if he associated with each ruined arch the idea of some long lost pleasure; if every stone reminded him of some friend that was gone forever; if desolation pervaded the place that had once witnessed domestic happiness; if brambles grew on that hearth where he had been accustomed to sit, and if ivy crept round the room of which he was once peculiarly fond;—*his* feelings would be those of unmixed melancholy. Such is the human mind! A few solitary columns, a few broken arches, fallen pillars, scattered chapiters, and defaced sculpture, are the sole indications of its original beauty. Man once possessed this habitation: but it is now in ruins; and I shall endeavor at present to examine one part of these ruins. I shall first consider Superstition itself; then its causes; then its effects; then its advantages.

I shall consider Superstition itself, as of two kinds. It is first, a disposition to recur to preternatural agency and mystery: secondly, a disposition to give the glory of the Creator to the creature. That this is a line of distinction between these two is obvious; but it is more difficult to determine its situation. To effect this, I must consider, first, the inclination some men feel to recur to preternatural agency and mystery. This is but an intellectual error—an error produced by education

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or by habit; and is not inconsistent with the greatest purity of soul, or the greatest mental vigor,—I say, the *greatest* mental vigor; for men of the strongest minds have been very superstitious—a Brutus and even a Johnson being examples.

I may not yet have defined, with sufficient clearness, what I mean to include under this kind of superstition. It is not superstitious to recur to supernatural and divine agency; we know that even a hair of our head falls not to the ground without divine permission:—but it is superstitious to believe that common or even extraordinary occurrences are the effect—not of those second causes which God has appointed, and which he manages, but—of a certain mysterious power which we cannot explain. It is not superstitious to believe that invisible and even wicked agents have a great influence over us; but it is superstitious to believe that they put on a bodily form, or that any particular appearance is an indication of their presence. It is not superstitious to believe that God *can* permit and *has* permitted pure spirits to take a bodily form; but it is superstitious to believe that this is done on common occasions, or that such extraordinary and miraculous means are resorted to, to accomplish an unworthy end. It is not superstitious to receive religion with all its marvels; but it is superstitious to receive *even religion* without examination. This implicit faith in the common religion, because it is the common religion, has been the foundation of the temples of Venus and Bacchus; it has supported the papal throne, as well as the ridiculous doctrines of the Koran.

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But I turn from the merely intellectual, to the moral ruins of human nature. The temple is ruined, it is true; but, what is worse, it is *defiled*. Where, formerly, Reason sat enthroned, Error now reigns. Where Charity, Wisdom and Peace once reigned, there Hatred, Strife and Superstition now wield their sceptres. The veil of the holy of holies is rent, the sanctuary is thrown open to every intruder; and Satan has entered and defiled it. The obscurity of tradition handed down from father to son, was increased by every repetition; and fallen man has always been more fond of accommodating his creed to his desires, than of accommodating his desires to his creed. The bloody Saxons chose Odin as their principal divinity. Venus was worshipped by the luxurious Cyprians. The powerful Jupiter was adored in the Capitol; and to the god of poetry were dedicated the groves and vallies of Greece. In fact, every stream and every hill had its own peculiar god.

I have now to consider the different *causes* of these two different kinds of superstition. The causes of the first kind of superstition are—*The love of a violent stimulus—The desire after immortality—The love of prying into mysterious secrets*—and—*Ignorance*. There is a singular analogy between the tastes of the body and those of the mind. And, among other similarities, they are both *fond of violent excitements*. Marvellous occurrences are to the mind, what strong drink is to the body. Like *it*, they inflame, and leave a kind of void behind: they disgust the mind with all wholesome food, with all the common occurrences of life; but great part of their charm is taken off, if we doubt the truth of the relation. This

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is one cause of superstition. But again—*The desire after immortality.* There is something revolting in the idea of being laid in the dust, and so annihilated. There is something sad in the idea that the wit, the orator, the warrior, and the husbandman must all lie down together in a common grave. And, thus taught by tradition, and by their own desires, men have aspired towards a future state of being. But they were unable to form any just conception of it; and the frightful questions presented themselves on every side, "Where am I going?—To what society shall I be introduced?" They have appealed to reason; but reason has been silent; and imagination, with all its phantoms and vagaries, has been substituted for it. Again, another cause of superstition is *The love of prying into mysterious secrets.* There was a time when the judgment was governed by God, and when judgment governed the will, and the execution of the will was not impeded by adverse circumstances. But now this fair picture is reversed. The judgment is corrupt, and is influenced and governed by a corrupt will: or, where the mind is under a better influence, obstacles to the fulfilment of its desire are continually presenting themselves; and its different properties, like parts of a deranged machine, impede what they were intended to facilitate: that which was once all harmony and order, is now confused and disproportionate. The desires are as unlimited as they ever were; but they flow in different channels, or rather from a corrupt fountain. Instead of aspiring to virtue and immortality, they entwine around, they embrace, the world. Instead of desiring any thing

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that is honorable or of good report, they cling to every thing that is dishonorable. But, among other strong desires, *curiosity* is one of the strongest; and, in some cases, one of the most laudable; in others, one of the most hurtful. You find that from the little child, to the wise philosopher, all are dissatisfied with the present state of knowledge, all participate in the pleasure of learning something. "Still onward! onward!" It is, then, no wonder, if men have sought to dive into the secrets of futurity. Hence they resort to cunning men, who pretend to tell them what is to come to pass; but who rarely satisfy their superstitious hearers by a direct answer to their inquiries. They have also resorted to spectres and phantoms.

> "Rocking on the billowy air,
> Ha! what withering phantoms glare!"

They have thought that, by intercourse with the dead, they might gain some information on so important a subject, and thus they hear, with the utmost attention, and believe, with the profoundest reverence, the most incredible stories. Again, *Ignorance* is another cause. And, under this head, I might have comprised all the causes of superstition: but as brevity was not my object and I wished to be explicit and intelligible, I have divided the subject into several particulars. For were not our taste vitiated, and our knowledge impaired, we should not seek a "*stimulant*" by any unlawful means. The "*desire of knowledge*" produces only a good effect on those to whom life and immortality are revealed. And the very idea of a "secret" implies ignorance.

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The human mind is ignorant, yet wise in its own conceit; and the little light that it gains, unassisted by revelation, only serves to show the thick darkness that surrounds it. Philosophy has, indeed, attempted to remove the difficulty, which, like the stone of Sysiphus, recoils, and crushes the hand that attempts to move it: but its endeavors have been useless. Nevertheless, the ignorance to which I refer, is rather a *general* ignorance than an ignorance on particular subjects; and we do find that where general knowledge is prevalent, superstition is banished; and that men are more or less superstitious, according to the portion of information that they have acquired.

I should *now* have considered the causes of *Idolatry*; but this is, alas! to be referred rather to the depravity of the heart, than to that of the understanding. I will, therefore, proceed to the *effects* of superstition. Some men, always ready to oppose any thing which can tend to civilize or bless their species, since they find that the universal cry of England has destroyed the Slave Trade, have entreated us, that, although we are determined to deny the Africans the unspeakable pleasure of being transported and worked to death in a foreign land, we would, at least, leave the heathen their innocent superstition. Innocent! Let War show her thousands of dead, and Superstition shall show *her* ten thousands! Witness! ye miserable victims crushed under her chariot wheels! Witness! Witness! ye infants, whom the cruelty of your parents has exposed to the heat of a vertical sun, to hunger and thirst, and wretchedness!—and, with united voice, bear witness to the innocence of

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superstition! It debases the human mind; it restrains its powers, and tyrannizes over them; it hardens the human heart, and steels it against the most natural and almost instinctive feelings:

"At thy command, he plants the dagger deep;
"At thy command, exults, though nature bids him weep."

Superstition though it wears the garb of religion, is a very different thing, both in its principles and in its effects. Religion emanates from the bosom of God, and produces charity and *good* works; while Superstition, arising from the fancy of men, or from the machinations of Satan, produces strife, envy, and *evil* works. Religion commends itself by meekness and love: Superstition is distinguished by hatred and desire of revenge. Religion uses only lawful and laudable means to establish her dominion; but the arms of Superstition are not only carnal, but diabolical. Such are the general effects of Superstition.

I have now to consider more particularly its *advantages:* and these are rather negative than positive. It prevents *Atheism:* and, where united with Christianity, it in some measure guards it from the attacks of scepticism. If the heathen, deprived as they were of every source of instruction, and of every spiritual idea of God, had not been helped in their conceptions of the Supreme Being, restrained from sin, and assisted in their devotions, by Superstition, they must have become Atheists both in theory and practice. It may sometimes also strengthen a man's belief in christianity. Many men have been educated in such a way, that they know

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but little of religion, and yet are well acquainted with the Superstitions with which the fancy of men has disfigured it, and have been taught from their childhood to revere them, and to connect them with the idea of religion. These, then, have guarded religion, till the man has been able to examine it; and then, having seen the beauty of *undefiled* religion, he takes away the incumbrances with which it was surrounded, and casts off the chains with which he himself was bound.

But still, the *evils* of Superstition vastly preponderate. And we are happy that we can look forward to a period when Truth shall come in like a flood; when the river, which springs from the throne of God, shall grow wider and wider, shall overflow its banks, and refresh, and fertilize, and beautify that "dry and thirsty land where no water is;" when the Sun, which is now rising, shall shine forth in full splendour, and shall dispel the mists of darkness and of error; and when Truth alone shall reign.

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He continued his weekly compositions from thirteen to fourteen; and I should, with pleasure, continue the extracts, did I not fear that I should weary my readers with too great an abundance of these juvenile, or rather childish, productions. The last prose piece which he wrote was on "THE CONNEXION OF IDEAS." It is far too long for insertion; and though it contains many beautiful thoughts clothed in charming language, I can dare to offer only the commencement and the conclusion of the essay. It was begun when he was thirteen years and nine months old.

THE CONNEXION OF IDEAS.

(*September*, 1816.)

All sciences may be divided into two classes:—those which are purely speculative, which afford considerable amusement; but in which the lover of his species and the lover of improvement can find little or nothing that may serve to strengthen his own faculties, to sweeten his own disposition, or to ameliorate the condition of mankind at large:—and those which, while they are continually opening new sources of pleasure, strengthen the faculties, enlarge the mind; and, contributing to the happiness of their possessor, enable *him* to contribute largely to the happiness of the world. The subject which I am to consider unites all the advantages I have

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enumerated. To the man who is fond of reasoning and speculation, it will afford matter of contemplation which will delight, but never cloy; satisfy, but never satiate him; while the philanthropist may make it the foundation of new plans, by which he may bless, and raise, and dignify mankind. Whoever studies this subject will find that, as he passes on, fresh prospects are ever opening before him; that as soon as he has gained one object, another, brighter and more lovely, presents itself; and that regions more beauteous than those through which he has already passed, invite him to continue his endeavours. Man, like every other species, has his distinguishing peculiarities:—a peculiar conformation of body; peculiar habits; and a mind peculiarly vigorous, when compared with the lower creation. Minds too have all some things in common, some distinguishing traits which none can mistake; and which that poor despised creature, whose intellect scarcely raises him above a brute, possesses in common with the mind of a Virgil—perhaps, in common with the highest archangel in heaven. "The connexion of ideas," then, is one of those things which I consider as necessary to the very existence of mind *as* it exists on earth. It is indispensably necessary, because the judgment, the fancy, and all the powers of the mind are its offspring; and because nothing can be done without it, by the philosopher in his study, or by the mechanic in his daily occupation. But before I attempt to prove what I have asserted, it will be necessary to explain the Ideas which I attach to the terms which I have used.*

* Here intervened many pages, written at various times, during about three or four months; but, for the reason already as-

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* * * * * * * * *

I have now to consider the *imagination*. The mind of every man seems to feel its own grandeur; but external circumstances keep it down, shorten its flights, and repress its exertions; but the moment you can detach it from ordinary objects, it begins to soar and expatiate in a world of its own, which resembles the world that surrounds us just as the celestial colors of the rainbow resemble the clouds they adorn. Hence the frequent sublimity of dreams, and the energetic eloquence of madness. It is true, that in such cases our ideas are often fixed on common affairs; and then indeed they have all the whim of insanity without any of the grandeur which it sometimes possesses. Yet when once the real world ceases to haunt us, imagination creates an ideal universe, and luxuriates in her proper sphere. The associates she forms are also entirely different from real men. She paints them all, glowing with the colors of heaven, or tinged with the darkness of hell. The scene is ever shifting as the actors are strange; sometimes decked with the flowers of paradise, and soon wrapped in the deepest gloom. She often endures causeless, unaccountable miseries, and is sometimes elated with the most exquisite joys; sometimes filled with hope, and often sunk in despair! Yet "THE CONNEXION OF IDEAS" is, in some sort, necessary to the exercise of this faculty. We have no example of a mind utterly devoid of connexion, so that we can scarcely determine the effects of its destruction.

signed, they are omitted. What follows was written on the last two mornings.

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* * * * * * * * *

And now had I determined to eulogise the human mind; had it been my design to throw the deformity of the heart into the shade; and to lose sight of the depravity of our morals, amid the dazzle of intellectual brilliance; what could I have said more highly commendatory of our mental perfection, than that the principle of ORDER—the moving principle of the universe, the grand principle which puts the power of omnipotence into action—is the main-spring of the human soul, the foundation of its greatness, nay, the very stamina of its existence?

Nevertheless, true—incontrovertibly true—it is, that the love of order has been injured, though not destroyed,—that some grand intellectual as well as moral shock has been sustained by humanity. We see its ravages in the greatest mind; and, although they resemble the traces of an earthquake, which has rent an Alp asunder, they are but ruins still. I must leave it to divines to determine by what means that shock was given; and whether the depravity of the human heart alone has debased the intellect, or whether the same shock which *effaced* the moral, *defaced* the *intellectual* image of the Deity. But the fact is certain; and if we refuse to admit it, we find that all our speculations on this subject are restrained by insurmountable difficulties, and all our most plausible reasoning but a tissue of sophisms: we are acting against *experience;* we are in the labyrinth of Minos, without a clue to extricate us; we find ourselves at sea, without a compass to direct our way;

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and surrounded with rocks and quicksands, without a beacon to shew us a place of safety.

But while it is necessary for the philosopher to calculate on this mental blindness; it is far more essential to the philanthropist and politician to calculate on depravity, both *intellectual and moral.* The benevolent must expect to find that his labors are undervalued by the folly, and chilled by the ingratitude, of mankind—while the legislator must always prepare himself for resistance against his most beautiful theory; and remember, while, like the patient artist, he is endeavouring to realize forms of ideal beauty, that he too is working on bad materials; and that he has an additional difficulty to encounter in the propensity his most perfect work will always have to relapse into its original deformity.

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HIS FIRST POETICAL EFFORTS AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

Perceiving in several of these pieces, a considerable play of imagination, and something approaching to the elevation of poetry ; I often said to his mother, 'There is here and there something like a poet in our dear boy.' Yet I more frequently said, 'William, you will make a very good metaphysician, perhaps, a good mathematician ; but never a poet. How can you become one ? for neither father nor mother have a particle of imagination to give you.' This, I conceive, determined him to try. He did not write, I believe, "because the numbers came ;" but because he wished to see what he could do. This was no unusual thing with him. Feeling, I suppose, the strength of his powers, he always attempted what was represented to be, or what was in reality, the most difficult of its kind.

In April, 1817, while I was in London, his mother, to my great surprise, sent me a few verses written by him. He happened to see the plays of Crebillon at a shop in the town, and begged his mother to purchase them for him. On the following Friday, intent as usual, upon his new volumes, he said, "Let me write a translation of the Idomeneus." 'By all means.' "But shall I give you an *elegant* translation ?" She, smiling, said, 'As elegant as you please.' In two or three hours, he brought her ninety lines, from which she sent me the following extract :

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Back to the shores of Crete I haste, I fly,
Nor think of danger, though 'twas now so nigh.
I will not tell thee all the tale obscene,
The direful vengeance of the Paphian queen.
Her hatred, strengthen'd by the loss of Troy,
Still strives unwearied till it shall destroy.
Nor does *her* arm alone the vengeance sway,
But all the gods are seen, in proud array,
Combined to blast my peace, my hope, my all,
Until beneath almighty power I fall.
Old Crete appear'd, and all my wishes flew
Towards Cidonia, which was now in view;
When sudden o'er the heavens a dark'ning cloud
Obscured their brightness with its sable shroud:
The rattling hailstorm rush'd along the sea,
A flaming ocean in the sky we see;
The gaping waves a thousand dangers show,
Dread as the gates of everlasting wo:
The north wind *groans* not, but it *roars*, it flies,
And rends the sea, and shakes the burning skies:
Above, around, below, 'tis all the same,
One universal sheet of billowy flame!

For several successive weeks, he continued and completed that translation; and never wrote, till he went to College, another prose essay. Some time before this, I had picked up in his study a scrap of paper on which some rhymes were rather illegibly written. I asked him what it was, without dreaming that it was a production of his: he looked at it, took it out of my hand, said, it was not worth reading, and put it into the fire. When I returned from London, I found accidentally lying upon his desk a similar piece: and, after decyphering his almost hieroglyphical writing, made out

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a spirited address to a noble poet, whose very name,—connected with all that is transcendent in talent, and base in morals,—produces a strange and painful mixture of admiration, pity, horror, and indignation. Oh !

> " What is thy poetic fame !
> " What is thy melodious lyre !"

Passing over this address, I will here offer a few other specimens of poetry, written when he was between fourteen and fifteen :—

ON THE SETTING SUN, (*July*, 1817.)

1.

Oh ! have ye ever seen the orb of light,
When rolling clouds obscure his evening ray—
No longer dazzling your astonish'd sight,
But softly sinking in the western wave,
Which proudly swells to meet the Lord of Day,
And seeks the flaming chariot wheels to lave ?

2.

Proudly he sets, and gilds the ocean's breast,
Possess'd of beauty's mildest, softest charms :
The rising ocean greets the royal guest :—
Just as the charger knows his rider bold
Laughs at the battle and the din of arms ;
Proud of the purple and the splendid gold.

3.

That globe of flame is not so dazzling bright,
As when he blaz'd amid the azure sky,

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Dispensing universal heat and light ;
While every part of nature seem'd to smile,
And ev'ry flow'ret rais'd its head on high,
As if 'twould bless the king of light the while.

4.

What tho' less glorious its evening gleam,
Yet will he not a double splendour pour
When soft Aurora shall disclose his beam,
Opening the gates of day with roseate hand,
Refulgent with immortal brightness soar,
And roll a flood of brilliance o'er the land ?

5.

Soon shall he shine, illuming happier skies ;
No cloud shall darken *then* his golden ray :
From spicy groves a thousand odours rise,
The flow'ret blushing at his warm embrace,
The rivers glittering, while the zephyrs play,
And Jubilee is kept in ev'ry place !

IMITATION OF HORACE,—ODE 4, BOOK 3.

(*July*, 1817.)

"*Descende cælo, et dic age tibia*," &c.

1.

DESCEND from heav'n and tune thy golden lyre,
And nobly teach thy suppliant bard to sing,
Sweetly to chaunt the grand immortal strain,
Or wake the harp's mellifluous tones again ;

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Inflame the poet's soul with heavenly fire,
Till softly warbles every trembling string,
And the bold chords with thund'ring music ring.

2.

Heard ye !—or was it Fancy's pleasing dream ?—
Hark ! for they sound the loud celestial lyres !
Look ! for I see Elysian fields appear !
With raptures bright, th' ethereal people hear !
More brilliant now Creation's beauteous beam,
While heav'nly music heav'nly joy inspires,
Which, flaming high, to heav'n itself aspires.

3.

And I too wander 'mid the fields of light—
So did an omen prophesy of yore—
When but a child, o'ercome with sleep and play,
Wearied, on Vulture's mountain lap I lay ;
The lovely birds of Cyprian Venus bright,
With greenest, freshest foliage strew'd me o'er,
And all around ambrosial sweetness pour.

4

And all who dwell on Acherontia's crest,
The Bantine hills or rich Ferentum's vale,—
When thus they saw me, wonder'd much to find
No pois'nous serpent round my body twin'd.—
All undisturb'd by savage beasts my rest,
Fann'd with the breathings of a gentle gale,
Blest with protection that can never fail.

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5.

Th' immortal laurel and the myrtle wreath
Show'd me that I should find your ready aid,—
And your's I am, ye muses, when I lave
My burning limbs beneath the cooling wave—
When cold Prænëste's purest air I breathe,
Or when I walk 'mid Tibur's grateful shade,
Or plunge amid the Sabine mountain glade.

6.

It was your shield protected once my head,
Amid the thund'ring crash of battle-roar—
And still it is your ever-watchful eye
That guards me from the dangers always nigh—
Now your impenetrable mantle spread,
And, with a robe of radiance cover'd o'er,
Beyond the reach of human thought I'll soar.

7.

With you I wander, fearless, ev'ry where :—
What, tho' the bounding sea around me foam ?
Tranquil along the Bosphorus I sail,
Tho' lash'd with all the fury of the gale :
Safely I draw the desert's burning air,—
Unhurt among the bloody Spaniards roam,
Or find, amid the western isles, a home.

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8.

Secure I'll pass the Scythian's rushing flood,
Nor dread the fierce Barbarian's certain dart;
While you, ye Muses, sheltered from the sun,
Sing, in Pierian cave, the honors won
By great Augustus, amid toil and blood,
While the disbanded veterans all depart,
Each with a satisfied, a grateful heart:—

9.

Rejoice to meet the ancient soldier's ease,
Rejoice to see the polish which you gave
To mighty Cæsar's manly virtuous soul;
How, at his beck, the wheels of empire roll,
How the old warrior smiles to see the trees
Wave round the cot, with which the leader brave
Would bless the pause 'twixt labor and the grave.

10.

What is brute force, without an active mind!
Such was the giant Titans' horrid might,
Almighty power enraged against them cast
His sheeted, lurid lightning's withering blast.
Where could the wretches, then, their courage find?—
How did they tremble at th' unequal fight,
And fear omnipotency's piercing sight!

11.

What though heaven groan beneath the weight of arms!—
Think you that Jupiter, enthron'd in light,

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Cares for the tumult ? * No ! but with a nod,
Shakes heaven, earth, hell, and shows himself a god;
Laughs at the rattle of the vain alarms,
Looks down and smiles from his refulgent height,
And shines with undiminished splendor bright.

12.

And what though mountain upon mountain rise,
And seek to reach the golden lamps on high !
Yet how can great Typhoeus' giant hand
Porphyrion's strength or Rhœcus' force withstand
The mighty soldiery of all the skies ;
Or how against the sounding Ægis fly,
And all the vengeance of the gods defy !

13.

The host of heaven exult in strength divine :
Here stands the monarch of devouring flame ;
Here heavenly Juno, arm'd with heavenly might;
And there the youthful beauteous God of light;
Castalia's dew-gems round his ringlets shine,
Celestial glory sparkles through his frame,
While Lycian groves re-echo to his name.

* I really conceive that there is something so mean in the original idea—

> " Magnum illa terrorem intulerat Jovi
> Fidens juventus,"—

that I have dared to desert my model; as I could not reconcile myself to a *cowardly omnipotence*.

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14.

The Titans fell ;—for how could brutal force
Destroy the fountain spring of all that's wise ;
Dry up the sea of knowledge, love and joy,
Of boundless power to save or to destroy :
Arrest that mighty ocean in its course,
Disarm the dreaded Thunderer of the skies,
Or hope above infinitude to rise !

15.

For so the hundred-handed Gyas fell ;
Lustful Orion,—chaste Diana's foe—
Swift from the virgin's piercing arrow fled :
But th' unerring archer laid him dead :—
The lightning's storm pursued the rest to hell ;
And Earth, which chains him down to fire below,
Groans, while she sees her children's overthrow !

16.

In vain they strive, in vain they tug their chains,
Altho' the eating fire forever glows,
By vultures torn, the heart of Tityus lies,
All undiminished Ætna's summits rise,
A hundred triple bands to fiery pain
Confine Pirithoüs, with eternal blows,
And scorpion-lashes leave him no repose.

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The translator adds :—

Nor in Pieria's grot, O heavenly muse,
Nor round the fabled throne of sov'reign Jove,
Nor near old Athens' classic groves art thou :—
But thou art all around me : I hear thy voice
Amid the howlings of the tempests' cry,
Or in the zephyrs softly whispering—
Thee in the waving trees, the glittering streams—
Thee in the billowy ocean's loudest roar—
Thee in the gentle harp's mellifluous sound—
Thee in the thunder roaring o'er the sky—
And thee I find amid the mountain tops,
Or polish'd plains, or heathery hillocks wild !
Thee I invok'd, when first I undertook
The high emprise of following angel wing,
Or one that soar'd high as angel in
Th' expanse of thought. And now my work is done.
Shall I be thankless, if upon my head
Be plac'd the laurel crown of victory ?.
Or tho' no laurel deck my humble lay,
Shall I be thankless ; if I have transfus'd
Its bright effulgence from one noble line
Of thy most favor'd child, or breath'd his soul
Into the grandeur of my native tongue ?

During the same summer, (while he was between fourteen and fifteen) he began "THE WIZARD," a most wild, imaginative production. Its plot, as far as it goes, is rather inartificial ; and I am unable to say what he in-

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tended as the catastrophe; for he proceeded only through a part of his plan. The last portion of the fragment was written about April, 1818. His beloved mother, who had contributed so much towards the formation of his mind, was delighted with this Tale, and our dear young poet continued it chiefly for her amusement. Soon after he had completed the thousandth line, an event happened which threw a deep gloom over us all; any reference to which long filled our eyes with tears, and our hearts with agony; and, at this moment, fills *me* with unutterable anguish. He never touched the poem again; I believe, never looked at it: his muse remained for a time, and I feared would remain through life,

> "Lorn as the hung-up lute that ne'er had spoken
> Sweet sounds e'er since its master chord was broken."

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ILLNESS AND DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

Thus, for years, passed life most sweetly away—our affection and comfort, *if possible*, increasing hourly. The long imbecility, and the death of his maternal grandmother; and the continued bodily infirmities of a most beloved aunt, were the only domestic evils he was called, for a considerable time, to witness. His grandmother, who had been for more than fifty years of her life distinguished for her great good sense, hospitality, and christian piety, died in February, 1817, at the advanced age of 79. His *aunt*, (who, though afflicted, yet in such beloved society, and blest with the richest consolations of religion, still *enjoyed* life)—his *mother* and *myself* felt a growing delight in our dear and common treasure, who was all that the fondest, the proudest, or even the holiest relatives could wish. Amidst the ten thousand conceivable possibilities or probabilities of his future life, I had, notwithstanding her ill health, *generally* associated his aunt, and *always* his mother, in my dreams of earthly bliss. But God, whose "thoughts are not as our thoughts," had intended far different scenes for them and for me. "He hath chosen," and let Him choose "my inheritance for me." Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

At the close of 1817, his mother's health became impaired. Her vivacity, her general benevolence, her tender affection for us, remained unimpaired. We passed the winter in some comfort, with our two dear inva-

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lids; who, however, were sometimes incapable of seeing each other for nearly a week together. But though we had long considered Miss Friend's as a hopeless case, *we* had no serious apprehensions for Mrs. Durant. Her ceaseless animation deceived us. And her mind was never more alive; her heart was never so intent on doing good. In her various weaknesses, which rendered personal exertion in the cause of humanity and religion impossible, she would often say, "My only grand wish for health is, that I might not be so useless as I am in the world:" and some of her very last hours were spent in contriving to promote the happiness of her fellow-creatures. While we were dreaming of her recovery,—scarcely suspecting, even for a moment, the slightest danger—our friends, it seems, who saw her less frequently than we did, and could mark, with greater precision, her decays; whispered to each other the fears which their tenderness forbade them to communicate to us.

On Monday, the 4th of May, 1818, she and her sister went as far as Wilton, on their way to Melksham Spa. At the house of our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bristowe, they met, for a week, with all the attention which affection could devise and supply. William and I followed them, on the next Monday, with an intention of accompanying them to their ulterior destination. We had hoped that the waters, air, and scenery of Melksham, would have restored to us in perfect health, our *dearest* sufferer: and that even her sister would return improved. We left Poole, by coach, in higher spirits than any with which we had ever quitted home before;

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for we were going to those who had always rendered that home what it had been. We talked by the way of meeting them; his heart was peculiarly delighted; and every scene through which we passed for nineteen miles, seemed to present charms undescried before.

Alas! our joy was but of short duration. Soon after our coach arrived at Fordingbridge, where it stopped a short time, we saw a post-chaise approaching us with almost incredible speed. "Are Mr. Durant and his son in the coach?" roused us from our dreams of pleasure, and forced upon us a melancholy presentiment of the evil that awaited us. "Is she alive?" burst instantly from our lips. 'She was,' said the messenger, 'when I left Wilton.' We entered the carriage; I fell upon my dear son's neck in agony; he was thunderstruck and speechless. We passed rapidly on with a silence interrupted only by our sighs and occasional bursts of grief. In three hours from the moment that the messenger left Wilton, during which he had ridden thirty miles, we arrived at the house of our friends. "Is she yet alive?" 'She is.' We were ready to rush to her bed-side; but prudence in her dying state demanded caution. At length I saw her, restless in body, and almost struggling with the final attacks of her malady; but, in soul, "calm as summer evenings be." She conversed as readily and as sensibly as ever. As it would have been dangerous to have greatly excited her, I sat by her bed-side, silently musing, suppressing my sighs, and shedding my unobserved tears: but at length ventured to ask, whether she would see her beloved William. She answered, "I shall, I hope, be better pre-

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pared to see him to-morrow morning: at present it would, I fear, too much agitate me." Alas! she was destined to see him no more till they should meet in heaven! About nine that evening, she was suddenly seized with convulsions, which were, in a few minutes to terminate her mortal career. I called up my dear boy, and he had the melancholy satisfaction of witnessing her last struggle. I fell upon her lifeless corpse; and losing, for a moment, all self-control, uttered my piercing cries; while he fell on his knees near her bed-side, —and, pale as death, with a countenance equally expressive of wo and resignation,—faltered out, "Oh! Heavenly Father, sustain us!" In a few minutes, I was sufficiently collected to bend upon *my* knees with him and his dear, and scarcely less afflicted, aunt; and beg for grace patiently to bear, and rightly to improve, the awful chastisement.

During our connexion for more than sixteen years, I had had many fears on her account. A fright produced by the dangerous situation of William, when eighteen months old, brought on an alarming illness, attended with some singular phenomena. This illness, by impairing a constitution hitherto peculiarly good, endangered her life during every succeeding state of pregnancy; and once or twice her confinement had placed her, in my apprehension, within a step of death. At these melancholy seasons, I had, as I thought, realized her death, and the effects which that event would produce on my mind. But till the moment of separation actually arrived, I had not the slightest conception of what I should feel—when hope became utterly extinct.—On

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this subject—succeeded as it has been by other equally mournful events—I dare not—I must not—I ought not —to dwell.

I cannot but remember, with devout gratitude to God, that her singularly endowed mind was inspired, adorned and blessed with a large share of genuine religion, which taught her to employ all the influence that her talents acquired for the general good. I write for the perusal of many who knew her; and I may confidently appeal to them, whether she was not one of the greatest blessings to the place of her residence that it has fallen to their lot to know, respect, and love. Her memory was embalmed by the regrets of thousands, and by the tears of a most extensive circle of friends who either concurred with her in her "labors of love," witnessed her zeal, or partook of her numerous kindnesses. No death, within the whole range of my acquaintance —except that of my dear son—has ever produced a deeper or a more general sensation.

My mind, it will readily be believed, was absorbed in grief for a loss which, however expected by our friends, came suddenly upon us; and which broke the charm that had given to my future plans and hopes almost their entire interest.

> "She was my life's unerring light—
> That quench'd—what beam could break my night?"

At this moment, however, the thoughts of my son and afflicted sister mingled with my sorrows for the departure of a most beloved wife—of a wife whom I all but adored, and to whom (under God) I must ever feel

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that I owe the best portion of my imperfect character, and a large measure of the little respect I have gained, and the good I have done in the world. Deeply affected, however, as my mind was with one great evil, I could not, even for an hour, be indifferent to the happiness of those who seemed *now* cast upon me alone. I knew that the *possibility* of a change in my future condition, which might banish her or render my home less pleasant to her than it otherwise might be, *would* present itself to both of them, and greatly aggravate the bitterness of *their* loss. I formed my plan at once;—and shall ever rejoice that I did it;—and that even the kind and disinterested requests and intreaties of my beloved sister, who afterwards feared she might stand in the way of my happiness, could not induce me, for one moment, to falter in maintaining my purpose. Within a few hours of Mrs. Durant's death, I said to both, "Your happiness is mine; I can scarcely be wretched, if you are comfortable; I cannot possibly be happy, if you are not so. We return to Poole; and, remember, my dear sister, you are, from the moment of our arrival there, the mistress of my house; the adopted mother of this dear boy; and nothing but death shall separate us." They were most gratefully affected by my declaration, which, after all, was as essential to my happiness as to theirs. We, then, embraced each other "over my dead," as if she were the silent witness of my vows to make her dearest kindred happy; and, even amidst "the sickness unto death," which one of our trio was, we were confident, doomed to endure; we hoped yet to enjoy a few days' happiness; and, blessed be God, we were not disappointed. I hoped,

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That ev'n in widowed life my son might shed
Rays of enjoyment round my aching head;
As violets from the bank on which they rise
Pour showers of falling sweets—*

William, who had ever affectionately loved his aunt, seemed, from this moment, to devote himself entirely to her comfort. And never did the most impassioned lover display a more ardent desire to promote the happiness of his mistress than he to secure hers. He seemed to anticipate her every wish; and would, at any time, to the last evening that he left us, have foregone any engagement that might, even by possibility, have withdrawn him from the opportunity of contributing to her pleasure.

Our griefs, on returning to our once loved home, were inexpressibly great. But we had every thing around us to alleviate our sorrow. Our friends vied with each other in expressions of sympathy, and in proofs of real friendship. My own affectionate congregation, from whom I have, for more than twenty years, received an unbroken series of kindnesses, wept for me as for a brother; redoubled their assiduities; and sought to make my burden light. My own house, though deprived of its chief ornament, had yet much to attach me—a *sister*, whose very infirmities gave her a stronger hold on my affections; and a *son*, who, on that occasion, became my chief comforter. Oh! how do those charming and eloquent conversations, with which he endeavoured to raise my fallen spirits, as we paced arm in arm, about our garden, now recur to my recollection; and at once

* From the Wizard, referred to, p. 93.

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wound my heart, and *soothe* its anguish! He once said, in the most serious and impassioned manner (referring me to a saying of Lord Ossory) "I would not, father—no, I would not part with my dead mother for any living mother in Europe! Let us think what she was in herself, what she has been to us and the world, and what she now is—and could we consent to exchange her for any one?"

One female friend, who, with her husband, lives to weep with me afresh; and some of my brethren, to whom I shall never cease to feel my obligations for their long friendship and unwearied kindness; came from afar to weep with us, and by sharing our sorrows, to lessen them, on that occasion. One of these was Mr. (now Dr.) Philip, then of Aberdeen, at present, of Cape Town in Africa; whom I mention particularly, as his coming was of great importance to my dear William's subsequent comfort. It had ever been our intention that he should spend four years at the University of Aberdeen, and board with our friend Philip. But, in consequence of *his* intended removal, he strongly recommended Glasgow. Our great concern was, to procure a situation in a family of respectability and intelligence, where my son might feel himself at home, and be happy. Mr. P. thought that Dr. Wardlaw, would possibly, to oblige us both, take him under his roof. He wrote a most favourable account of my child; and Dr. W. consented to receive him. This I shall ever esteem as one of the happiest circumstances of my life. It placed my dearest treasure, where, as far as depended upon human wisdom and kindness, all was safe. It gave to my son,

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and eventually to myself, a friend, whom I hope I shall ever have the privilege of calling such; and from whom William received, to the end of his brief life, the kindness of a father. Both Dr. and Mrs. Wardlaw, by their conduct towards him, have laid me under everlasting obligations.

Our summer passed away as comfortably as, under our circumstances, it could be expected to pass. A large portion of it was taken up in attention to our poor invalid, whose constitution had received an incurable shock. She was, however, able to accompany us in September, to London, whither we went for the purpose of taking a passage to Aberdeen, on a visit to our friend before his departure to Africa. Our residence, for about a fortnight, in that metropolis of the north of Scotland, was rendered more than comfortable, by the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Philip, and the polite and friendly attentions of some among the professors of both colleges, and several of the established ministers of the town. In that part of the United Kingdom, there were none of those painful associations which, in moving among our friends in England, were ever presenting themselves; and impairing, where they did not absolutely destroy, our pleasures. We could visit no friend *here*, who did not know her whom we loved and for whom we mourned—no friend, whom we had not seen in company with her. *There* all was new; and it was the first place that fairly restored William and me to any thing like our accustomed cheerfulness.

In the city of Aberdeen, we were exceedingly pleased with an introduction to a young gentleman of uncom-

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mon promise; of whom we had heard much; but whose modesty and learning surpassed our expectation. He was the only child of Dr. Ross, like myself, a widower, and "whose life," like my own, "was bound up in the life of his son." This lovely youth was about four years older than William. But their congenial dispositions and pursuits led me to hope that an acquaintance begun under his father's hospitable roof might be renewed in my own house; and at length matured into a friendship dissoluble only by death. He had promised to visit Poole in the next spring, on his way into Devonshire, whither he was going on a visit to a relation. The illness of his honoured father prevented his coming to the south, and the acquaintanceship ceased. This surprising young man, who bid fair to rank, as an oriental and general scholar, with Sir W. Jones, took a journey, in 1820, to the continent of Europe, for the purpose, I understand, of examining some manuscripts in foreign public libraries; and, after passing several months there, returned in health to England; but on his journey from Dover to London, was overturned in the coach, and received an injury which, after causing him to drag out with difficulty a precarious existence through the winter, consigned him to a grave, which he entered with christian peace and hope, in the spring of 1821. Both William and I were greatly affected on hearing of his death; felt deeply for the afflicted father; but rejoiced to hear that he bore the dreadful stroke with the fortitude and resignation becoming a servant of God. I can now more tenderly sympathise with Dr. Ross than ever. We both grieve only for ourselves. Our beloved and

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eminent children are only taken from danger and unavoidable sorrow, to a nobler, holier, and happier state of being. It were impossible that parents in our circumstances should not have indulged high expectations of benefit to the world, and happiness to ourselves, from children so endowed with all that was solid and brilliant in talents, and sweet in disposition; and blessed too with an influence from above, disposing them to consecrate all to the honour and glory of God. But God has taught us that their stay on earth is not necessary to themselves, to us, to the world, or to His cause. "'Tis," says the great John Howe, "a piece of divine Royalty and Magnificence, that when he hath prepared and polished such an *utensil*, so as to be capable of great service, He can lay it by without loss."

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HIS FIRST SESSION AT GLASGOW.

We were accompanied to Glasgow by an affectionate relative, Mr. Coombs, of Ludgate-street, London, who chose the season of our journey to execute a purpose he had long formed, of visiting Scotland. He added, then, as on many other occasions, to our happiness: nor will he, I am certain, feel hurt to see his name recorded with gratitude in the Memoirs of William Friend Durant. We were received most politely by Dr. and Mrs. Wardlaw, who were destined to become the kindest friends of my beloved son; to be the sources of a large share of his comfort in life; his affectionate attendants at the bed of his death—and who now write, "Our eyes and our hearts fill, when we think and speak of him." After spending a week together in that city, we left him. He and I slept in the same room the night preceding my departure. We prayed together, hand in hand, before we retired to rest, and after we had risen early on the morning. His conversation was manly and christian; but he breathed a warmer affection towards me, and expressed a more unbounded confidence in me than he had ever uttered before. At six in the morning our coach was to depart. In order to secure a good place, his cousin and I ascended a few minutes before the time; and he accompanied us for the purpose of riding out a couple of miles. The carriage, however, became crowded with passengers, and he was obliged to descend. I shall never forget the tender and agonizing look of that

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moment. He stood gazing at us for a few seconds; but presently I had lost him; and conjecturing the cause of his disappearance, I sighed—perhaps wept—with him. I then thought, and afterwards found from himself, that he was unable to bear the sight of my departure. I commended him afresh to the guardian care of our Heavenly Father; and felt no slight alleviation of my sorrow at parting, from the thought that God had provided for him such a friend as the gentleman in whose house he was to reside—and under whose roof he was, alas! destined to breathe his last!

At College, a perfectly new world opened before him. To literature, science, and intelligent companions, he was no stranger. But he was, in effect, an only child; had mixed with no children in his studies; and had never, till that time, received five lessons, except in arithmetic, from any teachers but his father and mother. He knew not a single individual in the University. So entire a change in his habits—formed as he was, too, for affection—considerably lowered his spirits; and his first letters were tinged with a gloom that threw, for a season, no slight degree of shade over my own mind. He found nothing, as he expressed it, to which his heart could cling. He could not, however, be long a stranger; and when known, he could not be long without admirers and friends. The professors and his class-fellows soon discovered his rare talents, his various attainments, and his indefatigable industry.* To Mr. Walker,

* His industry *might* have cost him his life, during the first session. He was accustomed, sometimes not less than two or three

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professor of Humanity, he was indebted for the most marked and polite attentions; and that gentleman often expressed the high opinion he entertained of his abilities. In *his* class my dear boy gained the highest literary distinctions which his standing at College permitted. Though he had, before the last Session, left Mr. Walker's class, that learned professor pronounced upon him, at his death, a eulogium, the most gratifying to the heart of a fond and disconsolate father. He entered, at the same time, into the Greek class: but Professor Young, one of the profoundest, most ingenious, and acute philologists of his age, went his last long journey before him; or he would probably, as spontaneously and conscientiously have borne his testimony to the excellence of his pupil's character and conduct; though it is admitted he had not made such advances in Greek as in the Latin language.

As soon as I returned to the South, we commenced a regular correspondence, which never varied a day from that time till the illness which terminated in his death. He had not written ten letters before in his

nights in the week, to throw himself upon his bed in his college gown, in order that he might lose no time in dressing and undressing. I found this out accidentally; but he promised, at my earnest request, not to be guilty of so great an imprudence in future. And after I had received his promise, I was satisfied. Could the first literary honors of Europe have been gained by a breach of his word, I was sure that it would not have been broken. When he had once pledged himself to any thing, I never reminded him, even by an inuendo, of his engagement. *I* should have felt it to have been indelicate; *he* would have felt it asa reflection on his integrity: and our confidence was mutual.

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life ; yet his correspondence bore all the marks of a disciplined writer, ease, elegance, vivacity, and simplicity. Most of them referred to his every day engagements, and were thrown off in the hurry of the moment. He says, in letters written at different times during the session, "I never feel more disposed to write to you, than just after I have received one of your epistles, when my heart and my imagination are, if possible, still warmer than usual; so that I can bring myself into contact, as it were, with you; and fling forth upon you the first, the best, the genuine offspring of my warmest, strongest, and most unshackled feelings. At other times, I *like* to write, but just now I *cannot help* it, any more than I could help going to see you, if I knew that you were in the next room. * * * My feelings on the receipt of every letter from you, are peculiarly pleasant; as I can look on each of them not only as a proof of your welfare, or a pledge of your affection, but as a mark by which to measure my approaches to the centre of attraction. Still I have nought to blame in my present situation. .I *have* enjoyed, and *do* enjoy, from my good host and hostess, all the attention that kind politeness can dictate; and on your part, I receive *more than all* that the warmest attachment can *expect* from the most enlarged affection. Add to this, my unremitted health, and unwearied strength; and oh! what have I not to be thankful for to the Author of every good and perfect gift. * * * I can assure you, I needed no '*Write as usual*,' with a long dash to induce me to address *you*. Selfishness, if no better motive operated, would induce me to have recourse to the pleasure of writing to you.

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You know all the delight of receiving letters; but you can hardly imagine how delightful it is to me—in the total want here of every thing like what may be called, the *intimacy of the heart*—to pour out my thoughts, my feelings, my whole soul, every fortnight, *pell-mell*, without order, ornament, or periphrasis, to you, who, I believe, so tenderly love me; and who, *I know*, are so tenderly beloved by me."

I shall present but a few extracts from the correspondence of that Winter.

Glasgow, November 12, 1818.

My very dear Father,

That I may not drive myself into a corner, I will begin with these things, which I may otherwise defer, and possibly forget. Yet after having written this sentence, I almost repent of it; for as I like to place every thing in its own order, I find, on reflection, that I ought to defer all these things to that part of the sheet I owe to my aunt. Your saying I had not remembered to mention your letter from Birmingham, startled *me*, as much as the fact which authorised the assertion could have astonished *you:* nor can I to this moment imagine how I could have forgotten to mention an event (or rather the news it contained) which called so loudly for gratitude to God, and which produced delightful, and, I hope, thankful emotions.

For my aunt I reserve the narration of domestic occurrences; and to you I will give an account of my progress at College. Mr Walker is getting acquainted with me in the class. I am frequently called up, and he

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seems to have some confidence in me: but the most remarkable event since my last, is, my having *breakfasted with the professor*. Mr Young is still on the grammar. We begin to read Anacreon to-morrow. I have had no opportunities in that class; and if I had, I should not have been fully prepared, I fear, to improve them. However, I have met with no signal defeat; and victory must be gained by perseverance, or not at all. The worst part of my situation is, that I am thoroughly *companionless*. I can have no companion but a class-fellow,* because it would not be easy to meet another so frequently, and so certainly, at leisure hours to both. I should very much like a sodality, pursuing the same studies, and with a slight difference of attainment. This, however, I have no reason even to hope. I know few things that would be more useful to literary progress than such an association; but 'tis surely best to dash Utopian visions from one—make the best of the present —and forget the past and the possible. As you dislike cross-writing, and as answers to my aunt's queries will take up a good deal of room, I must at once say, *Vale*.

My very dear Aunt,

You are right in supposing me not insensible of my father's kindness. I know that whatever the fruit may be, I owe it, under God, to his culture; and I only wish the ground were more productive. In your low spir-

* In this, however, he afterwards found himself agreeably mistaken.

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its on your return, I can sympathise with you. There is, however, the consideration, that the same stroke which emptied an house on earth, filled a throne in heaven. This, surely, should operate, with great strength, in moderating our grief. * * * I hope my dear aunt does not injure herself by her exertions for her adopted family ;* she never was accustomed to such labors : she must remember, however, that *I* have still stronger claims upon her—viz.—to take care of herself for my sake. It is a great comfort to consider her as with one who loves her so tenderly, and attends to her so kindly; but far more consoling to consider her as under the perpetual guardianship of our Heavenly Father, whose love neither life, nor death itself can impair; but which must be brightening while it developes itself throughout eternity : and were it not so much easier simply to believe, than to feel and to carry our belief into every day's transactions and thoughts, this alone would be sufficient to prevent murmuring, nay, almost even anxiety.

Glasgow, November 26, 1818.

My very dear Father and Aunt,†

It would be in vain to comfort a drowning man by the most eloquent and harrowing descriptions of the tortures endured at the stake ; and few, when suffering under mental agony, would be satisfied with a

* Two daughters of Dr Philip.

† He always from this time addressed us jointly.

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philosophical disquisition, to prove that bodily pain is still more to be dreaded than distress of mind. In circumstances so peculiar, topics of consolation, if they occur at all, resemble a desert scene, presenting itself where the traveller had been taught to expect the luxuriance of oriental verdure, illuminated by the brilliancy of an Italian sky. Hence it is, that philosophy has always been proposing remedies, which mankind have been ready to applaud, without ever being able to apply them; and like the manœuvres of young soldiers, which, at the first cannon they hear, or the first death they witness, are entirely driven from their minds—so, by the first storm of affliction, are all the remedies of philosophy, and all the pride of stoicism forgotten; either because the rapid advance of the enemy leaves us no time for the collection of our armour offensive and defensive; or that the languor his terrible approach produces, renders all our endeavours, *in themselves*, as feeble as their *event* is unsuccessful. But there is a state of feeling,—a kind of fluctuation between pain and pleasure—when agony, indeed, is not admitted, nor delight always excluded—but when the heart, though not seared, is uncomfortable, for want of an outlet;—when the affections, though not harrowed, are galled;—and when, without any thing, or without much that is disagreeable in external circumstances, there is an undefined something that is distressing, or, at least, is a kind of discomfort—where, in other circumstances, nothing would be seen but hilarity and joy. Every feeling of this description—call it wretchedness, *ennui*, or what you will—arises, in my opinion, from discontent with

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one's self, and dislike of one's own company—not *that* do I intend, which is at once the offspring and the nurse of crime, but rather what may be produced under almost any circumstances, and by very many occurrences, which have filled the mind with images 'tis not comfortable to recur to, and which yet *force* themselves on our solitary or unoccupied attention.

It is in such a state of mind that consolation of every sort is most valuable: as a ship on a dangerous coast, during a violent storm, may not find the pilot's art of any avail; although, should the tempest abate, and a moderately brisk gale succeed it, his aid will be peremptorily required. My own mind is not unfrequently visited with moods like those I have been describing; and though I never give way to grief, I cannot always defend myself from uneasiness. In such cases, I have no refuge from myself except I fly to my studies, which are daily thickening upon me: and, although I might, without disgrace, glide through the College, (or, at least, these classes) perfectly at my ease; yet both my real interests, and my present inclinations, prompt me to take upon myself some of that labor which is so liberally distributed to those who are willing *μετα πρωτοισι πονειν.*

But I am too querulous, and my aunt will no longer give me the praise of "making the best of things." I will therefore, alter a strain into which I was led by the folly of attempting to analyse what was scarce worth mentioning; but I must needs catch a little nicety of division, &c. from Professor Young. Mr Walker remarked, when I breakfasted with him, that he thought

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of Lord Byron, as a poet, just as he should of a successful and powerful painter, who yet was unable to produce any thing of merit, without introducing, in one part of the canvass or another, the entrails of a wounded man. To follow out the same metaphor,—I seem (not that I pretend to *Byronian* fire) to be attempting your amusement and pleasure by the accurate delineation of a sore finger! I can only say, that I possess very many mercies, and so many more than I can deserve, that to complain of my lot would be as ungrateful to *their* Author, as it would be distressing to *you*, the *channels* through which they have generally *flowed to me.*

Since my last, I have become acquainted with a student of very respectable connexions, considerable information and classical learning; and, as far as I have been able to discover, of very good principles; although I question whether he has much of the *social spring*, the *vis vivida* of companionship. *I* had heard of *him*, and I suppose *he* had heard of *me.* After reconnoitring for some days, we just spoke to each other, because we had nobody else to speak to; so that if this juxtaposition does not produce very close cohesion, yet the acquaintance can hardly be injurious, and may be agreeable and instructive.

Glasgow, January 7, 1819. (*The day he was sixteen.*)

Your letter to-day afforded me great and unmingled pleasure; and, I hope, inspired me with thank-

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fulness for the mercies I experience through you. I have a good deal to communicate; and therefore begin my letter to-day, being a holyday. I have, nevertheless, plenty to do; but my time is not so much cut up as when the classes meet, and prevent my doing any thing before three, or much before five o'clock. I dare say I took too much for granted, and so talked an unintelligible language in my last; I will, therefore, describe the whole process of the examination.

The College Library is rather a fine room, you know. At the end, towards the chimney, is placed a table with seats for professors at one end, and a finely carved oaken chair, (presented, I think, by James IV. and requiring three or four men of these degenerate days to lug it about) at the other. It has a black marble bottom, which has, time immemorial, sustained the (literally) *groaning* weight of students—probably, Knox and the great Buchanan, among the rest. It is surmounted by an hour-glass turning on a pivot, and surrounded with laurel. Old John Machlachlan stands behind, watch in hand, calling out, every five minutes, "*Ad alium, Domine,*" a warning voice given for form's sake, and never attended to by the examining professor.

Every person on entering a new class, is supposed to be acquainted with the science, &c. he has left behind him. Now as I rank among the Græci, I *should* be acquainted with Latin. My knowledge is to be proved by an examination conducted by the professor I am supposed to have left. But the general examination is, necessarily cursory and superficial.—Prizes then are proposed—five for the Latin, and one or two for the

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Greek profession; and the examination of the competitors is comparatively strict and long. This, therefore, rendered my profession so tremendous. The Humanity professor will not judge himself. We (the competitors) chose our own mode of trial. Fifteen *judices* were elected by those, *not* competing, who profess this year. These took their seats close to the table aforesaid, noted down every mistake, and will give judgment accordingly.

The common professions are attended by the examinator and the professor to whose class you are going. Ours was, on the contrary, honored by the attendance of Professors Walker, Young, Jardine, Mylne, Mickleham, and Principal Taylor. Imagine me seated in the chair, my hand trembling, while I was reading aloud my own profession; then unable to find the books I was asked for, and in the utmost state of perturbation. When the examination began, I felt myself, however, on solid ground; and Mr Walker's kind manner quite re-assured me. I was examined in *four authors*, out of *thirty-nine* which I professed. In Persius, I was slightly embarrassed; not that I did not understand him, so much as from the difficulty of finding English words exactly corresponding to the Latin. However, I did not stop. I only wonder *I got on at all.* You may form some notion of the excitement, when I say, that the whole time occupied by my examination, did not appear to me more than two minutes; and even now, 'tis only the evidence of the spectators, &c. that convinces me to the contrary.—It may be egotistic, yet as I know it will gratify you, I cannot help mentioning, that a few

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days ago, Mr Walker, who has all along been politely kind and attentive, was pleased privately to congratulate me on the appearance I had made; assuring me, that the sentiments the Principal had expressed on the subject, were in perfect accordance with his own.

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During this session, he indulged a little in poetic composition. He presented to Mr Walker many—and some of them spirited—translations of Horace; to these he refers in several of his letters. He began, but, in consequence of many other pressing engagements, he left unfinished, a prize *Carmen elegiacum ad mortem Reginæ.* In addition to the first prize at the Black Stone examination, he gained another by translating *De Senectute* into English, and re-translating it, abridged, into his own Latin. To this he added copious notes, in English and in Latin, "ON THE OPINIONS OF THE ANCIENTS CONCERNING THE STATE AFTER DEATH." I have read it; and it certainly displays, for a boy of sixteen, uncommon research and acumen. This additional part was a perfect Voluntary,* and his kind professor announced in the class that it was a manly attempt. He gained also the first prize, among those of his standing, for "eminent talents, industry, and exemplary behaviour during the session," in the Latin; and a very respectable one for the same excellencies in the Greek class. I find, among his papers of that Winter, an ingenious but unfinished piece in prose, attempting "to unfold the principle of Lord Byron's poetry,"—poetry, with which every person of taste must be enraptured—over which every person of humanity, whether he considers the noble author or the

* A *college word*, used in these memoirs to denote an essay given in by the student *voluntarily*; and not as an *enjoined* exercise.

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public, must weep—and much of which every christian moralist must execrate. While at College, he read Buchanan's beautiful and classical translation of the psalms; which, upon the whole, he preferred to every thing, whether ancient or modern, in the Roman language. The THEME OF DAVID gave an elevated character to his poetry, which the exquisite taste of the Scottish bard transfused into his almost native tongue. At this time, he wrote one little piece, in reference to his beloved mother, in the style of Burn's "Land o' the Leal," which I shall here present.

THE LAND OF THE BLESSED.

Wo and wailing shall be o'er then,
Weeping shall be heard no more then,
Let us quickly, sweetly soar, then
To the land of the Blessed.
No eye shall ever shed a tear there,
None shall feel of grief or fear there,
Every face a smile shall wear there
In the land of the Blessed.

They, whose wounded, bleeding heart here,
Learned how hard it was to part here,
But hoped, amidst the sharpest smart here,
For the land of the Blessed;
They have met where zephyrs blow, where
Streams of life immortal flow, where
Those they lost they'll love and know, where
Is the land of the Blessed.

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Finest radiance smiling round them,
Still increasing joy hath found them,
Ever since death's angel crown'd them
For the land of the Blessed.
Wo and wailing shall be o'er then,
Weeping shall be known no more then,
Let us quickly, sweetly soar, then,
To the land of the Blessed.

A parent's decision may naturally be suspected of partiality. The extracts, however, already given, and especially those hereafter to be offered, from William's voluminous papers, will, it is confidently hoped, relieve me, in the opinion of candid and competent judges, from the charge of an extravagant estimate of his powers and attainments. Anxious, however, to stand fair with that public, before whom I have—perhaps too minutely—exposed my child and myself, I wished for an opportunity of publicly recording the opinions which I know were entertained concerning him by those eminent men who conducted his education at Glasgow; and through Dr Wardlaw, the application was made to them. Willing to soothe the anguish of a bereaved father's heart, they have, there can be no doubt, said ALL that truth permitted them to say. But their characters vouch for the PERFECT TRUTH of their testimony. I am happy that Professor Walker has enabled me, at this stage of the Memoir, to give *his* sentiments. To that accomplished scholar, the letters of this session often refer, in terms of warm affection. I regret exceedingly that a series of untoward circumstances, over

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which I had no control, prevented my offering to him, in person, while I was at Glasgow, the expression of my gratitude. But I beg him to accept this public declaration of my obligation for a conduct marked with the kindness of a father towards my beloved child—an obligation rendered still greater by the following letter to Dr Wardlaw :—

My dear Sir,

I HAVE received your note, and thank you for the opportunity it gives me of stating the opinion I was led to form of the late Mr William Durant, while I had the pleasure of superintending his studies. That opinion, however, was so very high, that I must exercise caution in expressing it, lest, from those who knew him less, I incur the charge of exaggeration, or of allowing my sorrow for his loss to overcharge the picture of him which I cherish in my memory. Even with this danger before me, I can safely say, that his character, taken as a whole, was nearly the most perfect of any which the circumstances of my life have led me to contemplate with peculiar interest. In each of his good qualities, considered separately, he may have had superiors; but seldom have I found the assemblage so complete, or so harmoniously balanced. An uncommon portion of natural good sense, rendered his general conduct and demeanor such as I should wish to propose for a model to all my students. When he entered my class, though not quite sixteen, and surrounded with contagious examples of youthful levity, I never found it necessary to check him for a single failure in propriety. Even at times,

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when the business must, to him, have been irksome and uninteresting, his nice sense of decorum, and the control of his gentlemanly manners, prevented him from offending, even by an unseasonable whisper. To myself, indeed, personally, his behaviour was so filial, that I shall never think of him without feelings approaching to the affection and regret of a parent. His steadiness was the more meritorious, as he had nothing phlegmatic in his constitution. He appeared, on the contrary, to have a fair portion of that buoyancy of spirit, which, at his age, is so natural and graceful; but his correctness of judgment, and delicacy of tact pointed out to him, almost intuitively, the seasons when it ought, or ought not to be indulged. I have been both gratified and amused (when I considered the general manliness of his deportment) to see him, in the hours of relaxation, humouring the playfulness of his younger class-mates, and captivating them by the cordiality with which he joined their gambols.

Among our youth of talent, I should place him in the highest class; and I should do so on my own judgment, even though I were unsupported by the attestations, for three successive years, of those fellow-students, who, no doubt watched him with all the keen perspicacity of ambitious, though candid rivals. There was a singular ripeness in all his faculties, easily distinguishable from transient precocity, as their vigour and solidity were no less remarkable than the forwardness of their growth. On his first examination in my class, I perceived his superiority; and I ever after naturally turned to him for the answer of questions in which others had failed.

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While I observed that there were a few elementary delicacies in the Latin language, to which his attention had not been previously directed, I could not help admiring the facility with which this disadvantage was surmounted, by the promptness of his judgment, and steadiness of his attention. To these helps, however, he did not trust. He instantly felt where he was defective, and his diligence in private, and the skill which directed his studies, were attested by the rapidity with which every defect was supplied; till, at the close of the session, his pre-eminence became so decided, as to draw from his fellow-students the highest prize their suffrages could bestow. The style of his exercises was, like his character, of a manly cast, but that also could occasionally descend to a chaste and engaging liveliness. I recollect, in particular, the comic power which he displayed in sustaining a character in one of the scenes of Plautus, and the delighted attention with which he was heard by his class-fellows. In graver tasks, his success was, at least, not inferior; but from his talents and taste, the exertion he was making at the moment, was always apt to be considered as his master-piece. To the acquisition even of minor accomplishments, his attention was alive. Among these was elocution, of his success in which he left an impression on our minds.—Only two or three days before his fatal illness, he was chosen to intimate from the pulpit the election of the Lord Rector; and few, I believe, who heard him, will be disposed to deny that the *formula* has seldom been pronounced with more graceful distinctness, elegance and dignity. To the excellence of his moral and reli-

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gious character, you, who had the best opportunity of appreciating it, have borne ample testimony. There was, however, something about him—certain appearances, more easily interpreted than expressed, which, even with my inferior means of judging, and without your satisfactory attestation, would have led me to infer the purity of his conduct, and the soundness of his principles. The instance you give of his invincible and unequivocating adherence to truth, in resisting the opportunity he enjoyed, of adding some improvements to a prize exercise, I read with peculiar interest: as it was in my class the circumstance took place, which, in every particular, was precisely as you have stated it.

I have now, my dear Sir, endeavoured, though imperfectly, to convey to you the impression which was made upon my mind by this amiable and learned youth: and I shall only add, that his death has bereaved me of a friend and pupil for whom I felt a warm affection, and who gave me cause to flatter myself with a belief of its return; and the University of an *Alumnus*, who, for his standing, was not inferior in accomplishment and worth to any whom it has ever had the honor to rear.

I am,
My dear Sir,
Your's, very respectfully,
JOSIAH WALKER.

College, 20th February, 1822.

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HIS RETURN IN 1819, AND HIS LABOURS DURING THE VACATION.

His return in May, 1819, though longed for as parents alone, and widowed parents of such children, can feel, happened to be about the anniversary of his dear mother's death. I have never, on any other occasion, experienced so strange a conflict of pleasure and pain. When reading, as usual, the scriptures before family-prayer, on the morning after his return, I saw him opposite me, sitting hand in hand with his aunt, precisely as he had for years sat with her who was now no more, my bursting heart could no longer repress its emotion, my voice was choked—my sobs became audible—and, ere we could proceed—we—servants and all—gave vent to our tears. His aunt still required his affectionate attentions; her health was no better; and soon after his return, she was seized with a violent illness, which confined her to her bed for some weeks.

During the voyage from Leith to London, he formed his plan of summer study: and his decision of character, so far as the result depended on him, ensured its accomplishment. He determined TO COMPOSE DAILY IN LATIN, making Cicero his model—THRICE OR FOUR TIMES A WEEK TO READ GREEK, BESIDES A CHAPTER, AT LEAST, EVERY DAY, IN THE GREEK TESTAMENT—TO MAKE A TRANSLATION OF THE TRINUMMUS OF PLAUTUS, (which gained a prize)—and, which was his *magnum opus*—TO COMPOSE AN ESSAY ON THE TRIBUNICIAL POWER AMONG THE ROMANS, (which

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gained the first prize.) He never skimmed the surface of any subject; and this essay, which would make a respectable volume, displayed great research and uncommon discrimination. He formed, almost in an instant, the plan of his work; and, that he might treat it as he ought, he read *Hallam's Middle Ages*,—a dry, but profound work, which enters deeply into the question of governments—*Kennet's Antiquities*—*Bankes's Civil and Constitutional History of Rome*—*Hookes's Roman History*—the *Latin writers*, who had referred to the subject—and, above all, Livy. His method with the last author, was—to read, in the original, one volume every week, for the first seven weeks after his return, making, as he proceeded, the necessary references and extracts for his work. He effected this, chiefly by the bed-side of the beloved sufferer. He disturbed her not—was ready to converse with her whenever she pleased—and to assist her, or call for assistance, whenever she needed it. In this work, he did not receive the slightest assistance; and had I offered him my aid, he would have refused it. He was most scrupulous never to present a line that was not entirely his own. A striking instance of his honour in this respect was given during this or the following summer, in a translation of the *Somnium Scipionis*. I compared it with the original; and found that, owing to the obscurity of the thing itself, and *especially owing to his ignorance of the terms of music*, he had given no very intelligible view of that odd passage respecting the spheres, which begins "*Nonne aspicis, quæ in templa veneris? novem tibi orbibus*," &c. Understanding myself a little—though very

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little—of music, I wrote out a translation of that part, and presented it to him. He smiled, and said, "That is better than mine—but I must send it in with all its imperfections on its head: it is understood to be, throughout my translation."—I loved and venerated him the more for his perfect honesty. It gained no prize: that fell to the lot, I think, of Mr Sandford, son of the Bishop of Edinburgh, and brother of the present Greek professor at Glasgow.

He also wrote, in a burlesque style, a very humorous *Voluntary*, descriptive of college life, which displayed considerable talent for that kind of composition. It neither gained, nor was intended to gain, a prize; but was thrown in as a work of supererogation; either to make the professor smile, or to convince him that he had not only been far from idle, but intensely active during his five months' vacation. In the course of the summer, as he was about to enter the logic class, we read Watts's Logic, D. Stewart's Elements, &c. In a part of this we were accompanied by a young French gentleman, Mr Hine, then visiting at our house; who was to become his class-fellow at College; who there ranked among his dearest friends; and who expressed *his* friendship towards us by assiduous attentions at my son's dying bed, and by mingling his tears with mine at his grave.

The Essay on the Tribunicial power is much too long for insertion in these memoirs. It consists of—*An* INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.—CHAPTER II. *which contains preliminary considerations on Roman Government, from the foundation of the city, to the year* (*U. C.*) 260.—CHAPTER

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III. *Reaches from the year* 260, *to the year* 349, *when pay was first given to the soldiers.*—CHAPTER IV. *Reaches from the year* 349, *to the tribunate of T. Gracchus, in the year* 619.—CHAPTER V. *Extending from the year* 619, *to the breaking out of the Civil War in* 703.—CHAPTER VI. *Considers,—Was the tribunal power injurious or beneficial to the state?*

The copy in my possession is less perfect than that which was given in at College: for he improved it, and, in some slight degree, altered the arrangement, after his arrival at Glasgow, and before the prescribed season for its delivery to the Professor. As the first and last chapters are not long, I will give them as specimens of his style at a little more than sixteen years of age.

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ESSAY ON THE TRIBUNICIAL POWER.

INTRODUCTORY.

CHAP. I.

"ETERNAL ROME!"—"ETERNAL!!"—"And this is little man's eternity!" might the moralist exclaim, were he disposed to moralize amid her nodding arches, her roofless temples, her broken columns, her mouldering porticoes, her ruined theatres, her desecrated shrines! Yet, if he were inclined to take a more encouraging, and, perhaps, a less misanthropic view of human labour, genius and glory, he might find something to raise his spirits, should he happen to remember Horace's triumphant prophecy, so certainly fulfilled, and still in the course of fulfilment,

> Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
> Vitabit Libitinam!

Such an observer might feel almost proud of our common nature, should he turn to contemplate the breathing, burning, everliving thoughts, that glow in the pages of a Virgil; or should he give himself up to the magic charm which the descriptions of a Livy still throw

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round the ruins of what once was Rome—ruins, where every object meeting the eye proclaims the instability of empires, the fluctuations of human affairs, and the transitory nature of earthly splendor; while it reminds the observer, that in the closet of some laborious, and, perhaps, neglected recluse, monuments were reared, which, after having withstood the shock of time, and survived the wreck of ages, still continue to bestow on the ruins of palaces and the vestiges of ancient grandeur, an intense, although melancholy interest, that conquerors and senates, heroes and emperors, would never have been able to confer.

Yet it is precisely all this fine feeling and classic prepossession, of which the diligent inquirer into the infancy of Rome must strip himself: it is especially against this enthusiasm, against these associations, that he finds it necessary to be on his guard.

We must be content to give up every theory, however beautiful,—every, however plausible, conjecture, which would induce us, among the military barbarians of infant Rome, to look for refined policy, philosophical legislation, or measures of resistance to the arbitrary power of the crown or aristocracy, sufficiently enlightened to call for our praise, or so rational as to deserve commendation.

Even after the expulsion of the kings, and after a form of government had been established, more conformable to the wishes, opinions or prejudices of the aristocratic leaders, who headed the revolution, we ought to be extremely careful how we credit all the splendid and imposing accounts which historians relate

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lessly to class the elegant narrations of a Livy with the improbable fictions of Gothic chroniclers, and monkish historians; yet it might argue, not indeed equal arrogance, but at least a sufficiently blind veneration for authority, even when supported only by the magic of a name, should we receive, without examination, all the reports of ancient writers; some few of whose sources of information we ourselves possess; while to others of their authorities the very writers in question have introduced us so as to put it in our power to conjecture, at least, the strength of the foundation on which the whole superstructure rests.

After all the superiority which not only the intrinsic merit of the Greek and Roman authors, but also the prejudices of our earlier years, may incline us to attribute to the ancients; yet every man, who is an enlightened worshipper, rather than a bigotted devotee, will be ready to admit, without either reservation or reluctance, that there are some laurels of literary glory, which must be resigned to the moderns; and that there exist extensive tracts in the territories of both science and philosophy, where no victories were won, no conquests achieved by the acuteness of Greece, or by Roman research and erudition; but which, nevertheless, have been, in later ages, conquered, cultivated, and, (to keep up the allusion) subjected to a kind of agrarian division; by which, every man, who has any connexion at all with the republic of letters, has obtained, in that particular part of her dominions, larger possessions than any, with the very existence of which those who formerly filled her highest offices, or had obtained admis-

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sion to her most hidden treasures, were in the slightest degree acquainted.

Such an admission will by no means diminish the reverence with which we are accustomed to regard the brilliant thoughts, the just and noble sentiments, the knowledge of human principles and feelings, in which consists the true and the only imperishable glory of the classical writers: we shall, perhaps, be induced to look upon their works with the feelings in which we may suppose a skilful architect to indulge, while contemplating the fragments of some magnificent, but ancient ruin. No man would be less disposed than he to admit a single sentiment of indifference; or be less likely to experience a single feeling not partaking even of enthusiasm; and yet there would surely be no proof of his not having a proper feeling for the sublime and beautiful, if, while entranced in those delightful, yet melancholy reflections, with which such scenes always inspire a man of taste, he should occasionally perceive a deficiency which modern inventions would have enabled the original artist to supply, or a fault which modern science would have taught him to correct.

Is it not, then, allowable to class among modern improvements, that attention which has been paid by our historians, as well as by professional men, to the philosophy of history in general, and especially of legal history? Here there is some danger perhaps of being misunderstood. We are, I should apprehend, by no means warranted to assert that the Roman historians are excelled by those of modern Europe, in knowledge of character, in truth of sentiment, in force of colouring,

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in perspicuity of style, in accuracy of delineation. Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus, form an illustrious,—and we may, perhaps, say, an unequalled—triad, although their excellencies were of different kinds. The first may remind us of some beautiful paintings, where, even if a martyrdom be the subject, a distant glory is introduced to throw a tint of magic brilliance over the prospect; while the works of the two other historians resemble, perhaps, the productions of a Fuseli, where, even amid paradisaic scenery, some form of evil is dimly seen threatening to blast and to destroy.

That part of the civilized world which was known to Roman historians, consisted of Greece, Italy and Asia. In these countries, the constitutions then existing were most simple in their first principles; and may, all with ease, be divided into classes, under one or other of which will naturally fall almost every form of government known to the Latin authors; without here entering on a discussion (where even a learned writer might chance to be nonplused) concerning the Aboriginal inhabitants of Greece and Italy, it may, with tolerable certainty, be asserted of the former country, that its civilization came from Asia—the cradle of knowledge; or from Egypt—the nurse of infant science; while not only natural conjecture, but even, I should imagine, remains of the remotest antiquity will induce us even concerning Italy, to arrive at a similar conclusion.

Be this as it may—it does appear, that at a period earlier than any to which very authentic history reaches; Greece, the Grecian settlements in Italy, and (in a certain sense) even the Etruscan confederacy, were divid-

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ed, and subdivided into a number of little independent kingdoms, or chieftainships; in which the monarch, (and the Lucumones appear to have been monarchs, without the name of king,) acted in the double capacity of judge during peace, and commander or chieftain in time of war. To whatever cause this minute subdivision of territory is attributable, to it, probably, we may ascribe the free spirit of the ancients:—every freeman was a soldier, and could resist oppression; no man could learn to esteem a domestic tyrant beyond the efforts, or above the reach, of his vengeance: no man could be brought to feel indifferent to revolutions going on twelve miles distant, perhaps, from the extremest frontier of the empire.

The history of these little states is, of course, pretty uniform;—some ambitious prince ripened authority into power; power into tyranny;—the people murmured, rebelled, and succeeded in establishing a republican form of government;—the republic, after the first struggle was over, became comparatively rich and powerful;—riches and power rendered her corrupt; and her corruption presented her an easy prey to some aspiring and daring spirit, who, without much difficulty, contrived to enslave her. His descendants probably carried tyranny beyond the bounds of human endurance. The republic was restored, and with it nothing of its spirit, except its licence and its intrigues. A scene of anarchy ensued, till the republic, wearied with intestine commotions, and exhausted by the contests of jarring factions, sunk under the power of some stronger neighbour; who, in his turn, was doomed to yield to a still more formida-

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ble antagonist; till the world at length, crouched beneath the imperial sceptre, and till all divisions of territory were sunk, all national distinctions absorbed in the ROMAN EMPIRE.

When we consider all this; and, in addition to it, remember that the most splendid æra of Roman literature must be fixed at a period when liberty had just departed; when her pulse had just ceased to beat; and when an imperial patron discouraged, undoubtedly, if he did not entirely extinguish, the "burning grief" which might otherwise have animated the admirers of freedom among the literati of the empire; we shall not wonder if the Roman historians are comparatively silent about the origin of forms, the spirit of which they saw was departed; or if they were rather indifferent in tracing the progress of a constitution which had ended in a splendid despotism, that preserved, indeed, shadows which centuries of glory had rendered venerable, while the true principle of vitality was removed, the flame of liberty finally extinguished.

Some, if not all, of these causes operated with equal force on the Greek historians, whose writings convey to us so much information concerning the remoter history of that city which afterwards became the ruler of the world. Neither class of writers were able to refer to any constitution distinguished for the wisdom of its design, the beauty of its outline, or the harmony of its proportions. Despotism, democracy, and oligarchy, with their several modifications of evil, rather than approximations to good, were the only forms of polity with which the ancients were acquainted. There was, then,

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in the enquiry little to stimulate curiosity,—nothing to reward exertion.

Is it wonderful, that, under such circumstances, they turned with satisfaction to the contemplation of military glory? The laurels were yet unfaded on the brow of Rome, her spear was yet unbroken, and she appeared to possess the vigor of youth united to all the claims on universal respect, which antiquity could confer. It required the eye of an observer more penetrating than the mass of mankind, in order to see that the principle of mortality was busily at work within; that the poisonous draught was administered; that her beauty was the hectic flush of disease, and her apparent vigor only that short blaze of life, which sometimes precedes its utter extinction, and which must soon sink, with a rapidity proportioned to the brilliance of its momentary flame!

Thus, then, I have endeavoured to account for the existence of a deficiency which I have, perhaps without good reason, attributed to the classical historians. I have also, in this introductory chapter mentioned my own views concerning the authenticity of Rome's remoter history;—not that I was arrogant enough to conceive my own opinions to be of any importance on so intricate a subject; but merely because it was necessary to state principles which must have so considerable a degree of influence over all my succeeding speculations.

The conclusions, which seem naturally to flow from the imperfect statements of this chapter, appear to be, 1st, That while our faith in the accounts given us by

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Roman historians ought to be progressively complete in proportion as the events they record approach their own times; our opinion of that part of their own history which regards their remotest antiquities, ought to be as far removed, on the one hand, from what I must be allowed to call arrogant scepticism, as it should be, on the other, from implicit or unshaken confidence; 2dly, That the almost exclusive attention paid by ancient historians to military affairs, leaves their civil and (if the term be admissible) constitutional antiquities peculiarly open to modern conjecture and speculation.

While on this subject, I would once more observe, that the discrepancies we find in their own accounts of their remoter antiquities, go far to prove that with themselves very much was conjecture; and that of their earlier chronology, much was founded on probabilities or traditions, which are but uncertain guides in so strict a science.

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CHAP. VI.

Considers,—Was the Tribunicial power injurious or beneficial to the state?

THE *history* of the Tribunicial power, while it forms the principal, does not form the exclusive object of the present essay: and in consequence of the form in which the exercise was prescribed, I feel myself bound to enter into a separate discussion of the question on which it is my intention, in this chapter, modestly to offer an opinion. But as it is difficult, if not impossible, to rear a firm and consistent superstructure till the inequalities of the surface are planed away; so it would not be easy, were it even at all practicable, to form any well-founded opinion at present, without first endeavouring to remove all those extraneous accretions which, although not belonging to the subject, are so intimately blended with it, that they perplex our inquiries, and increase our labour; or, without striving to do away with the influence of all those connected, but unessential circumstances which, unnecessarily distracting our attention, either entirely defeat us in our attempts to ascertain the truth, or at all events lead us, by the most circuitous route, to the attainment of an object, of which they, nevertheless, ultimately suffer us to acquire possession.

The following, then, are the rules on which the subsequent inquiry ought, as far as I can judge, to be conducted:—I. We must in this place forbear indulging in

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comparisons between the provisions for general and personal freedom, which existed in ancient Rome, and those on which our own country so justly prides herself. I do not pretend to deny that a mental exercise of the kind to which I have referred is, on many occasions, both pleasant and profitable; but any comparisons, such as have been alluded to, would transgress the prescribed limits. For the question is simply this—"Was the Tribunicial power in Rome injurious or beneficial to the state?" And we have, consequently, nothing at present to do with another question, at first apparently similar, but in reality widely differing from the preceding—"How nearly did this popular institution approach the ideal, or even the attainable, standard of political perfection?"

II. It is improper to attempt to decide on the merits of the office, as a whole, without, in the first place, contemplating it in the several distinct periods of its existence. The question before us, although apparently in itself so general, and, at first view, requiring only a general reply; yet can, in fact, be answered only by an examination of particulars, by taking up separate periods, by entering into separate discussions on each of them, and by remaining content with the unenlivened dulness of a patient investigation, without indulging in flashes of eloquence, did we possess it, or in bursts of declamation to supply its place.

III. It must be an object in this last stage of the present essay, accurately to distinguish between the faults of the office and those of any particular officer or set of officers; between the violence ascribable to the nature

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of the institution, and that which is attributable to the oppressive measures of the nobility; between effects resulting from the natural elasticity of the spring, and those which were occasioned by its rebounds, when the overweening pride of the aristocracy had compressed it, till further compression was impossible.

On these principles, then, I would first divide the history of tribunicial power into three great portions. I. From the year 260, to the year 349. II. From the year 349, to the year 619. III. From the year 619, to the year 703.

Before proceeding, it may not be improper just to remark, that when I take into consideration the question which we are now discussing, I look upon the following as its equivalent: Was the tribunicial power productive of more happiness than misery? The object of all political institutions is, I imagine, the happiness of the mass of society; so that our inquiries will not be, What did the Plebians gain? What did the aristocrats lose? Was the progress of Roman conquests facilitated or impeded, quickened or retarded, by tribunicial power?

I. In the first place, then—In considering the events of the first period, with a view thereupon to form our judgment on the question before us, we should remember that, before the year 260, there was *actually* existing no inconsiderable portion of *real* and intolerable oppression. The creation of the tribunicial office did not arise from the desire of realizing a theory; nor was its erection or its subsequent increase the consequence of a vain and arrogant system of sophistry, working on the prejudices of a half enlightened nation of *soi-disants* philosophers.

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It was the cry of unmitigated wo; it was the posture of desperate defiance, that alarmed the aristocracy into a grant of privileges, which it was no longer in their power to withhold; and wrung from the patrician partizans concessions which they were no longer able to delay.

Now, then, this part of the inquiry before us just resolves itself into another question. From the year 260, to the year 349, Did the misery occasioned, and the happiness destroyed, by the exertions of tribunicial power, preponderate over the misery which it prevented, and the happiness of which it was the cause?

It would not be difficult to present, in a short space, all the great injuries effected by the tribunes during the period under review; which injurious proceedings were of serious detriment to the Roman commonwealth. But as the principal evil was occasioned, not by temporary efforts, but by that perpetual tendency to irritation, which the tribunicial power contributed to excite and to keep up; as almost all the more violent attacks on the patricians, as well as the more unwarrantable measures of the tribunes, are attributable to the aristocratic pride and severity of the other party; and as history almost necessarily presents us with the tumultuous efforts of the tribunes, rather than with the constant effects of tribunicial interference; I shall turn to the brighter side of the picture, and consider, for a moment, what this magistracy did for the support of popular rights and the promotion of general happiness.

And here, too, I would remark, that we are to appreciate the effects of tribunicial power, not so much

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by the large concessions which it might occasionally force from the nobility ; not by its temporary exertions of extraordinary, and, perhaps, illegal authority ; but rather, by the constant progress in liberal notions and feelings ; by the uninterrupted advance of the people toward their final object ; and by the constant protection afforded to the great body of the commons, by magistrates from among themselves, and of their own appointment.

When we consider the advantages thus obtained for the cause of freedom ; the regular code of laws collected and made public ; the misery actually remedied ; and the unhappiness probably prevented ;—I am inclined to think that we shall be disposed to excuse the tumults of intemperate zeal, and the occasional insolence of the plebeian magistrates ; and we shall be almost prepared to admit the general utility of the plebeian magistracy during the period under review.

I have time, however, only cursorily to notice the argument, without dwelling on it ; and it is now necessary to proceed to the second period proposed for consideration.

Soon after the commencement of the second period, (in 349) a series of extraordinary events (in 365) paralysed, for a moment, the power and the spirit of Rome. The cause of the plebians seems to have received a considerable check, and the division between the high and the low, the great and the insignificant, the rich and the poor commoners gradually became more and more distinct than it had been.

Licinius, however, roused the spirit of the Roman people ; and although his favorite law was, perhaps,

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rather injurious to the popular party; yet the admission of plebeians into the consulship (in 389) was at once expedient, equitable, and necessary.

From this æra, the tribuneship became decidedly beneficial to the State. Although this office was gradually losing much of its original and democratic character, still the great plebeian magistrates yet retained sufficient regard for the people, to serve as a kind of barrier against the attempts made upon popular rights by the aristocracy, during the period under review.—All party animosities were, however, for a time, almost entirely suppressed, when the dread of the Carthaginian arms awed all the members of the State into union; just as by tight bandages the dislocated limbs of the human frame are all kept in their proper places; whereas, if the pressure were removed, the full force of the disease would probably at once make its appearance.

The aristocracy were not very much inclined to encroach; nor are the tribunes generally chargeable with any thing more than a proper degree of vigilance for the interests of their order. Towards the end of this period, however, the tribunes began to display that spirit which so soon afterwards broke out with a violence which injured the commonwealth, but consumed the incendiaries who had brandished the torch of faction.

The state of parties, as it affected the nature and extent of tribunicial power, is not here referred to; because the subject has been treated at length in CHAPTERS IV. and V. of the present essay.

In the third period, at which we are now arrived;—a period reaching from 619 to 703,—the tribuneship

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appears to have been a source of unmitigated evils. Insolence, want of subordination, and all the evils peculiarly marking the whole of this period, were now fostered and cherished by the tribunicial power. If any unprincipled or ambitious man wished to accomplish a scheme of villany, to excite a tumult, to undermine the constitution, to attain exorbitant power or illegal influence, he had immediate recourse to the assistance of some depraved tribune ; who, trusting to the protection his *sacrosanct* office afforded him, soon blew the dying embers of sedition into a bright flame.

Sylla at length demolished the exorbitant power ; or, more properly speaking, perhaps, placed boundaries to the unlimited pretensions of the great plebeian magistracy. Every measure taken by this extraordinary man, displays a mind possessed of the acutest penetration, and of almost intuitive discernment ; while his procedures frequently bespeak a heart which, had it been left unvitiated by the intoxicating poison of criminal ambition, would have been susceptible of the noblest feelings that can animate the human breast. As different from his opponent, Marius, as any one human being of extraordinary talents can be dissimilar from another ; of rare mental endowments ; Sylla seemed to live in a region higher than that which is inhabited by the mere ordinary soldier or politician. Above the common pursuits of men, and despising the universal idols of mankind, he seemed to snatch the most brilliant honors, and to ascend the highest pinnacle of glory, only that he might show the world his contempt of its most flattering distinctions ; without leaving room for the shadow of a

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suspicion, that his sentiments were the expression of conscious and mortified weakness; or his philosophy the apparent calmness of blasted hope, the affected magnanimity of disappointed ambition. Although the degradation to which he subjected the tribuneship was an almost necessary consequence of the character borne by Sylla, as the professed leader of the aristocratic party; yet I am inclined to believe, that this, like many other measures of his internal administration, was eminently calculated to fix the still undefined constitution, and to confirm the general liberty and happiness of the Roman people; had not the depravation of that people rendered them wholly incapable of enjoying either the one or the other.

But no laws could now stem the torrent of private immorality and public crime. The powers of the tribuneship, extensive as in theory they continued to be, were in fact subservient to the will of every master of public opinion or of military force. Illegal measures were thus covered with the semi-transparent veil of pretended constitutional authority. By these means, their deformities were concealed; and, while penetrating minds saw through so imperfect a covering, the populace were as completely deceived by the trick, as were the Homeric and Virgilian heroes by those shadowy images of their leaders, that were thrown in among them by deities, who were interested in the event of the contest.

The result of the preceding statements seems to amount to this,—that, from the year 260, to the year 349, the exercise of tribunicial power was, upon the

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whole, beneficial to the state. II. That during the greater part of our second period—viz. from the year 349 to 619—such was the situation of affairs, and such the conduct of the tribunes, that the office is to be considered as in the highest degree a national blessing; although, unfortunately, toward the end of this period, there was displayed a little of that factious spirit, which characterized the times immediately succeeding; and which, burst out, with intolerable fury, in 619, where our third period commences. III. That from the year 619, to the year 703, the tribunicial office became, like every other office, a tool of ambition, and an instrument, by means of which the most corrupt designs were carried into execution; while, from the ancient popularity of its authority, it served as a mask for the most unpopular designs.

And now I feel inclined to give way for a moment to the expression of a sentiment, which, in the course of a dry, and I hope, patient investigation, I found it necessary to repress. And after contemplating the clumsy provisions for general liberty which were made by the heroes and sages of antiquity, I must be allowed to turn, with admiring and almost rapturous veneration, to the constitution of our country.

Long may that constitution flourish! but if her doom be written in the book of fate;—if, in the revolutions of ages, she be destined to sink; if we *must* anticipate the period when some indignant patriot, or some weeping philanthropist, shall have to exclaim over her mouldered remains, "Troja fuit;" if it be reserved for her to expire, *except* in the last great conflagration,

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when unnumbered systems will he enveloped in the flames of a dying universe; we have our consolation. Other countries have copied after this bright original; and, even her decline will be like the setting of a summer evening sun, which, after having given heat, light and life, to our globe, throws around him, even when he is sinking beneath the horizon, a splendid flood of chastened, softened, and widely diffused brilliancy!

And if no other end be answered by the investigation of Rome's legal and constitutional history, the labour of the search will not be fruitless, if it induce us to turn with more delighted admiration, from the discordant elements of the Roman constitution, to the contemplation of British liberty; in the composition of which, every hue, so to speak, softly melts into the other; while the whole produces the brilliant yet harmonious effect of rainbow-tints;

"Yet fades not half so swift away;"

and, like the rainbow, our constitution shooting across the thunder-cloud of war, has thrown some brilliance over the darkest scenes, has excited the admiration of foreign nations, and will prove, I hope, to have been an omen of universal felicity, and the forerunner of a brighter day, when the spirit of genuine liberty shall no longer be *confined* within the shores of our Island; but when all nations shall participate in the equal enjoyment of the invaluable privileges which it is her's to bestow!

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HIS RETURN TO COLLEGE IN 1819.

On his return to College, in October, 1819, in addition to his attendance at the Humanity and Greek classes, he entered under the venerable and excellent professor of Logic, Jardine; of whose character, taken as a whole, his admiration was unbounded; and to whom he never referred, but in terms of affectionate respect. As he was still so youthful, I had said to him more than once, "My dear, had you not better enter into the *young* side ?* You may get the first prize among them; but in the *old* side, where the competition will be with men from two to ten years older than yourself, you would, I imagine, stand no chance." "I'll try, father," was his only reply. He *did* try with success; for he carried away the first prize in the *whole* class.

Letters, written in a hurried manner, with all the confidence of a child, who knew that every line, and almost every word, would afford pleasure to a widowed father and an afflicted aunt, can possess but little interest for others, especially for strangers. Being, howev-

* Most, if not all, of the literary and philosophical classes at Glasgow, are divided into *young* and *old* sides; to each of which, prizes are allotted. This is done, I believe, partly as an encouragement to the younger, who could stand no fair chance in competition with persons many years older than themselves; and, partly, that the professors may address to each division of the class, Lectures or Illustrations suited to their respective capacities. This is the case, at least, in the mathematical department.

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er, undisguised effusions of the heart, they may afford an indication of character much more clearly than any other species of composition. Under this impression, some extracts are made from his correspondence during his second session at College. It would be equally unnatural and in vain to look at these for fine writing, elaborate disquisition, or for any thing much beyond the chit-chat of a fire-side: and, indeed, the reader will here find an exact picture of the dear youth in his ordinary intercourse with the family. His vivacity—ever accompanied by the strictest regard to christian soberness,—and his occasional displays of wit, which gleamed, but never wounded,—kept us always cheerful.

As his letters—generally written during the intervals of College exercises, or domestic engagements; containing whatever suggested itself to his mind at these fragments and moments of time; and often entering into family affairs, or the news of Poole and its neighbourhood;—present little continuity of thought;—I am obliged to give only mutilated extracts: but these will sufficiently show the general state of his feelings and the course of his pursuits. They were, as in the former year, written equally to his father and his aunt.

November 15, 1819.

My dear Father and Aunt,

I am once more writing to you from my own chamber—over my own desk—and, to complete my assurance of the full identity of the place, with the Misses W. strumming, in the next room, to the no small delight,

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I presume, of musical ears. My reception here has been peculiarly kind on every hand. Mr. Professor Walker welcomed me in a manner particularly gratifying. I met him on Monday last at the College chapel door. "Oh, Mr. Durant!" said he, "I have been longing to see you. You are a Logician, this year, I presume?" 'Yes, Sir.' "Well, Sir, I can only say, I am sorry to lose you." I don't repeat this out of vanity; but because I think it shows the Professor's kindness; and because I think also *you* will be pleased with it.

Dr. and Mrs. Wardlaw are all that is kind and obliging. As for Mr. Jardine—Mr. H. is enamoured with him. I am very much pleased with him: and, although the professor's statements have, on two or three points already, clashed with my own opinions; and although his philosophy and his reasonings, where they are original, have now and then appeared to me a little doubtful; yet, where acknowledged truths are to be communicated, impressed, or *explained*, I cannot but admire his manly, plain, unadorned, familiar statements; by which he leads you on, as it were, to the acquisition of truth;—and brings you into the temple of knowledge by such a gradual and easy ascent, that you have entered the edifice before you know you have mounted the long and tiresome flight of steps which you had before seen leading to the vestibule.

I am sorry that Mr. —— does not acknowledge the justice of Mr. B——, in severely correcting that *Patre fædo filius fædior*—that filthy bantling, who has suddenly emerged from a putrefying mass, the scum of Lord Byron's brain; and is now running over the land a mor-

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al radical, wishing to throw off every restraint, except the bonds of iniquity; and defiling all he touches, with the gall of his bitterness, and the stains of his infectious corruption. His lordship is indeed a great—almost the greatest—poetical magician. Magicians of old, however, after bartering the ultimate reversion of both soul and body to the arch-fiend, were content, in the intermediate time, to pay him tithes,—more as an acknowledgment of superiority than any thing else. The present dealer in the black art, not content with so limited a surrender, devotes all he has to the mighty master, whose servant he appears to be, not by profession only, but by perpetual practice, and unceasing diligence. In a word, he gives the devil just the fee simple of himself, and all that belongs to himself.

Dec. 28, 1819.

Your letters are possessed of all the kindness and liberality which your characters ever gave me to expect. With an high share of health, and a perpetual flow of spirits, and every thing, in fact, to be thankful for, I have yet a sort of susceptibility,—distinct, I hope, from morbid sensibility,—which has produced an apparent reserve on the subject of my future profession:—not because I felt the most momentary distrust in your kindness, or the slightest, the most evanescent shade of suspicion as to your constant disposition to do me good; but because I have ever felt it painful to talk on a subject of immense importance, on every point of

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which my mind has been wavering and toiling, without ever attaining any ultimate decision, except that I would, in whatever direction my labours might be determined, take care that what industry can gain, shall not remain unattained.

I certainly prefer a learned profession, as most congenial to my habits of thinking and acting; yet I leave the decision with prudence and with you. The probability of my success I am unable to estimate. I suppose my abilities reach the common standard of men in the learned professions. I should, I hope, have plenty of industry, and might, perhaps, get useful, though I should never desire splendid, friends. In the mean time, my indecision will not affect my industry; because I am sure that intellectual habits must be useful to me in every situation. I hope that I shall not, in any situation, lose sight of usefulness and religious duty: there is I know and feel, great danger of this. I hope, however, that I shall be preserved from the snare. * * *

Dr. Chalmers thinks that the late measures of government "are spreading a canopy of wholesome severity over the moralizing processes that are going on in the nation, and which, if not interrupted, will land us in a purer and better generation!" In a work now publishing, he speaks of "popularity as that which, with all its adjuncts of crowd, and pressure, and animal heat, with its head among the storms, and its feet in the quicksands, has nothing to compensate its numerous inconveniences, but the Hosannahs of a drivelling generation!"

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January 16, 1820.

Your accounts of snow and cold quite surprise me in these milder climates, where the only inconvenience —if inconvenience it be—arising from the cold, has been, the necessity of acquiring the important habit of walking, running, sliding, or falling on streets—and hilly ones, too—glazed like a looking-glass, from one end to the other, or from top to bottom.

* * * There are some men so preposterously wicked, that, as (in Ivanhoe) Whamba says, "I would laugh but that I find I am weeping."—By the bye, Ivanhoe!—it is, indeed, refreshing to turn from the wrongs of bleeding humanity, from the loathsomeness of * * *, and the filth of Cloacine courts, to the wonderful monuments of that mighty genius—that better, that purer Shakspeare. Why, I do believe that this novel of his will do more to promote a kindly and sympathising affection towards that unhappy people,* than could well have been excited by a thousand appeals to the public from the Jews' society! Now remark, I look for no immediate effect from the representations of fiction—but such gigantic works of genius must be great moral machines, and possess a tremendously deteriorating, or a considerably ameliorating efficacy. Now, in the present instance, I really conceive that the sort of *feeling* produced towards the Jews, is by no means unimportant, and as a sort of preparatory step—a clearing away of prejudice—and tending to give a just view of the horrible oppression

* The Jews.

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under which they have laboured.——To the spirited rhapsody above, I put an end last night, by a *coup de grace*—just such as may be considered characteristic of your correspondent's genius—in a word—snuffing out the candle, when my wisdom intended to have brightened the flame of that luminary, by means of a prudent and well-timed amputation of its excrescence.

February, 1820.

Your letter contains an unusual list of mortality. This world reminds one more and more of a vast field of battle, where every part of the ranks is exposed to a galling fire. If we move from an old station to a new one, nothing is more striking, when we return to our former position, than the vacancies occasioned in the ranks since our departure. Every day forces home the truth, that "there is no discharge in that war;" and should induce us all more ardently to desire that "better country," which is adorned with never-fading bloom, and "where glittering robes for conquerors wait." Among those who have conquered through Him who hath loved them, we have every reason to believe that good old Miss T— is now enjoying "the pleasures forevermore:" and it is, indeed, consolatory to reflect on the fact, that when the "earthly tabernacle" of christian friends is destroyed, the brilliance of eternity, and the magnificence of their "Father's mansions," burst at once on the astonished and delighted view of their disembodied spirits.

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March, 1820.

On Monday Dr. Wardlaw was not in to dinner. "Has there been a letter for me, Ma'am?" was my first inquiry. "No" was the sorrowful answer; "nor has the Dr. been to the warehouse to-day; but had there been a letter, they would, I think, have sent it up."—Should I now go to the warehouse? It was after dinner; and after dinner is, with us, pretty late in the evening. I had a slight sore throat—I was excessively tired with walking and talking in the fore part of the day;—and I therefore determined to await the Dr.'s return, and the possibility of his having a letter. This determination did tolerably well, while I remained with the family; but when I retired to my own apartment, and thought of my aunt's head ache when you had last written, I gradually mounted into all the mighty sublimity of a true Durantine fume and fuss. You know, when at home, in the same elevation, I gratify the household, by slamming the door of my study—lying on the sofa—twirling the chairs in the parlour—and launching forth occasional tirades against every thing which, as I conceive, may have contributed to my vexation.

Here, however, politeness, of course, stops such outlets for my uneasiness. I therefore spread the blackened, blotted sheet of paper before me—took my pen—and determined to go on in proving (such is our present exercise) that, "*Virtus est sola nobilitas.*" I thought, however, it would be much more noble just then to get my letter, and so I could not write three sentences.

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"So said I to myself"—*I'll lay down my pen and think.* Lay down my pen I did; but I had marvellously tired myself in the morning; and my meditations gradually became those of the great Mr. B——. Messenger after messenger at length came from the tea-table, but my ears remained unaffected, till J. W. burst into my room, calling out, "Tea's ready, tea's ready!" I rose, and made my *entree*, amid "peals of laughter loud and long," rubbing my eyes; but wholly unconscious of having slept for an hour, and denying a fact of which I really could not be convinced, till I compared the time when my meditation commenced, with that at which my reverie was interrupted. *Quum tandem vix factum silentium est*,—I, more fully awakened, asked for letters, found Dr. Wardlaw had one for me!—opened it!—saw both hands—read assurances of peace and safety!—and sat down to tea with more than usual satisfaction; and I hope, with unfeigned gratitude to Him, from whom "cometh every good and perfect gift."

H—— wishes me to accompany him to France next summer. To his solicitations I have returned a decided negative. His invitation is kind, but it has, from its urgency, become almost troublesome. Had he a nicer tact in discerning character, he would, I conceive, know enough of me to be aware that I should not have concealed my dispositions, if they had been favourable to his proposal; and that I should not hitherto have remained unwavering, if my decision had been susceptible of change. I should not have said this, but that he intends to write to *you* on the subject. What he expects from this, it is beyond my power to divine. If he fan-

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cies, that I am only waiting for your permission to accept his invitation, I am sure he is vastly mistaken in *me;* and if he anticipates your ordering me off, without any regard to my own inclinations, I presume to hope that he is equally mistaken in *you!* The journey I should esteem little short of absolute criminality. My vacation time *is* most precious,—and *should*, and I hope, *will*, be preserved most inviolate. The terms of thanks, in which politeness, and a sense of real kindness have induced me to decline our friend's proposal, have probably led him to suspect me of indecision. If it be so, I do not know myself; or this is another grievous mistake in the estimate he must have formed of my character.

I look forward to my return, with feelings of warm anticipation. I wished for home last session; but not, I think, with the same ardency as now. I expect the highest pleasure from the first view of Old England. I hope, indeed, that I am aware how completely every prospective enjoyment is in the hand of a superior power, who can blast, if he please,—and, if he please, can make its charms burst forth in unclouded and unlooked-for brilliancy.

May 1, 1820.

I AM just now returned from the Hall, which kept me till about one o'clock. As for my success, you will learn, from the Glasgow paper, that I stand again at the head of my class—that my vacation

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essay on the tribunicial, &c. has been successful—and that, in a word, my hopes have been realized, and my expectations surpassed. To affect total indifference to these things, would argue a miserable mixture of stupid arrogance, and base dissimulation: but most truly can I say, that my chief pleasure arises, not from any temporary applause which I may gain; but from the hope that these marks of academical approbation will convince you, that trouble and expense have not been entirely thrown away on me; that I do not shrink from the efforts necessary to gain knowledge; and that I am not last in the ranks of vigorous, and, I hope, virtuous, competition.

I assure you, I now long to be in London. All that intervenes I wish out of the way; and although I have spent on the whole a pleasant winter with every mark of affectionate attention from Dr. and Mrs. Wardlaw, with not a few agreeable College companions, and with a fair share of general success; yet I must needs acknowledge, that absence has not diminished my longing after the south, and my love of those whom I hope to meet there.

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During this session, he wrote several essays, prescribed by the professor, and some voluntaries, in prose and verse. I have now before me three pieces composed at that time. One is of considerable size, on the trite subject, prescribed by Mr Jardine, "VIRTUS EST SOLA ET UNICA NOBILITAS; another is very large, entitled "LOGIC THEME," from which I shall extract a part of the conclusion; and the third, is a "DESCRIPTIVE ESSAY," in verse, which is given entire.

LOGIC THEME.

After giving a definition of the term Logic—a statement of the precise objects of the science—and an analysis of the entire system of Logic, as it stood before Lord Bacon's *Novam Organum*, or as it has stood even since in works of established reputation, he proceeds thus;—

Such is a very imperfect outline of a system which once ruled the whole literary world with an iron sceptre—of a system which deserved to be revered, but which was, unfortunately, idolized;—which merited influence, and authority, but which possessed so despotic a power over mankind, that the progress of knowledge was interrupted; the exertions of intellect drawn away from their proper objects; and the bold flights of im-

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agination restrained by the influence of that magic circle, which had been drawn by false philosophy, and inveterate prejudices.

After having thus given an outline of the ancient logic, it remains that we attend to its *history*, and trace it from its origin in the scattered precepts of a comparatively unphilosophical age, through all the intermediate stages of its progress, down to its present state of decayed grandeur, of neglected and mouldering magnificence.

The history of logic may be, accordingly, considered under three divisions :—I. Logic, before the time of Aristotle ;—II. Logic, from the time of Aristotle, till the revival of literature ;—III. Logic, from the revival of literature, till the present hour. To these divisions I hope strictly to adhere, although I do not intend formally to mark them.

Men reason before rules of reasoning are promulgated ; and use the syllogism before they are acquainted with its name. The wise, however, have always been disposed to form rules for men of inferior abilities, and the world at large has been sensible of the advantages which arise from listening to the directions of those, whom their natural talents and their acquired endowments have raised above the ordinary level. No sooner does any operation become of importance, than rules are collected for the guidance of those who perform it : the village matron, even, has her prudential maxims for the conduct of life, or the management of her household—the farmer has his proverbs about the weather, the soil, and the productions of the earth—and we might

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be sure that, when philosophical truth became an object of some importance, inquirers would not be long without precepts to guide them in the way which leads to the attainment of that object.

The facts of history agree with the expectations we had formed; and we find, that when man began to investigate and to reason, rules to direct him in these processes began also to make their appearance.

About the fortieth Olympiad, seven eminently wise men arose in Greece. The simultaneous appearance of these great men is partly attributable to the state of the age and to the honors and rewards which now began to attend literary merit; while, on the other hand, the age was rendered illustrious, the progress of improvement facilitated, and general intellectual cultivation carried forward with greater ardor and success, in consequence of the knowledge obtained by these distinguished persons, and by them communicated to others.

Rules of logic were now beginning to be promulgated. There was no art, no regular system; but there were a number of unarranged precepts, invented, or rather discovered, by different men, in different places, at different times, and while pursuing different trains of inquiry. These rules, however, as was natural in the infant state of the science, referred to the first part of logic, and were constructed with the sole purpose of enabling men to form clear, and distinct ideas, by means of definition, division, classification, &c. In process of time, however, an art of debate was invented by Zeno. This was called the dialectic art, because the discussion was kept up by means of a dialogue. Zeno seems to

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have imagined that disputation had victory, rather than truth, for its object. It appears, however, not improbable, that this philosopher has been charged with sins which are rather imputable to those who seized the weapons he had fabricated ; and made such use of them as the first inventor would never have sanctioned with his approbation. However this may have been, the lamentable effect is certain. What should have been an art of reasoning, degenerated into a system of manœuvres, with victory alone for their object ; while TRUTH was concealed by the quibbles of innumerable sophists, whose real, and, not unfrequently, whose professed, design it was to obscure her radiance.

At length, Socrates arose—he saw the bad moral, as well as the miserable intellectual, effects of the plan which the sophists were pursuing—and, adding to the force of truth the power of his own mighty genius—he effectually opposed, with their own weapons, those who, indifferent to the nature of their cause, reasoned only that they might gain a little *eclat*, or a little profit. The dialectic art, in the hands of Socrates, was no longer a vain instrument of frivolous disputation. He made use of it to elucidate points of morality—to discover truth—to refute falsehood—to convince obstinacy—to humble pride—to detect sophistry—to trace the path of duty, and to expose the deviations of error. But this great philosopher fell a sacrifice to his noble exertions—and of him may it, with peculiar emphasis, be said, that he died on the field of glory. Those who disliked his political connexions, and those who dreaded the effects of his philosophical opinions, alleged against him, as if it

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had been a crime, the purity of his religious sentiments. Those who could no longer argue, were able to condemn; and those who could not refute the reasoning advanced, were now contented.—For they could poison the reasoner.

We have already observed, that the rules of logic hitherto established referred only to the means of acquiring clear and distinct notions. Aristotle, however, at length applied himself to the task, and introduced the SYLLOGISM, with all that complicated system of rules, on which it depends. Struck with admiration at the certainty of mathematical conclusions, he attempted to introduce equal certainty into every kind of reasoning. His system has been noticed in a former part of this exercise: I shall, therefore, say nothing about it *here*; but merely attend to a few circumstances connected with the publication, or rather with the preservation of the Aristotelian MSS.

The Aristotelian MSS. transmitted by Theophrastus (into whose hands they fell immediately after the death of the illustrious author) to his heir Nileus, were placed in a cellar at Sæpsis, to conceal them from the king of Pergamus, who was then collecting a library. In this cellar, they remained for more than a hundred years. At length, these precious MSS. fell into the hands of a peripatetic, and were conveyed to Athens, where the injuries done them by the damps of their temporary tomb, were remedied, or, perhaps, aggravated, by attempts at emendation and restoration. When Athens was taken by the dictator, Sylla, the Aristotelian MSS. were carried to Rome. No attention was paid to

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Aristotle's analytics by the Greek philosophers.—The public mind had been pre-occupied by the sublime and imaginative doctrines of Plato; so that Aristotle's works were kept, comparatively, out of view.

These works were unknown for so long a period after the death of their author, that all feelings of personal attachment must have been swept away when his work at length appeared. After these works had been removed to Rome, the same indifference continued for some time to prevail. At length, however, great and increasing attention was paid to the works of Aristotle; —but a deluge of barbarous invaders swept from the whole Roman empire all that was beautiful in art—noble in science—or brilliant among the productions of imagination.

The ages of darkness followed. And to the harmony of social order, the peace of civilized life, the protection of wholesome laws, and the consequent encouragement of the calm pursuits of literature—succeeded —the jar of feudal dissension, the wars of semi-barbarous tribes, the evils of unbounded licence and unrestrained rapacity, and the consequent destruction of literature, the extinction of science, and the banishment of philosophy.

From about the sixth, to the eleventh century, knowledge seemed extinguished. The little learning which then existed, was confined to the great ecclesiastical establishments of the day: the works of classical antiquity were forgotten or corrupted; and the remains of ancient learning, neglected or despised.

We are not, however, to suppose that even the dark

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ages were destitute of men who devoted their time to study, and followed the pursuits of learning: the scholastic philosophy grew up amid the darkness of the age: this system derived its name from the circumstance that it was taught in the public schools then annexed to cathedral and monastic establishments. The respect naturally paid to Aristotle's philosophy—proceeding from a land where the human mind had reached the highest pitch of cultivation, and the universality of his genius, which rendered his works a library of themselves, recommended his productions to general attention. The scholastic philosophers had habituated themselves to dispute on subjects at once abstruse and trifling. They, therefore, caught, with avidity, at Aristotle's analytics—a system which, by the niceness of its distinctions, and the multiplicity of its rules, may sometimes conceal frivolity, under the mask of profound learning; and hide absurdity, under the appearance of consummate wisdom.

The analytics, therefore, were separated from the other works of the distinguished author: and instruction in them formed the principal branch of a learned education. No inconsiderable portion of this success is, perhaps, attributable to the conquests achieved by the Saracens in Europe: the conquest of Egypt had put them in possession of the works of Aristotle, and these works they had deeply studied—so that, with their arms, they introduced their arts—and, among the rest, logic, or the art of thinking, into this part of the world. But other causes concurred to raise to its highest pitch the literary madness. About the beginning of the sixteenth

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century, events which took place in the east, threw a new flood of intellectual light over the European continent. About the same time, a better and purer light rose upon that part of the world which was involved in the darkness of popery. The church of Rome, thus assailed, needed defenders; and as some of her adversaries were protected from the torture and the stake, which she inflicted on those within her reach; it became necessary to provide some other antidote, to stop the circulating poison of heretical doctrine. The friends of the church seized the weapons of logical controversy, in which early education had rendered them generally expert. Luther, Calvin, and the other reformers, saw that the intricacy of logic stood in the way of their usual plain statements, and simple but cogent argument; and they consequently indulged in frequent invectives against a system, which they considered the opponent of truth.

But the church was determined not to desert the logicians—its tried friends and faithful auxiliaries. Academical honors were, therefore, conferred on the successful disputant; and the highest place assigned him in the estimation of literary men. But empty honors were not the only rewards set before the aspiring logician. Every reward, from the simple benefice to the mitre, and from the mitre to the triple crown, had been attained; and, therefore, was attainable by skill in the art of logic. The interests of some men, the passions of others, and the prejudices of almost all, tended to support the reigning delusion. But it was from Lord Bacon that the ancient system received its death-wound. On taking a retrospective view of science and philosophy, he was

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grieved to observe that, although much genius and ingenuity had been displayed in the frivolous disputes of the schools, yet that no solid object had ever been attained—no useful end answered—no wise purpose effected—no brilliant discovery made. Not satisfied, however, with an opinion formed on a hasty survey, he traced the history of all the arts and sciences; marked their present state of advance; and ascertained the point at which their progress had terminated. He found that this extensive process strengthened him in his previously-received opinion; and he perceived that the stunted appearance of knowledge at that period, was in a great measure owing to the exclusive attention paid to the syllogism.

Lord Bacon now boldly asserted that the ancient logic was not fitted for the discovery of truth. Not content, however, with destroying the old edifice, he determined to erect a new and nobler structure. He perceived that the conclusion of the syllogism was contained in the premises; and, as a consequence, that no new truth could be discovered by the ancient method of reasoning. After these preparatory steps, he presented to the consideration of mankind his new instrument of investigation. He did not assume the merit of invention or originality—he professed, that his sole aim was to bring mankind back to the natural method of conducting their inquiries. This great philosopher saw that the followers of Aristotle, in attempting to use the syllogism as an instrument of discovery, were inverting the order of things.

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Lord Bacon's system,* then, is founded on the principle, that we must proceed from particulars up to gen-

* In an Essay, written the next year while in the Ethic class, which shows a considerable improvement in composition, entitled, "CAUSES OF ERROR; as enumerated in Lord Bacon's Aphorisms, 78 and 93 inclusive,—*Novum Organum, Lib. pri.*" William says, "When he observed *that* servile admiration for antiquity by which past ages had been characterised—the satisfaction with which men in general were likely to regard a progress, which, however inferior to what might have been effected, was yet sufficient to surprise the superficial—the arts of those who had been initiated in the mysterious learning of the period—the deadening influence of superstition—the constitutions of old and prejudiced corporations, who, although endowed for the purpose of promoting the interests of knowledge, set themselves against every thing that did not tally with their pre-conceived, and, what one may term, hereditary notions—and, above all, that despair, the offspring of indolence, and the nursling of pride, by which all that a few favourite masters had left enveloped in obscurity, was at once pronounced inscrutable—he could easily account for the fact which attracted his attention, and excited his curiosity.

Such was the state of things when Lord Bacon wrote; and those very writings, the origin of which may be traced to this survey, accelerated the event their great author had foreseen.

Happily, the light of a better day has dawned upon *us*. The old system of dialectics no longer retains its magical influence over the minds of men. Discoveries, which have evinced the superiority of the moderns, have destroyed that blind veneration for antiquity, which obstructed the progress of science. Superstition, inveterate prejudice, and a bigotted attachment to intolerant creeds, are confined to a few old richly endowed incorporations, within which they can ferment, and fester, and rankle, without infecting, with a kindred gangrene, the body of the political and literary community."

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erals ; so that when we observe, in many individual substances, properties and powers common to all of them ; we ascribe the properties and powers to the whole class, of which the individuals observed form parts. It is, indeed, by no means easy to determine the point at which our experiments should cease, and when we may safely sit down, contented with the extent of our induction. This must, however, be left to the perseverance and good sense of the individual.

At length, the eyes of mankind began to be opened ; and after the fever of admiration had a little subsided, some bold individuals stepped forward, and ventured to attack the system. Ramus, a philosopher of France, expiated his temerity with his blood : the strong arm of secular power was, in that country, repeatedly called in to crush the good sense of mankind ; and the Aristotelian system might still longer have defended itself behind the barrier thus erected, had it not been assailed by the keen and polished shafts of elegant ridicule.

The chains which had so long bound the human mind, seemed, on the promulgation of Lord Bacon's system, to drop off; while philosophy, both natural, and mental, began to advance with a rapidity before unknown. But the old system still kept its footing among ancient literary incorporations. Some real advantages, and a thousand venerable associations, gave it immense influence in these ancient seats of learning, and it continues, even now, to form a part of academical education.

I should now conclude with pointing out the relations which logic bears to other branches of knowledge : but

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the enumeration would include the whole circle of sciences: for what operation of intellect is there in which either clear notions, or methodical arrangement, or sound reasoning are not desirable?

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THE DREAM,*

Or, HUMAN MISERY.

A FRAGMENT.

I know not how it was—if on my breast
A more than wonted load of sorrow prest;
Or if such thoughts as sometimes force their way,
Tho' all around be happy, bright and gay;
If such had dwelt within my soul, until
My heart retained the sad impression still.
When sleep had snapt the soberer chain of thought,
And wearied nature found the rest she sought;
I dream'd of horrors—for in dreams the mind
Stretches her mighty pinions unconfined;
Smiles at her new-found freedom:—from on high
Draws the first breath of immortality;
Just opes the curtain of the other world,
Eternity's broad map sees half unfurl'd,
Expatiates boldly in her wide domain,
And sways the sceptre of her mighty reign.

I thought I ranged Creation unconfin'd,
Rock'd on the storm, or borne upon the wind;
As if some viewless influence urg'd my flight,
Dispers'd the shades, and made ev'n darkness light;

* The fanciful remarks by which the youthful poet introduced this fragment, and those which followed it, are here omitted.
AM. ED.

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And, where the sunshine gleam'd, or frown'd the storm,
Bade human wo, in every Proteus-form
Of grief and pain, remorse and shame and fear,
With every shape of agony appear.

Stript of its veil, the human heart was shown
Depriv'd of every coloring not its own:
While grief, regret, and care, without control,
Reign'd undisputed sov'reigns of the soul.

I know not if it shall be thus, when death
Asserts his empire o'er our fleeting breath;
If, unrestrain'd, the ever-living soul
Shall pierce the centre, or shall reach the pole;
Or view the shifting scenes, the varying strife,
In all the winding, wildering paths of life;
And mark each wandering, in a different way,
T'ward the last narrow dwelling-house of clay—
How this may be, we know not: but the mind
Sometimes "leaves dull mortality behind,"
Forgets the interests of the passing hour,
And gives some presage of her future power.

I thought I heard the ocean's dreadful roar,
Its billows swung against the rocky shore;
While o'er the darken'd heavens the lightning flies,
Now sinks—now covers the resplendent skies—
Ah! while the tempest thunders all around,
What shriek of horror mingles with the sound?
—A ship has struck!—I hear a second call,—
The cry of many, and the dirge of all.

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And then 'twas silent quite—except alone
Some mighty swimmer's solitary groan;
Or faintly borne upon the fitful blast,
The cries of those who clung about the mast.

Yet one there was, who, in the dashing sea,
Still flung the mighty waves back gallantly:
His was a life of sin; and from their lair,
Conscience had rous'd the hell-hounds of despair;
And now, at last, in this the trying time,
He lost the settled hardihood of crime;
And would have pray'd for mercy;—but the word
He must not speak—that prayer could ne'er be heard:
For in his ears the cries of orphans rung,
And many a curse from many a widow's tongue—
He sunk—he rose—he grasp'd a rock,—and then,
Borne by the refluent surge, he sunk again,—
Again he rose, and strain'd to reach the shore,
He pants—he gasps—he sinks—and all is o'er.

There was a change.—And now I thought no more
Of bounding billows, or the wave-lashed shore:
I dreamed the moon was up—her orb on high
Sail'd through a cloudless azure deep of sky;
In faint blue outline distant hills were spread,
And mightier mountains rear'd their snowy head.

It was the eve of battle.—On the plain
The victors slumbered—slumbered too the slain.
Wolves savage tore the beating heart away,
And vultures screaming, flapp'd o'er living prey.

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The cold night wind blew keen—the dreadful smart
Made ev'n the dying man with anguish start;
The wounded felt the fever's burning pain,
And pray'd for water, but they cried in vain;
Or thought of home; and, rising from the ground,
While bloody torrents pour'd from ev'ry wound,
Delirious strove to reach th' accustomed place,
Catch the dear glance, and share the lov'd embrace.

But one upon the bloody ground there lay,
His gore, through many a gash, ebb'd fast away;
And while he felt the swelling current flow,
And life's poor embers almost cease to glow;
The thoughts that haunted him were thoughts that threw
O'er the dark closing scene a darker hue—
Thoughts of the *two* who, silver'd o'er with years,
Hoped for his guidance through the vale of tears—
His to support their steps, and his the power
To bear the storm, or else avert the shower.
But with the rest, a tenderer image came,
To make his gory bed a couch of flame.
Must *she*, too, wander through life's gloomy way,
No eye to cheer her, and no arm to stay?

Was it some trance, that o'er the senses steals
When strength is failing, and when reason reels
Absorbs the soul, and, wildly mingling, shows
A gleam of pleasure with a world of woes?
Or did he see that angel form flit by,
To call back lustre to his fading eye?

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Yes!—for one moment all his pains are fled,
And half he rises from his bloody bed:
But death's dark hand was heavy—and the tide
Swelled in black torrents from his wounded side;
And then he named her—but the whispers slip
Unheard, unnoticed, from his dying lip;—
Again he strove to speak—but made alone
The hollow murmur of a dying groan.
Oh! then I saw the gathering black despair,
And then the falt'ring half-convulsive prayer;
While faint and fainter came the sinking breath,
Stopp'd by the cold, the freezing touch of death.

Just when the last expiring spark was dying,
Just when the latest flame of life was flying,
Just when the vulture, scar'd no more away
In airy circles flew, to mark his prey;
At death's cold touch, when all was still'd forever,
And ev'n the quivering lip had ceased to quiver—
Just then I saw a lady, who had trod,
With fearless steps, along the bloody sod;
Her had one hope, one fear, one thought possess'd,
And quell'd each shuddering tremor of the breast.

But hope and fear alike were over now,
The moon-beam stream'd upon that pallid brow.
'Twas all she sought—and if her *all* were found
Stretch'd cold and lifeless on the gory ground,
The battle plain must be their bridal bed,
Death their grim priest—their marriage-train the dead!

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Forward she sprung: Oh! life might yet remain;
Sure 'twould return, and meet her once again;
'Twould light his eye, before it quite departed,
And left her hopeless, helpless, broken-hearted!
Then she could lay her on his marble breast,
Her last cold pillow of eternal rest!

She press'd his cheek in frantic agony—
No whisper stole, no soft responsive sigh—
And the late hope, whose momentary light
Shone like a star amid the shades of night,
Now sunk in darkness;—and its fleeting gleam,—
The bright illusion of a troubled dream;
Or like the flashing, varying lights that fly,
In stormy weather, o'er the northern sky,—
Was gone. In Summer's bright meridian blaze
We scarcely heed the sun's unclouded rays;
But watch, when Winter's scowls the sky deform,
To catch a gleam of light athwart the storm:
So Hope's last radiance, as it dies away,
Seems dearer ev'n than pleasure's brightest ray;
But if it set forever, sadly roll
Deep, dark, unvarying sorrows o'er the soul;
Like the wide shoreless waste of waters hurl'd,
By heaven's excited vengeance, on the world.*

Her heart was wasted, and the tie that bound
Her sympathies to all the world around
Was snapt—I thought her brightly-glancing eye
In pensive rapture wander'd t'ward the sky:

* Gen. vii. 18, 19.

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But her's was not the idiot's soulless stare,
That strangely fixes, and he knows not where:
Her's was a glance that spoke of thoughts on high:
Her mind had learned to people vacancy;
And then so sweetly, wildly soft she sung,
I could have thought the notes of angels rung—
But that I heard some plaintive sounds, to show
The strain was human—for it spake of wo!

SONG.

1.

In vain they spread this couch for thee,
And threw this bloody mantle o'er,
For here the choicest flowers shall be,
And tears shall wash away the gore;
And thou wilt smile to see me spread
The blooming chaplet on thy head.

2.

Oh! did I see thy heavenly smile?
And wilt thou leave me here below
To wait and weep, and sigh the while,
And wander through the vale of wo;
Nor stoop, and help thy love to rise
With thee to yonder brilliant skies?

3.

If o'er the world spread light or gloom,
The world to me is cold and drear—
This little sacred spot,—thy tomb—

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The only ground to me that's dear.
Here will I bid the wild flower wave,
And roses blush above thy grave.

4.

Then take me from this earth away,
And we will come on wings of light,
Spread the soft flow'ret o'er thy clay,
And gem it with the dew of night;
Then leave this worthless world, and go
Where mourner's tear shall never flow.

5.

But if with thee I may not fly,
Oh! hover still around thy love,
Whisper in zephyr's gentle sigh,
And tell me we shall meet above!
And when some days of grief are fled,
I'll lay with thine my weary head.

6.

Then let me stop the tears that start,
And be the rising sigh suppress;
And if I feel a bleeding heart,
The burden of this throbbing breast—
Pour o'er my soul a heavenly balm,
Her griefs assuage, her troubles calm!

THERE WAS A CHANGE. I saw a curtained room;
A light stole in, that scarcely chased the gloom.

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With looks of anxious care, around the bed,
Attendants stood—to prop the sick man's head,
To soothe his pangs, or transient ease impart,
By all the softest antidotes of art.
And those who loved him most, and therefore caught
At every change disease's progress wrought,
Stood trembling round his bed, yet hoping still,
At every new vicissitude of ill,
Hoping, it might betoken that, at last,
The deadly crisis of disease was past.
And now that hope was higher, and a smile
Shone thro' the tears, that trickled all the while—
Tears—but not such as sorrowers learn to shed,
When joy hath vanished, and even hope is dead—
These spoke that softer tumult of the soul,
When joy and fear assert a mixed control.
He sweetly slept—and nature's potent balm
Might the tumultuous force of torture calm;
And slumber's streams oblivious coolly flow,
Till burning fever ceased, at length, to glow.

And those who loved him watched his bed; for there
In silence sat the partner of his care:
She only did not weep: for hourly fears,
Long days of sorrow, and long nights of tears
Had trained her to companionship of wo,
Or dried the fountain whence the tear should flow.
Yet the expression of her faded eye
Was humble, quiet, patient constancy.
Each chastening stroke, acutely, formed to feel;
Severely suffer, yet submissive kneel;

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She fixed on that emaciated form
A look intent, solicitous, and warm;
And speaking all the fullness of a heart
That feared they must, yet felt they could not, part;
Still o'er her features, trembling hope could throw
A transient gleam, an evanescent glow,
Hope, which amid the darker scenes of grief,
Suggested comfort and supplied relief.

No more with fever throbbed his burning brain;
And placid Sleep proclaimed a truce with pain;
Judgment would not th' illusive charm destroy;
Love's brilliant coloring made it look like joy;
Grief almost smiled to see the doubtful ray,
And Hope's fair magic brightened it today.

Over the sick man's couch his daughter hangs,
To mark his sufferings and relieve his pangs;
Catch, vainly catch, at every dubious ray
That came, and then forever passed away.
Each transient gleam, that gave a short relief,
Ease to her woes, and solace to her grief,
To lean on hope, till hope itself decayed,
And left the heart forsaken and betrayed.
Now from the sick man pain was gone: his eye
Was closed in gentle slumber peacefully;
Such silence all around, that you might hear
Almost the falling of the gushing tear;
And then so deep, so gentle his repose,
So sweet the soothing quiet of his woes,

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That sorrow lighted up her cheerless eye,
And half repressed her long accustomed sigh.

There was a shudder—then a deep drawn breath—
Then still—still—silent all——Can this be death?
Oh! if the feeble hand of youth might dare
To trace the deeper workings of despair,
Then would I tell the widow's mute dismay,
When from the body forc'd at length away;
Describe the orphan's sobs—the answers given
To those who, pointing to the will of heav'n,
Of calmness talk, or words of comfort pour,
While the heart, bleeding, does but bleed the more—
Mark the vain efforts to impart relief,
And paint each dread concomitant of grief.

There was a change.—I saw a narrow cell,
The moonlight pale through dismal gratings fell,
And yet enough had struggled in to show
The dark interior of this house of wo:
The stony walls were bare, save where was spread
The busy insect's finely-woven thread;
While from the damp low roof, with plashing sound,
The constant droppings fall upon the ground.

No other noise was heard, except alone,
The wind deep sighing, or the prisoner's moan,
Or the chain clanking, while the drear night blast
Shook the cold limbs that shiver'd as it passed.

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On the cold ground the prisoner lay—to-morrow
Would see the ending of his earthly sorrow.
To die, indeed, he thought a little thing:
When from the clay the struggling soul takes wing,
To fly she knows not whither, or to bear
The endless, hopeless, torments of despair.—
The livid, quivering lip!—the gasp for breath!
And all the unknown agonies of death!

There is a small, but wide meandering stream,
Where falls, in Summer's days, the chequered beam,
Through the thick trees, whose deep and leafy shade
Invites the zephyrs to their cooling glade;
The rays that fall glance brightly on the wave,
While the green bank its rippling waters lave.

Just by that stream, the home, where once his mind
Had tasted pleasures simple, but refined,—
The joys of boyhood—when the happy child
Saw smiling Nature, and on nature smil'd,
Felt the delights that swell the youthful heart,
By crime untainted, and unbound by art;
Soon dash'd the tear from pleasure's eye of light,
A moment clouded, but forever bright;
Sprung forth to catch the earliest gleam of day,
And brush'd the sparkling drops of dew away;
And, in the evening, laid him down to rest,
Calm as the infant on its mother's breast.

There too his manhood passed—that cot had been
Of many a harmless joy the happy scene:

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There, when the ended labors of the day
Gave rest to age—to laughing childhood play—
His children, crowding for their father's kiss,
Gave the fine thrill of warm paternal bliss;
While the fond mother standing joyful by,
Wip'd the soft tear of gladness from her eye,
Felt all the richness of maternal love,
And bless'd the hand that shower'd it from above.

And now how chang'd he was! This thought alone
Gave death new horrors that were not his own.

If he look'd back, he scarce could mark the time
When first he trod the devious ways of crime:
He rather found that virtue had given way
Beneath the influence of unmarked decay;
And then a wretched interval of life,
Fill'd with the wildness of chaotic strife,
When passion's maddening tumult strangely rose,
Crime following crime, and woes succeeding woes;
Lash'd by remorse, and goaded by despair,
And worn by all the torturous stings of care;
With ruined prospects, and each hope o'erthrown,
He did the deed of blood, that calls for blood alone.

Since, had tempestuous feelings reach'd his breast,
The whirl of passion, without hope of rest;
Remorse, despair, and mingling dread combin'd
To fix, and sink, and rankle in his mind.

Turn'd on himself—his fall, his loss, his crime,
His future fate, his hopelessness in time,

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He little thought of Law's avenging doom,
The waiting scaffold, or the gaping tomb,
Nor valued safety, which could only give
Remorse's scorpions longer time to live.

But Law had seiz'd him, and his doom was past;
And death's grim angel near approach'd at last;
The torpor, which had held his soul, gave way,
Like darkness yielding to the beam of day.
Less painful if forever coldly there
Had dwelt the freezing numbness of despair:
For now, awakened on the verge of fate,
He gaz'd on danger—but he gaz'd too late—
'Twas but to shrink—to dread to yield his breath—
Yet see no gleam of blessing after death;—
Shivering to stand upon the dreadful shore,
View the broad sea, and hear the billows roar;
Yet catch no cherub voice of heavenly love,
To whisper peace and mercy from above.
His eyes were opened, and, in full display,
Outstretch'd eternity before him lay,
Without one blessed hope to lull to rest
The rising tumult of his heaving breast.
I said, 'twas like the beam of early light,
That streaks the *sombre* canopy of night;
'Twas rather like the red portentous gleam,
That flashes o'er the melting lava-stream.

The night was spent in tossings to and fro
The wretched offspring of despair and wo;—

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Wo that had torn his lacerated heart,—
Despair that bade the angel Hope, depart:
And if exhaustion e'er availed to steep
His wearied senses in the balm of sleep;
He groaned and started, till the rattling chain
Call'd back his dungeon and his fate again;
Dreamed that he held the brandish'd knife on high,
Marked the pale lip, and caught the dying sigh,
Cleansed the dim weapon of the reeking gore,
And washed his hands of murder, o'er and o'er,
Till flames infuriate wildly round him roll,
Rock the wide earth, and shake the sounding pole;
While he, all trembling 'mid the general fire,
Stands the sole mark of heaven's avenging ire;
Till starting wild, he almost found relief
Amid the cold realities of grief.

The sun arose. O'erwhelm'd with shame and crime,
About to cross the narrow bound of time;
Sadly he watched the morning's ruddy beam,
Which through the gratings now began to stream.

The bolts fly back—the prisoner heard the sound,
And slowly, sternly, rais'd him from the ground;
Collecting all the calmness of despair,
What must be borne, with dignity to bear.

'Twas like a dream before his wildering eyes,
A flash of mingled horror and surprise.
Through the low porch a woman rush'd, whose face
Bore all the lines intensest grief can trace;

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And with a feeble cry, that yet express'd
Her hopeless sorrow, sunk upon his breast.
And did that cry remind him of a voice
Whose sound could once bid all around rejoice?
And had he seen that rayless eye before,
Whence tears had flow'd till tears could flow no more,
Reflect each gentle look of bliss and love,
As the clear lake the sunbeam from above?

Yes, it was SHE,—the injured, the betrayed—
Her joys all faded, and her hope decayed—
And still adhering to her husband's breast,
As the dove flutters round her falling nest.

His children too were there; and stood amaz'd;
Gaz'd on their mother—on the pris'ner gaz'd:
Scarce in the altered visage could they trace
The former features of their father's face.
They heard their mother's sighs, and gathered near,
While each young eye grew sparkling with a tear.
Upon its sister's arm the youngest slept;
Then waked to smile, when all around it wept.
Oh! this was bitter! amid all his woes
To lose the only thought that gave repose;
And find commingled with the draught of wo
What filled the bitter cup to overflow.

Amid remorse, and shame, and restless grief,
One hope administered some faint relief—
That all his shame and grief were hid from those
Who still might share, but not relieve, his woes;

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On whom disgrace, deserved by him alone,
Would throw dishonor that was not their own;
With crimson dye the most unsullied fame,
And add to sorrow's pangs the bitterer pangs of shame.

To die is bitter: but to die alone,
Unwept, unblessed, unpitied, and unknown,
Without one friend to close the swimming eye,
Wipe the damp brow, and catch the parting sigh—
Oh!—this to death can keener pangs impart,
Can pierce the soul, and rankle at the heart.

But oh! when crowds intently gazing round,
Watch every look, and wait for every sound,
To mark how death, and dread, and guilt, and shame,
And blasted hope, and character and fame,
Fear of the future, horror for the past,
Can shake the wavering, trembling soul at last—
Then, if some friend, whose image once arose,
Balm of our fears, and comfort of our woes,
For whom our love the finest feelings twined
With all the finer texture of the mind,
Has mixed with every better thought—has been
The brightest ray in every brighter scene;
Or if misfortune's clouds around us lower,
A beam of sunshine peeping through the shower—
If such a friend step forward, calmly bold,
To brave the frown, himself that frown withhold;
Nor join the coldly virtuous, cheaply-good,
Who hate the fall, where they themselves have stood
—Then varied feelings dwell within the heart,

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The balm is soothing, although sharp the smart.
Dear as a gleam of mercy from on high,
One glance of friendship's sympathising eye:
But deep the grief, to know its glance takes in
The proof of crime, the dread reward of sin.
But for the prisoner, where the potent charm
To still his pangs, or quiet his alarm?
The heart, o'er which the potent spells that bind
In chains of adamant, the human mind—
Alike, in every age, in every hour—
O'ercome by love for him—had lost their power—
This was the heart, o'er which his crimes had thrown
A hue of sorrow dark as was his own.

To her the cruel smile of scornful hate,
Which the world turns upon the desolate,
While even gentle pity ill can hide
The rising struggle of offended pride;
To her the frown that lowers upon the few
Who dare to face what others fear to view—
To face the poisoned darts by slander hurled,
To face the scorn and anger of the world—
To her the praise and censure others prized,
Alike indifferent, and alike despised.

I will not strive, beyond my feeble power,
To paint the horrors of that dreadful hour.
How vain the words of soothing comfort flow,
Like the pure moon-beam on the polar snow—
The silvery light may spread a second day,
But the cold frost-work will not melt away.

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His children's looks of love, each fond caress
Received from cherished infant tenderness,
But pierced his heart with keener anguish through,
And cast o'er all the scene a darker hue.
My mind retains no more. Each image glancing,
Like light upon the dark blue ocean dancing;
Or like a flitting, dying, wavering flame,
In broken indistinctness went and came.

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* * * * * * * * *

As this fragment closes the extracts from essays of the second session at college, I take the liberty of presenting the testimonial of Professor Jardine, in whose class William spent a large portion of that time, though he generally attended the Greek with the late Professor Young, and not unfrequently (I think) the Lectures of Professor Walker. This testimonial is given rather in the form of a certificate than in that of a letter.

Glasgow College, Feb. 16, 1822.

I CERTIFY that Mr William F. Durant attended the Logic and Rhetoric Class in this University; and, in the examinations and exercises, gave most satisfying proofs of uncommon abilities, vigorous application, and great success; and, at the end of the session, the first and highest prize was bestowed on him by the unani-

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mous approbation of his fellow students. To the above, I have only to add, that no student ever recommended himself more to my good opinion, than Mr Durant did, by a promise of great future attainments—or to my affections, by more amiable dispositions—more pleasing manners—by a conduct more regular or more strictly academical. In testimony whereof,

GEO. JARDINE,
Log. et Rhet. P.

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He returned in May, 1820, found us happy, and made us more so. Time had softened down our grief, had given a mellowness to the scenes of 1818; and we could dare to talk, for the first time, without agony, and even with a soothing pleasure, of the dear departed. His aunt, though far from strong, was in better health; he was peculiarly well; and we had scarcely ever known a more peaceful summer. During this vacation, he undertook to write for a *University* prize; the competition for which, open to graduates and undergraduates, lay among fifteen hundred young men. Earl Glasgow, who had been Lord Rector of the College, had proposed a ten-guinea prize for the best Essay "ON THE ADVANTAGES OF CLASSICAL LEARNING." When William announced to me his intention, he candidly said, "I think I have no chance of getting it; but in such a struggle, it is no dishonor to fail: and, at any rate, the effort will do me good." It cost him certainly no small labour; and displayed great improvement in composition, in nice discrimination, and in general learning. He did not gain that prize: but as the contest had been so severe —for sixteen, I think, wrote for it—and as many of the essays were very superior, the professors had determined on adding another prize to that of Lord Glasgow —and that prize, after a high compliment on the essay in the Public Hall, from one of the professors, before it was known by whom it was composed—fell to the lot of my dear son. The first was gained by a gentleman,

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some years older than himself, and whose family had all been distinguished, at that seat of learning, for their high intellectual character. The rest, it may be pretty confidently asserted, were not younger than he, and some of them were unquestionably much older; for he was, when he wrote it, only between seventeen and eighteen. None, I believe, envied him his honors; they knew that he deserved them; and the modesty with which he bore them, conciliated universal esteem. The essay, as large or larger than that on the Tribunicial Power, is too extensive for this work; nor will it well bear compression.

He renewed, in this vacation, his Latin composition and Greek reading. But as he was about to enter the mathematical and moral philosophy classes, he prepared himself by getting through the first six, and the eleventh books of Euclid; Bonnycastle's Algebra, &c.; and by reading Paley and some other works on mental and moral philosophy. He contrived, amidst all his other engagements, to read a great deal of general and ephemeral literature; and begun a pretty little piece on an affecting incident with which he met in M'Cree's Life of Melville.

Fired with the love of liberty; and with a detestation of slavery, so natural to a youthful and ardent mind, he felt indignant at the restraints imposed upon the continental nations, by those very men, who had, in the hour of extreme danger, thrown themselves upon the patriotism of their people, and promised them, as the reward of their exertions, liberal and beneficent political institutions; but had, in many cases, redeemed their

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pledge, by imprisoning, chaining, or expatriating some of those who had fought and bled in the cause of legitimacy and order. His society at College, where almost every youth of talent was an avowed admirer of freedom, was not likely to cool his political ardor; and he brought home a much larger share of "whiggery," as he terms it in his letters, than he had carried thither. Whig principles were, indeed, those in which he had been educated; for they are the principles to which protestant dissenters owe all their religious liberties; but they had, about this time, acquired considerable force. Under the strong impressions of the moment, he began a poem, entitled, "*A review of Modern Despots.*" My son greatly admired monarchical power, as limited by the British constitution: he was, indeed, *enthusiastically* attached to it, as he was to every thing belonging to his own country. The piece was written just as the patriotic Spaniards were making their last—and let it be hoped, their successful—struggle for liberty. From the temper displayed by nearly all the continental cabinets, it is pretty clear, that had not France—yet agitated with the shock of the Revolution—and the Pyrenees interposed between Germany and Spain, the peninsular revolutionists would have shared the fate of the Neapolitan. How far William intended to proceed when he began the sketch, I know not. His sense of justice and his loyalty would unquestionably have confined him to the continent—some of whose monarchs would furnish no scanty materials for the indignant numbers of the satirist: but, as the royal mantuamaker of Spain claimed the first niche in the panbasilicon, the

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writer fixed *him* there, and seems to have been, for the moment, satisfied with his achievement; for he never proceeded farther. The piece, though very spirited, is too imperfect to be offered to the public. But a part of the poem on Melville, with a few short fragments besides, written at this time, will be found in the following pages.

MELVILLE AND HIS PUPIL.

"In 1566, Admiral Coligne, at the head of the protestant army, laid siege to the city of Poictiers, which was vigorously defended by the young Duke of Guise. The classes in the University being broken up, Melville entered into the family of a counsellor of parliament as tutor to his only son. When he was making rapid improvement in his education, this promising boy was prematurely cut off. Coming into his room one day, Melville found his little pupil bathed in blood, and mortally wounded by a cannon ball from the camp of the besiegers, which had pierced the house. He lingered for a short time, during which he employed the religious instructions which he had received, in comforting his afflicted parent; and expired, in his tutor's arms, pronouncing the words in Greek, *Διδασκαλε, τον δρομον μου τετελεχα*—'*Master, I have finished my course.*' Melville continued to retain the most lively recollection of this affecting scene, to which he could never refer without tears."*

* M'Cree's Life of Melville, vol. i. p. 29.

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Thy race was run—too quickly run—
As clouds, before the morning sun,
A moment gilded by his rays,
Are lost amid the solar blaze :
So life, the vapour life, from thee,
A moment hid eternity ;
Then, mist-like, melted quite away,
And left thee in immortal day.
Soon did thy star in shades decline ;
'Twas but to rise in happier spheres,
Where fields of cloudless ether shine,
And heaven's unveiled light appears :
As if the sun should just arise,
And cast a gleam of golden light,
Then hasten from our turbid skies,
And leave us in eternal night ;
Nor on a world of sin and wo
His pure celestial radiance throw.

Melville ! affection such as thine,
Round meaner objects would not twine :
But once embraced—not death could part
The close attachments of thy heart,
Resembling, in their strong control,
The giant firmness of thy soul.
Then—the last glance !—that spoke to thee
When scarce the dying lip could move,
And that one word, *Didascale*,
Which told his reverence and his love !
And in the last, the parting hour,
When death exerts his dreaded power,

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Called back the fleeting moments past—
Your mutual studies, mutual care—
And, tho' that minute was the last,
Showed that nor time nor pain should wear
A single cruel trophy won
From such a mind as his oppressed;
But that as sets the tropic sun,
In more than rising glory dressed;
So the warm feelings of his soul
Would beam with unremitted flame,
Till life's faint current ceased to roll,
Till life's last crimson drop should flow,
In health and sickness, weal and wo,
Remaining still the same.

Memory will sometimes cast a shade
Of sadness o'er the brightest day;
And gloom is sometimes gloomier made,
When from the past there comes no ray
To pierce the deep obscure, and throw
A tint of lustre over wo:
And yet her darker scenes possess,
Sometimes, a passing loveliness.
Thus oft doth evening's yellow light
Gleam thro' the clouds, more mildly bright
Than when the glorious day declining,
Through pure unsullied azure shining,
Diffuses radiance o'er the skies,
And in its own effulgence dies:
And so when years had brought relief,
Or stolen the sharpest sting of grief,
Remembrance, Melville, then to thee

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Was melancholy's luxury.
As through the parting cloud we view
A little spot of heavenly blue,
And almost dream that we can see
The splendors of eternity.
How amid azure fields of light,
The choral song may ever rise ;
While with unearthly splendors bright,
Soar the fair children of the skies :—
So when we think of those we love,
Who since have left their earthly home,
We see them crowned with joy above,
And trace them, as their spirits roam,
Now free as light, from star to star,
Amid unfathomed space afar.
And while the fine illusion stays,
A beam of passing brilliance plays,
Pierces the clouds that roll below,
And spreads around a brighter glow ;
Till smiles the king, in terror drest,
An angel in a darker vest ;
And gleaming on his ebon gate,
And on his shade-encircled throne,
Where all the ministers of fate
The monarch of destruction own,
Gilds the clouds that round him rise ;
While faint and dim the happier skies
Of life and peace are viewed between,
Just glimmering through the darker scene.

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FRAGMENTS.

The ripple that the zephyr's breath
On ocean's breast hath made,
Is gilded by the sun-beam,
And darkened by the shade.
The rainbow tints, athwart the sky,
That brightly bloom awhile,
May now with brilliance glitter,
Now wear a fainter smile ;
But soon the lovely vision's hues
Entirely fly away ;
Tho' brilliant ev'n in fading,
And beauteous in decay.

The eye to-day that glances bright,
To-morrow morn may fade ;
And with it perish each delight,
That its own beam had made.
The flower that now is opening fair
May fall ere evening close,
And not a leaf hang withering there,
To tell where bloomed the rose.

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MIDNIGHT.

All the world are sleeping,
Save the broken-hearted weeping,
And the Power Eternal keeping
This universal frame.
The silent stars are glowing
O'er a world where tears are flowing,
And the mourner only knowing
How beauteous shines their flame.
The world are slumbering lightly,
And dreams are flitting brightly,
While God above us nightly
The universe unveils:
But they, whose tears are streaming,
View the pure starlight gleaming
Through darkness clearly beaming,
With light that never fails.

FRIENDS OF INFANCY AND YOUTH MEETING AFTER LONG SEPARATION.

Thine eye was bright, thy brow was fair,
Grief's withering hand had not been there
To mark the furrowed lines of care,
When last we parted.
Young Hope's deceitful brilliance shining
Show'd many a wreath of roses twining
Round many a bower for soft reclining,
When last we parted.

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Quench'd are the rays so richly beaming,
On all the future prospect streaming,
With life and love and glory gleaming,
When last we parted.
Yet tho' these fairy colors fly,
And joy's young flow'rets bloom to die ;
Tho' youth, and love, and hope, are by,
Since last we parted ;
Life's cheerless tide may ebb away,
But hearts can never know decay,
And friendship is as true to-day,
As when we parted.

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HIS RETURN TO COLLEGE, 1820.

On his return to College in 1820, he entered the Mathematical and Moral Philosophy Classes, intending to hear occasionally the Greek lectures of Professor Young. The exquisite ability and urbanity of Mr Mylne quite captivated him. Under this learned professor he was in his very element. Subjects, the profoundest that have ever exercised human ingenuity, and to which he had, almost from his childhood, paid uncommon attention, were now fairly thrown before his mind by a master who knew how to simplify the most abstruse, to arrange the most confused, and to shed a light over the darkest, speculations of ancient and modern philosophers. He found, in this class, many gentlemen of most powerful and accomplished minds—who witnessed his efforts that session, and will bear testimony to his intense labors, his accurate thinking, his brilliant success. From Mr Mylne himself, he received, on many occasions, the most unequivocal testimonies of approbation—may it not be added, of *admiration* also? With the exception of one class-fellow, he distanced all his competitors. That gentleman—who will, I trust, be equally distinguished for usefulness in the ministry of the gospel, as for literary attainments at College—was accomplished beyond many, was a most diligent student, had spent four years at a respectable theological seminary in England, and was, at least, ten years older than my son—that gentleman just carried the first prize; and

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William, without the slightest question, took the second. The rivalship* was too honorable to admit one petty feeling of pride or envy—and no young man at the University was more disposed than Mr —— to do justice to the intellectual and moral worth of his honorable antagonist and friend.

On presenting the third series of extracts from his letters, a reference to the remarks which introduced the second, might seem sufficient: but there are here, it must be admitted, many statements of his success which may appear egotistic to those who do not recollect that he wrote to a father and an aunt, who wished to know all his concerns, and from whom he scarcely ever concealed a single movement or thought. Though his letters were read occasionally by a few relations and intimate friends, *he* was never aware that any eyes but those of the two persons for whom they were exclusively intended, lighted on them. There was, therefore, no occasion for reserve: and he knew that such communications afforded unspeakable pleasure to hearts that derived their greatest share of earthly happiness

* In a letter written in his first session at Glasgow (1818) he says, "You were mentioning the principle of emulation. Now it is a remarkable fact, that heartburnings, want of honor, &c. have very little, if any, place among the first ranks of a class; while they dwell and operate in the lower and inactive parts of it. In the one case, they are carried off and sublimed by exertion; whereas, in the other, they have time to fix and even grow amidst kindred stench and stagnation. I must say, that I think the great honor and good temper with which literary contests are here conducted, are very much to be admired."

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from him. He has, it is also admitted, expressed himself, with considerable freedom, on two authors of great and deserved celebrity. His apology must be, that he *could* think for himself,—that he *did* think for himself—without bowing to the authority of even Reid and Stewart, in matters of taste and judgment. If greater deference to such writers may seem due from so young a person, it should be again remembered, that he wrote only for us, who had accustomed him, from his childhood, to form and to express opinions for himself.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS WRITTEN DURING THE SESSION.

Birmingham, October 20, 1820.

My dear Father and Aunt,

HITHERTO I have been brought forward in safety and comfort—with no inconvenience except that of an occasional wetting, which even the "*robur et æs triplex circa pectus*,"—the coat, great coat, and tartan cloak could not entirely exclude. After leaving you at Blandford, I journeyed forward towards Bristol, without meeting any thing extraordinary, except the very great singularity of remembering what I was desired to remember, at Shaftesbury. Here too I met Mr L.; and, when entering the town, beheld Mr B. his own Automedon, in a cart superior, I dare say, to Hector's chariot, although the steed did not equal, I presume, the ωκυποδες ἱπποι of the Trojan. I do not remember that any thing else of note occurred till I found myself in the ancient city of Bristol, where Mrs D. kindly met me.

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At a quarter before eight on Friday morning, I set off for this place—rain tremendous. At length, just as we first caught sight of the Severn, there came a gleam of sunshine. What a scene! That Paradisaic valley presenting all the tints of autumn—the mellowed richness of the light that gleamed through the parting clouds—the distant river—the dark hills that rise beyond it—and the black clouds which crowded round the horizon, or were wildly scattered over the sky—formed altogether a landscape, which, if not intrinsically more beautiful than any I have before seen, excited, I think, more powerful emotions in my own mind. Exeter is, perhaps, superior after all; but the recent shower, the autumnal tints, the peculiarity of the light, and above all, the refreshing and exhilirating effect which a cessation of rain produced on the exposed traveller, concurred to render the scene delightful.

We passed through Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Worcester. At Tewkesbury, I saw the field of carnage where the two roses fought. My military skill was so great, that, on the first glance over the ground, I discovered the position of the victorious party, from the superior advantages which I perceived it to possess. Yet did the vanquished butcher some poor nobleman for deserting his post—attributing the disaster to him, instead of ascribing it to their own stupidity for fighting on such disadvantageous ground. Thus did I survey the field where passions of unmingled malignancy produced the shock of armies. Yet after this, I am ashamed to say, that I forgot to inquire after the situation of another battle—the altar where another libation of blood was

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poured out—as an offering, however, not to paltry prejudices, or royal animosity, but to the spirit of offended freedom, to the wrath of an insulted people. I did not see the site of the battle of Worcester.

Glasgow, Nov. 1820.

Our classes have now commenced, much to my contentment; for I really begin to want the excitement of College, since I have lost the retirement of home. Mr Mylne appears to me an uncommonly pleasant lecturer—conversational, easy, and divested of all pomp whatever. A less pretending man I have rarely seen. We are all high busy at the election. I intend to collect all the placards published on the subject, and bring them home as curiosities. The mathematical class does not open till next Monday; so that I am still more than sufficiently idle; yet by the help of election business, canvassing, placards, &c. I contrive to keep myself tolerably busy. Time is like the manna: when I've most of it, I have little enough to do my business in; and when I'm pinched for it, I almost always contrive to get my business done nevertheless. I find my notebook answer admirably well. I am able to take a distinct and fair note of the lecture, *currente calamo*. This was my object; and I hope thus to avoid the necessity of that much copying, which is, like "much study, a weariness of the flesh."

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Nov. 1820.

The pride of our College, poor Professor Young, has been suddenly called off to that long home, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." The visitation was awfully unexpected. He went, accompanied by his servant, to Hutton's Hotel, where he was accustomed to take the warm bath. His servant left him to bathe; but finding that the professor did not ring or call so soon as usual, he ventured to enter the room. His master was sitting in the water in his usual semi-recumbent posture—his features unaltered—his position undisturbed. The servant concluded that his master had fallen asleep, and endeavoured to awaken him; but it was all over; the immortal spirit had taken her flight. The fact, when generally known on Sunday morning, produced a universal sensation; and, of course, a deep emotion among the members of faculty and the students.

December, 1820.

The more one sees of this life—many as its joys are; and these, with one so favourably and mercifully situated as myself, are indeed many—yet the more is one struck with the frequent recurrence of calamity. Your narrow escape fills me, I hope, with gratitude—certainly, with joy, mixed with no small degree of awe. How near may I have been to losing my best earthly friend! With how loose a hand should we hold

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all our mercies, when the dearest of them may be snatched away by a single breath! I hope and pray that no ill effect may still ensue.

Professor Mylne has constantly acted with the dignity of a gentleman, and the kindness of a friend. He is altogether one of the most fascinating men I ever met with. You know I don't meet many fascinating people. On Friday last I dined with him. He has been pleased all along to honor me with the most marked attention. I have not yet had any opportunity of making an appearance in the class. His lectures are original, and ingenious in the highest degree. He is, at present, only the metaphysician; and he has hitherto carried my belief, on all important points, along with him. He has not yet arrived at Morals. He has been on the subject of passion, desire, &c.

He has to-day been lecturing on infinite divisibility —very ingenious and clever; but, of course, leaving the matter nearly as mysterious as he found it. His notions about our ideas of *externity* are admirable, as far as I can judge. He has nothing to do with "*Common Sense;*" and I am very glad of it; as I confess that this appendage has always seemed to me a most awkward excrescence on the science of the human mind. You must inform aunt, that I don't mean *our* common sense —vulgar common sense; but what I believe to be the offspring of its direct opposite. *Philosophical Common Sense*, you will tell her, is an airy, flimsy, meretricious sort of being, totally unlike the grave and sober housewife, whose name she has chosen to assume.

The chapter of Butler on "REWARDS AND PUNISH-

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MENTS," is beautiful—nay, I had almost called it, what it does not even profess to be, CONCLUSIVE. That on the "MORAL GOVERNMENT" is ingenious, is masterly, but not, I think, quite so satisfactory as the other. This may arise from his taking, or appearing sometimes to take, for granted, the existence of conscience as a distinct power of the human mind; and arguing on this, or some similar hypothesis. I have read it cursorily—and may be—probably am—mistaken. I only state to you the general impression on my own mind. I admire him on "NECESSITY"—its practical influence, vol. I. g. vi. The *analogy* is certainly strong.

I have thought of a thousand excuses for the egotism I am about to display. However, I have come to the determination of confessing my vanity, and throwing myself on your mercy, in confidence of obtaining your forgiveness for it. It would be affectation in me to say, that I am not pleased with being thought well of by those whom I highly esteem or admire; and almost worse than affectation, if, after the opinion I have expressed of Mr. Mylne, I should deny that I am glad he thinks well of me. He asserted, then, in his lectures, "*that the intensity and liveliness of our sensations are diminished by the frequency of their repetition or the length of their continuance.*" This he stated as an undoubted fact, and attributed it to a law of sensation. I wrote a voluntary, entitled, "SOME REMARKS ON THE ALLEGED FACT," &c. This fortunately met with Mr. M's high approbation. He characterized it as "an acute and ingenious metaphysical essay." He said, my views were plausible, and probably just; and, finally, paid me the compli-

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ment of saying, that although his mind had been made up on the question, he should now reconsider the subject.

He is now attacking Dr. Reid's *Instincts, totis viribus*, and, I think, with the most entire success. The old Doctor seems to have had the art of compiling and *experimenting*, without almost any notion of drawing a general inference. No comprehensiveness of mind. This would be treason here, and, indeed, any where else, except in a private letter. Dr. Reid is one of those sort of people, who may be denominated intellectual Isles of Wight—good—cultivated—but extravagantly lauded—till to call them only fertile—and well-farmed spots—is sufficient to forfeit, for life, a man's character for delicacy and accuracy of perception.

January, 1821.

Situated as I am here—with so much to create comfort and excite thankfulness,—discontent would argue the possession of a bad head and a worse heart. Still there are certain circumstances, under which we experience a good deal of happiness, and a good deal of contentment, without losing the half melancholy pleasures of recollections, which refine, if they do not exhilirate; and of anticipation, which, if sometimes delusive, are never unwelcome, and rarely injurious. Now I confess that I have about me just so much of that peculiar affection for kindred and country, which now seems the characteristic of an age long since gone

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by—as if I had been born before America and the Cape of Good Hope* had come into known existence. Born and brought up with these feelings, I find myself in a situation by no means calculated to diminish their ardency. Removed into a country which has just too little of that indescribable something, which is the characteristic of merry England—to allow me to imagine that I am still in my native land—and exiled for a space of time such as to make enjoyment keener, rather than to render the desire of that enjoyment less ardent—you may easily conceive, that even so *unimaginative* a being as W. F. D. finds enough on which his *imagination* may work, without his ever suffering those real inconveniences, which tend to shiver the frost-work she has raised.

* * * * * * * * *

You can easily conceive what approbation it is that I value most highly—because, however partial may be the verdict of those whose good opinion I have gained, —it is, nevertheless, the great object, to secure which all my efforts are intended. Whatever *your* approbation, however, may be, I trust *I* do not, and *shall* not forget to whom, under God, and in connexion with one who is now placed far above the objects of earthly solicitude, I owe all the little good of which I *am*, or *may be*, in possession.

* Here is an allusion to the contemplated removal of a family, in the circle of our friends, to one of these places.

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Feb. 1821.

One object has, of course, lately employed your solicitude and your attentions; and although we have, I think, no reason to doubt that what is to us a bereavement, was to our beloved relative a blessing; it is impossible for the wisest dictates of the most enlightened reason, directed by the purer and higher discoveries which we owe to divine revelation—to calm the emotions which the loss of those we love occasions—effectually to say, "Peace, be still," to the conflicting feelings of nature—or to answer, in a way satisfactory to the troubled spirit, all those questions with which grief, unrestrained by high and holy principle, would assail the unsullied rectitude and purity of Him, who, while he is the fountain of our happiness, is, for reasons equally wise, and, indeed, equally benevolent, the author of our sorrows. I have often thought that if we could, at one glance, take in all the various relations of the different parts of universal nature—could we penetrate futurity—go back into the unfathomable abyss of the past—and examine the complicated machinery of the divine government—we should be able to perceive how, by a sort of celestial alchemy, happiness is, in every case, educed from misery—so that there is not a pang of suffering humanity—but tends to illustrate the one great principle, that "God is love." All the attributes of Deity appear to me so many modifications, and all his works so many emanations of infinite, eternal benevolence, connected with infinite wisdom. Those who

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are, however, deeply afflicted, want more than the generals,—or what we may call, the philosophy of religion —and that more intimate acquaintance is, I trust, possessed, and its comforts experienced by my dear cousin. As for the dear children—the same religion which points out a hereafter, and forbids to christians the mournful "VALE," which is the appropriate mark only of an eternal separation—informs us that He who is higher than the highest, but who knows our infirmities, and remembers that we are but dust—takes a paternal interest in the orphan, and hears the cry of those who are deprived of their natural protectors. Give my best and kindest love to the chief mourner. Condolence, formal condolence, at least, is not the balsam that must heal the wound divine wisdom inflicts. That I loved the deceased, *you* all know, and *he* knows. May we all meet her, where separation is as impossible as union is delightful; and union as delightful as the favouring smiles of Almighty love can make it! Remember me most affectionately to the dear children. May they belong to the family of God, an almighty, unchanging, never-dying protector!

March, 1821.

BELIEVE me, that if my present state of health be mercifully continued to me, I shall return as complete an *Adonis* as when I left you. That alchemical process,* which last year threw a golden tint over

* In the previous spring, he had had a slight bilious affection.

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my visage, has not yet commenced; nor do I see the slightest probability of its approach. I begin to have quite the spring feelings; and they are, I assure you, by no means unpleasant. I am now writing (six o'clock, p. m.) without a candle; and have just returned from my *first afternoon* walk. I hope you wont blame me for a luxury so destructive of time;—since it was indulged in, as a sort of *Gaudeamus*, (to use the College phrase) having finished Blackstone today. I rather think that I shall not do much in the reading way for the rest of this week; but rather attack D. Stewart, at all events, next Monday, if not before.

I have had an amazing deal to be thankful for during this winter—continued health—general enjoyment—and the kindness of friends. Nor is it an inconsiderable blessing, in my opinion, that Mr. ——— has never thwarted me at all, nor clashed with me in one particular. He is, of course, more expensive than I am—as, indeed, he ought to be—but he draws me into no expenses whatever.

I have just finished the first poetical—that is, of course, rythmical—effusion, in which I have this winter indulged. The occasion is this: a friend of mine (who is, by the by, a sort of favourite pupil of Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury) gave in a poetical essay of considerable merit, "on the diversity of human character." Mr. Mylne then expressed a readiness to receive other attempts of the same kind. This determined me to try my fortune. So I yesterday began, and have now completed, an essay on the providence of God. The thing

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is, of course, a complete experiment, and I am doubtful how it will go down.

Are you not electrified with indignation at Mr. Brougham's bill? I think 'Dissent expects every man to do his duty.' Excited, we are powerful: and 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together,' may, perhaps, hint to the bishops (whom he seeks to propitiate) that the day of *encroachment* is passed. You cannot be * * * and, therefore, will not suspect me of flattery, when I say, that a severe letter, either to the dissenters—to Brougham—or to the Edinburgh Reviewers—from your pen, would be not, I think, an unsaleable, and certainly, a most useful publication. It would tear off the delusive bandage, which too many dissenters still suffer to rest on their eyes, and dissipate the film, which hides their real danger. By the way, Mr. Peel has been imprudent enough to let the long-concealed cat out of the bag. It is, then, the repeal of the test and corporation acts—the emancipation of protestants, not of catholics, they dread! We *knew* it; but we did not think they would have had the absurdity and effrontery to proclaim so disgraceful a truth. I am for the dissenters making a grand movement just now. This is not a time when the voice of half a million of people petitioning for the repeal of measures, which are not certainly necessary to the existence of administration—can be slightly disregarded. You see Scotland has not cooled my dissenterism.

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March, 1821.

I HAVE just finished Stewart's "Philosophy of the Human Mind." I have derived immense pleasure from his second volume. I have not been able to go through him so deliberately as I could have wished: still, I have done it with close attention, and have generally, I think, apprehended him. You will be rather shocked to hear me say, that I have met with much more acute thinkers and close reasoners. His last chapter, "on final causes in metaphysical enquiries," where he adverts to the utility-scheme, is really as shallow a piece of boyish misapprehension and mis-statement as I have read for a long time. His analysis does not go down at all, after Mr. Mylne's clear, simple, pointed statements. Mr. Mylne's arguments are all collected, like the rays of the sun by a burning glass. You only see one luminous point; but that point is all-penetrating. Stewart's are the same rays spread over a beautiful garden. Every thing they fall on is bright, and glowing, and elegant; and the whole scene gay almost to enchantment—but that is all. No substances are decomposed—no compounds analysed—no secrets penetrated. This is, at least, my impression on the point.

I finish this week with a little sort of abstract of lectures. It was published by Dr. Thomas Brown, a little before his death. It is not the large work, understand: it is only a kind of synopsis, from which I hope to get a notion of his system, which is, I hear, extremely elegant. This book I hope to have finished by Saturday.

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Then I shall proceed to John Locke; or to a second perusal of Blackstone's Commentaries, for the purpose of picking up the information that may have escaped me—of refreshing my memory, and of deepening, and thus perpetuating, impressions which would otherwise gradually yield to newer ideas, till at length the old traces completely vanish. I flatter myself, that if I have no other qualification for a lawyer, I have, at least, a tolerable share of dogged application. For this I shall have call enough this summer; for I am DETERMINED to set myself at mathematics, the which I do from my soul abhor. But I see the necessity of attending to them; and *attend* I *will*, whether I succeed or not.

Before I finally close, I must tell you, I have begun that synopsis of Brown's. I am quite delighted with it hitherto. He has, I think, twice Stewart's mind. His lectures at length are lately published. If you can get them into the book society, they will be a great acquisition to such metaphysical people, at least, as you and I are. Should I be spared to return, I promise myself great pleasure in going over Mr. Mylne's course, from my notes, to you and my aunt—reading, of course, as I proceed, some of the exercises, which have been written by W. F. D. This will keep up my acquaintance with Mr. Mylne's theory, and with metaphysics in general; and will give you an insight into the doctrines taught here.

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April, 1821.

So it is all over with the poor Neapolitans! They sadly want a little British steadiness. However the sceptered idiots of the Continent, who are now chuckling over the mischief they have done, will enjoy but a transitory triumph. One is certainly apt to be impatient of delay, and sorry, to see freedom repressed, though it be for a moment only. Still I look forward with perfect confidence. Mankind *are* enlightened, *will* be happy, and *must* be free. This great crisis despotism may check; and anarchy, which the measures of that despotism, by a natural reaction, produce, may delay. But leagues, and invasions, and arbitrary enactments, and military proscriptions, are wholly unable ultimately to prevent the united triumph of freedom, of knowledge, and of virtue. You may tie down—you may nail down—you may screw down—the safety-valve,—and the idiot, who chooses to try the experiment, may applaud his own sagacity; and dream that for him it was reserved to confine the hitherto irrepressible fluid—till that fluid burst through every obstacle; and till he, who had attempted to impose on it so unnatural a restraint, is involved in a calamity of his own creation.

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ESSAYS WRITTEN IN THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY CLASS.

During this session, he wrote Essays, either enjoined by the professor, or as voluntaries, on the following subjects:—Moral Philosophy; Reason; Memory; Attention; Conception; Instinct; Classification of the Passions; Division of the Duties; Virtue; Fortitude; Habit; Conduct of Study through the Vacation; Causes of Error, as enumerated in Aphorisms 78 and 93 inclusive, *Novum Organum*, *Lib. pr.*; on Sympathy as a spring of action distinct from self-love; Some Remarks suggested by the alleged fact, that the liveliness and intensity of our sensations are diminished by the frequency of their repetition; Some Remarks suggested by an Essay on Attention, by Edmund Clark; Necessity; on the question, Is the doctrine of Necessity reconcileable with that of human accountableness? Immateriality of the soul; Immortality of the human soul; Providence. It is not easy to determine on a proper selection; but I will take the liberty of offering to the reader a few of the Essays.

VIRTUE.

Virtue must have some essential quality; and without this quality, it cannot be conceived to exist. The contrary assertion appears to involve a contradiction.

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If virtue consist—sometimes in benevolence, sometimes in prudence, sometimes in a sense of propriety, sometimes in the good tendency of the principle whence it springs—then must we come to one of two conclusions: either, in the first place, that benevolence, prudence, and utility, are the same thing; or that the one word Virtue is used with a variety of different significations; and is, in fact, little more than an ill-defined term, which may mean any thing, or nothing, according to the will of the individual by whom it is used.

That physical philosopher would be justly condemned, who should attribute electrical and magnetic attraction to the general law of gravitation; because, although it is possible that these different phenomena may have all a similar origin; yet, as their proximate causes are clearly distinguished from each other, and as we are unable to go beyond the proximate causes, it would be unphilosophical to anticipate the possible progress of discovery, by arranging under the same head things really so different. If a classification so improper had already obtained, it would be the duty of a truly philosophical inquirer to do all in his power, by introducing a more correct nomenclature, to remedy the inconsistency. Now the analogy between the physical and the moral inquirer seems to me, in this case, to be perfect. If the latter find that the word VIRTUE is used to designate things essentially different from each other—that the quality which recommends an action to our moral approbation—in other words, the quality which renders an action VIRTUOUS,—is, in some cases, benevolence; in others, propriety; in others again, utility—then is he

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just as much bound to infringe on ancient usage, and to distinguish, by a more accurate classification, the actions of which we approve on account of their benevolence, from those of which we approve on account of their propriety, as the physician is, to arrange under different heads those phenomena of attraction, which arise from gravitation, and those which are produced by magnetism or electricity. But if the moralist, on a still further inquiry, find that *propriety*, *benevolence*, *prudence*, as foundations of moral obligation, are all of them resolvable into utility—then is it just as much his duty, again to reduce all virtuous actions to the same category, as it would be the duty of the physical philosopher to class together, as the effects of a common cause, all the phenomena of attraction; provided it should turn out that magnetism, electricity, and gravitation, are all of them ascribable to one simple but all-pervading and ever operating principle. I could wish that the limits of this exercise allowed a more extended discussion; in which case, I should endeavour to show the similarity of principle which exists in relation to all those speculations, which occupy the most prominent place among the theories of virtue. At present, however, my object will be to identify the system of propriety with that of expediency.

Let us suppose, for a moment, propriety and expediency to be completely at variance;—in other words, let us suppose it to be proper for every being, whatever may be his rank in the scale of existence, to endure unmixed and eternal misery. Now, who is there to whom this supposition does not appear an infinite ab-

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surdity? Who is able to conceive of a state of things in which evil—to each individual irremediable and unproductive of good in any part of the universal system—should be consistent with the eternal fitness of things? I do not anticipate here an objection, I believe, that every man will be ready to pronounce the very supposition an INFINITE ABSURDITY. Now, then, let me ask, whether the same absurdity does not, in a certain degree, attach itself to any system which supposes the eternal fitness of things to be in any way chargeable with the production of misery, or the diminution of happiness. I do not mean that the EXISTENCE of misery is inconsistent with propriety—but that universal order cannot be productive of a quantity of happiness *smaller* than would be the consequence of the reverse: because that system, which is infinitely proper, must be, one would suppose, infinitely good; and how can we conceive of that, as infinitely good, which is less conducive to the production of happiness than is some other thing of the same kind with itself?

For instance—it is consistent with the relations and fitness of things, that the planets move in their orbits of peace and glory—and wholly inconsistent with these relations, that the heavenly bodies be propelled against each other, with such violence as to produce universal tumult. But, suppose, for a moment, (how wild soever the supposition may appear) that the universe were repeopled with creatures, so constituted as to derive their satisfaction, and comfort, if not their support, from the tumult of conflicting systems, and from what we should, under existing circumstances, call the ruin of

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the universe. Should we not, in this case, contemplate, with exactly those feelings of satisfaction, that PROPRIETY is calculated to produce the eccentric movements of clashing worlds? Even in this case, I admit that there is the adaptation of means to the end in view; and this adaptation we may, if we please, call PROPRIETY: but as the end in view is the production of happiness, that very propriety or adaptation of which we approve, is only utility with a less intelligible name.

The question seems to resolve itself into this: Do we approve of propriety, without any regard to utility; —in other words, do we approve of the adaptation of means to ends, where those ends are not themselves such as a wise and benevolent being would propose to himself? I admit that we sometimes admire this adaptation, as a manifestation of wisdom: but then as wisdom is, in its *general* tendency, highly beneficial, the approbation it is calculated to excite may be accounted for on the principle for which we are contending, viz. THAT OF EXPEDIENCY. If, however, we take away that pleasure which arises from a perception of excellence in the object, and that which is produced by the other cause to which I have just referred—I cannot imagine to what sentiment of delight, the perception of adaptation, or propriety, would give rise.

If, however, the advocates of propriety insist on the existence of an ABSOLUTE FITNESS, differing from that kind of adaptation, which consists in the tendency of means to produce a certain end;—then do I feel myself entitled to ask, what this moral fitness is?—and then—what renders it so desirable, or so obligatory? If I am

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pointed to the duties of piety, as examples of that for which I am seeking—as consequences of a relation and specimens of an obligation, of which I have questioned the existence—I am necessitated to confess, that even in these duties I see an infinite propriety, only because I find in them a tendency to produce the most extensive benefits.

Before I proceed with this inquiry, I would just remark, that, on whatever principle our reasonings in other respects proceed—one thing must be admitted, viz. that no action is either virtuous or vicious, except as the manifestation of a principle. When, therefore, I say, that I approve of a virtuous action, on account of its beneficial tendency, I do, in fact, say, that I approve of it, because the principles from which it springs would, if generally diffused, and carried out into action, produce universal happiness. Or taking the other theory, when I say, that I approve of an action, because it is proper; I do, in fact, assert, that I approve of that sense of propriety which would, if generally diffused, and carried out into action, produce universal order. Otherwise, I should be giving *moral approbation* to an *action* which, apart from an intelligent agent, is a mere abstraction; not possessing, evidently, the powers of consciousness, volition, judgment, &c.

The rule which has just been stated is evidently correct with regard to the duties of piety; since these duties, unlike some apparently virtuous actions, which are beneficial independently of the principle whence they spring—have really scarcely *any intrinsic* value. It is a remark of Dr Paley's, that a virtue is to be estimated,

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according to the effect which would result from its exemplification in the conduct of every intelligent being, who is susceptible to the influence of the principle from which it springs. The duties of piety, then, are only manifestations of a principle, which is directly and indirectly productive of effects the most various, and the most important. The principle to which I refer, is ATTACHMENT AND A CONSEQUENT DESIRE OF CONFORMITY TO A BEING, THE ESSENCE OF WHOSE CHARACTER IS INFINITE BENEVOLENCE, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF INFINITE WISDOM. Every intelligent being, in the universe of God, is naturally susceptible of this attachment. Temperance, chastity, and fortitude are, as far as we know, useful only in the present stage of our existence; but there is no conceivable state of rational being, in which we may not retain faculties for loving what is infinitely lovely. Taking all this into account, apply Dr Paley's rule. Suppose the principle of love to God influential, wherever its influence can, in the nature of things, be felt.—Suppose every intelligent being in the universe to be actuated by a desire of conformity to the dictates of infinite wisdom, pointing out the proper means of effecting the ends of infinite benevolence. In this case, all intelligent beings would be co-operating in the great work of creating unbounded enjoyment. In the moral world, a regard to the will of the ALL-WISE would be the pervading principle which, like gravitation in the system of external nature, would prevent all irregularity; or, in other words, all deviation from that conduct, of which the tendency is to produce universal happiness. The duties of piety, then, derive their obligation, not

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from any gratification which their performance can administer to Him, whose ineffable felicity can receive neither detriment nor augmentation from any act of a created being—nor entirely from the happiness present, and future, which the performance of these duties produces to the pious individual—but from the good to which the natural operation of a principle, that identifies our interests with the plans of infinite wisdom and benevolence, is calculated to give birth; so that the general beneficial tendency of piety is as much greater than the general beneficial tendency of any one of the ordinary virtues, as the rank, which the duties of religion occupy, is higher than that which is conceded to duties of any other description. Therefore—if the proposition, thus stated, be correct—whatever reason we have to believe that the obligation of the ordinary virtues consists in their utility—there is exactly the same kind and degree of reason, why we should come to the same conclusion with regard to piety; and, of consequence, with regard to those performances which are its natural expressions.

IMMATERIALITY OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

We are naturally led to conceive that, besides the *qualities* of objects, there exist certain *substrata*, *nexus*, or *substances*, by means of which these qualities are bound together; and by which they are—to use an antiquated phraseology—received. All, however, we can rationally say of substance is, that it is an unknown

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cause of the union of qualities : and if we attempt to go any farther, we shall only lose ourselves in scholastic subtleties. The system of materialism seems to me to be founded on some confusion of ideas upon this subject. We have been understood to assert, that the substance of *mind* differs from that of *matter ;* whereas we have never, I believe, advanced a position so untenable, because placed so entirely beyond the limits of legitimate reasoning, as well as of philosophical investigation.

My object in the present essay, is less to refute, than fairly to state, the system of materialism ; convinced as I am, that honest scepticism, in this, as in every other case, arises from the misapprehension of the question in dispute.

Our only notion of matter, is that of a collection of qualities ;—our only notion of mind that of a succession of states. Qualities are, in short, in both cases, the only objects of our knowledge. It is really trifling, in an argument like the present, to tell us, that qualities, now unknown, may exist in union with the known qualities of matter, or with the known properties of mind ; and that these qualities, both matter and mind may possess in common.

The total irrelevancy of such a line of argument will appear, if we remember, that the terms *matter* and *mind* are only used to represent certain combinations of qualities ; and that it is absurd to suppose we employ terms to designate qualities, with the existence of which we are unacquainted. If those unknown qualities, which are supposed to exist in union with the known qualities of matter and mind, were revealed to us ; terms might,

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and doubtless would be employed to designate these new collections of properties. Till then, however, when we assert any thing to be material, we assert, in other words, that it possesses those known generic qualities, to the union of which we have given the name *matter ;* and when we denominate any other thing immaterial, we only, in effect say, that among its known properties, those qualities, the union of which constitutes what we call matter, are not to be found. If matter or mind shall appear to have any other generic qualities, besides those with which we are at present acquainted, they will no longer be *mind* and *matter ;*— that is to say, they will no longer be those combinations of properties, to which those terms were appropriated; but novel combinations of qualities, to which those terms *never were* appropriated.

The question, therefore, divested of much of its complexity, resolves itself into a form comparatively simple. We do not inquire, whether mind and matter are in substance *one ;*—that is, in more intelligible language, whether the cause of the union of properties be, in both cases, the same. Nor do we endeavour to ascertain the existence of some unknown common property, in union with those collections of known properties, to which the names *mind* and *matter* have been assigned. Our only question is, whether, among those connected properties, to which we give the generic appellation of mind ; those properties to which, existing in a state of union, we give the appellation of matter, are to be found. If the reply be in the negative, then are we justified in decidedly pronouncing the soul immaterial—

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that is—in decidedly asserting, that the known qualities to which—and to which alone, we give the name of matter, do not constitute or form part of that number of known properties, to which, and to which alone, we give the name of mind.

Before we proceed any farther, however, a question of considerable delicacy presents itself. What is that combination of qualities which we intend to denote, when we use the word *matter ?* It is not, however, necessary for us to be very particular in our enumeration, because if we can prove that any one of the qualities of matter is not possessed by mind; we shall have proved the latter to be a collection of qualities different from the former; and shall, therefore, as we have before shown, have a right to conclude that it is immaterial. I do not, indeed, wish to have recourse to a defective enumeration: I only mean to apologize for the want of extreme accuracy, should that want be found to exist. A late celebrated professor* of a sister University, defines our notion of matter to consist of the ideas of "outness, extension, and resistance;" or, as he has more fully explained his meaning, "matter is that which is without us—which has parts—which resists our efforts to compress it." If the first of these be one of the essential qualities of matter, the question is at once and forever set at rest. That it is so, an analysis of the process by which our notions of externality are acquired, would, perhaps, lead us to imagine. As I do not, how-

* See Dr. Brown's Physiology of the Mind, § II. Chap. v. pages 106, 110.

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ever, wish to ground my argument on what may by some be considered a *petitio principi*, I will endeavour to select a definition, or more properly, an enumeration, which, if less comprehensive, is, perhaps, less exposed to the objections of our opponents. The essential qualities of matter, then, I conceive to be *solidity*, and *extension*; and I attach to these terms the same meaning which was attached to them by the metaphysician to whom we have just referred. If any man, who calls himself a materialist, doubt the propriety of this enumeration, and assert of either of these qualities, that its existence is not, according to his ideas, essential to the existence of matter,—I have only to say, that my controversy is not with him—that, as he and I attach different meanings to the term, *matter*, so do we, of consequence, to the term, *materialism*; and that every argument must, therefore, in such a case, resolve itself into a mere logomachy.

The only idea we affix to the term *mind* is that of a variety of feelings or succession of states, which follow each other according to fixed laws, and which we, therefore, consider as reciprocally causes and effects. The materialist, therefore, before he can carry the point at which he is aiming, must show these feelings or states to be possessed of solidity and extension. The materialist, therefore, *must* be understood to assert, *that ideas and emotions* have parts, and are capable of resisting our efforts to compress them. If the man, who professes materialism, only intend that ideas and emotions ARISE from material changes, he in fact gives up the very point for which he affects to be contending. If our on-

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ly notion of mind be that of a succession of states,—in other words, of ideas and emotions; and if these ideas and emotions, though, in some way, dependent on a material process, be themselves entirely distinct from the matter employed in that process, and from any other matter whatsoever;—then *mind* has nothing in common with matter—*the soul is immaterial.*

The materialist is, therefore, I think, reduced to this alternative: he either believes that the material process produces something else material; and that this something is an idea or emotion;—or he believes that the process—that is, the movement of organized matter—is *itself* an idea or emotion. In the first case, he must have persuaded himself that when, for instance, he receives a blow, the pain he feels is an extended and solid substance, which, however subtle a fluid it may be, might, if we had instruments sufficiently fine for the purpose, be detected, measured, and divided. In the second, that the arrangement of the parts of a nerve is pain, or pleasure, fancy or reasoning, emotion or thought—that sensation is nothing more than an alteration produced in the relative position of certain particles, in certain situations; and not that all the phenomena of mind are the results of bodily organization; but that they form a part of the bodily organization itself.

Now if I am asked, why all this may not be so?—I am not, perhaps, able to demonstrate any impossibility in the case. To me, however, these propositions look, I confess, like contradictions in terms; and their converse appears to resemble those primary truths which

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are not susceptible of proof, because too self-evident to need it. All who call themselves materialists do not, perhaps, support either of these propositions; and we shall, indeed, before we conclude, have to notice some opinions apparently dissimilar from those to which we have adverted, and yet embraced by, perhaps, the majority of those who profess to dissent from the view we take on the subject now under consideration. To these propositions, however, the consistent materialist will, I think, find that his system inevitably conducts him; and if he is startled at their boldness, he has good reason to suspect, that he is yet what the world thinks him, and what he has been pleased to denominate himself.

Let us, however, examine these opinions a little more closely, for the purpose of ascertaining in how far they are consistent with our notions, I say not of verisimilitude, but of possibility.

It will be, I presume, admitted, that we have no ideas, except those which we acquire by means of sensation or reflection. It will also, I presume, be admitted, that all our knowledge of the qualities of matter is gained in the former way; and all our acquaintance with the states of mind, in the latter. The only correct idea we can attach to solidity, to extension, or to any quality whatever, is that which regards it, as a power possessed by matter, in consequence of which it is able to produce a certain change in the state of our mind—or, more correctly, perhaps, as a law of reciprocal influence, in consequence of which the percipient being is affected in certain ways, when it is placed in certain relative situations with regard to material substances.

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Now, if thought be not an object of sensation, and, therefore, have not the power of producing those feelings which *are* produced by the qualities called *solidity* and *extension;* then, surely, thought is neither solid nor extended; since to be solid and extended, is nothing more than to be fitted to produce these sensations. Whoever, then, asserts, that thought is solid and extended, in fact asserts, that it is *merely* a power of producing, in a percipient being, the sensations of solidity and extension. Such sensations would, on this hypothesis, be only the same power communicated to another being; and so on, *in infinitum.* As this is absurd, and more than the wildest materialist would assert, we conclude, that thought is something entirely distinct from such power or capability; and, therefore, perfectly distinct from solidity, extension, or any quality of matter. If thought be not something more than a solid, extended substance, then follows the absurdity to which we have alluded—if it be something more than the power of producing sensations in a percipient being, then it is a SOMETHING totally different from any quality of matter; because a quality of matter, *is only that very power from which thought is affirmed to be so completely distinct.* The moderate materialist will, therefore, perhaps, content himself with a modified statement—only asserting, that thought is a property of an organized substance, which organized substance has also the qualities of solidity and extension belonging to it; and not that thought is itself solid or extended;—an opinion formed, I imagine, on some analogy, falsely supposed to exist, between thought, and what a logician would call a secondary, or rather, per-

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haps, an accidental quality of matter. With this concession we ought, perhaps, to rest satisfied: for if we have shown thought to be neither solid nor extended, we have proved exactly that which we intended to establish. If those successive states, to which we give the denomination, mind, be not themselves solid nor extended, then mind is not material.

Let us, however, for a moment, consider the modified materialism, if indeed it be materialism at all. I remarked, in the early part of this essay, that we know nothing of substance; and that the only information we possess relates to qualities, whether of mind or matter. Still, although the poverty of language obliges us to have recourse to the phraseology—let it never be forgotten, that quality or property of mind is, in its nature, essentially distinct from a quality or property of matter. A quality of matter is—as has been before remarked—nothing more than a law, in consequence of which, matter produces, under certain circumstances, certain changes in a percipient being. But what is a quality—a property—a state—or whatever you choose to denominate it—of this percipient himself? It is not, surely, a power of producing a change in another percipient being; since such a supposition would, as we have already seen, involve us in endless absurdity. And, therefore, the properties of mind have no analogy whatever to the qualities of matter. Consequently, thought can in no way answer to our idea of a quality of matter. The only notions we affix to the term matter are, we have seen, those of certain qualities in a state of union. Therefore thought can in no way answer to our idea of mat-

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ter. Thought is not material. The same reasoning will apply to emotion, and all the other phenomena of mind. Our notion of mind extends no farther than our acquaintance with these phenomena. Therefore, we may safely pronounce the human soul IMMATERIAL.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

WHILE human inquiries are not unfrequently directed to subjects, the discussion of which, gratifying as it is to curiosity, has little immediate relation to the interests of the species; there are other topics on which the mind of man is employed, which not only present a boundless field of speculation, but which are connected with all his highest hopes, his purest enjoyments, and his most animating prospects. Of the latter description is that now under consideration. The doctrine of immortality, so far from being a mere speculation destitute of any practical result;—administers relief to those who are labouring under misfortune; suggests admonitions to such as would otherwise be inordinately elated with prosperity; and affords, if not the only, yet the strongest, inducement to practise those numerous virtues, of which the present reward is, at best, uncertain and obscure.

Among the many arguments which are adduced to prove the truth of this important doctrine, none has appeared to me more forcible than that which is drawn from the perpetual progress of the human mind in mor-

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al and intellectual improvement. This has appeared to me to involve some very striking *analogies*, in addition to the argument which is ordinarily drawn from it. But without, at this time, particularly noticing this view of the subject, we proceed to state that argument, with as much candor as we may.

Man is evidently made for improvement. Not only is he brought into this world, susceptible of that improvement, but totally unfit to guide himself through life, to escape the dangers which beset his path, or even to acquire the most ordinary means of subsistence, until these capacities have been, to a certain degree, developed. If any limit, however, were set to the progress of this improvement; if it ceased, whenever the character was sufficiently matured to afford security against the miseries attendant upon unassisted helplessness; little distinction would be found to exist between the human constitution and that of the inferior animals. This is not, however, the case. There is no assignable limit to the progress of mind. While every generation lays up a store of intellectual riches for men of the succeeding periods—each individual is able constantly, and indefinitely, to grow in all those qualities which ennoble humanity. No sooner is an eminence attained, than an expanse never before conceived of, is laid open; while new and superior heights appear in the distance. These too are gradually climbed, and still more unbounded prospects presented to the astonished eye.

If a traveller were sent by some superior on a journey of importance; if, from time to time, looking around him, he could perceive no boundary to his progress;—

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if illimitable views were then stretched out before him; —and if, at every step of his road, he became more fully convinced that what he had traversed was a very minute portion compared with what remained unexplored;—should we not deem him more than commonly unwise, were he to conclude, that, because he happened to have passed the frontier of his native province, his travels were at an end? And in what respect does he behave more reasonably, who, finding himself placed in a world where every thing calls him to exertion,—where well-directed exertion is uniformly followed by amelioration, and where the extent of this amelioration is wholly indefinite—fancies that all hope of future advancement is forever cut off, and that the very possibility of effecting it is entirely precluded by an event which has not, as far as we know, any *natural*, but which certainly has no *necessary*, connexion with the annihilation of the thinking principle? There is, however, one point of view in which the analogy between this traveller and the human soul, to a great degree, fails. The former will gradually yield to the asperities of the road: difficulties will leave him exhausted and spiritless: and violent efforts, often repeated, will render farther exertion an impossibility. The soul, on the contrary, derives fresh vigor from every struggle; and not only finds her own powers considerably augmented by the severe, though salutary discipline,—but is able to lay under contribution all that she has already subdued, for the purpose of effecting new and superior conquests.

We come now to notice that analogy to which we

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referred in the earlier part of this essay. The progress of the human mind towards improvement is the consequence, partly, of our own exertions, and, partly, of the constitution of nature. The infant is brought into the world wholly destitute of ideas, and destined to acquire, by means of sensation, those materials on which its intellectual powers are afterwards to be employed. Much now depends on the exertions of the infant mind: but something still is left to the operations of nature—rather, to the direct influence of nature's God. It is the child's to observe; but it is His to facilitate its means, and to improve its instruments of observation. As the sphere, then, of observation is enlarged, and as the mind becomes more capable of employing the corporeal organs, these organs are developed and rendered increasingly perfect, till they at last acquire their highest state of existence. Long, however, after this has taken place, the mind continues to go forward to a superior state of knowledge and enjoyment. Death at last takes place. But as every change in the structure of the body has hitherto facilitated the employment of the intellectual powers; and as, at any rate, the exceptions are, for the most part, anomalous, and traceable to some particular cause, so as scarcely to form exceptions to the admission of that general rule to which they seem to be opposed—is it not rational to suppose that the last and greatest corporeal change conduces to the same design with all the rest; and is also intended to promote intellectual, and moral improvement?

Another, and, perhaps, a more striking analogy may be not altogether fanciful. Nature evidently intended

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us for progressive improvement. Yet it is a singular fact that her laws are so constituted as to co-operate with the exertions of the individual, and to modify his corporeal structure, so that every change effected in it shall, by a kind of re-action, tend to corroborate the character which that individual has previously formed. Thus, the man who gives way to vicious indulgence, not only debauches his principles, and adds to the already superabounding depravity of his heart; but produces such an effect on the organization of his body as to render abstinence in future comparatively painful. For the illustration of this remark, I need only refer to the vice of drunkenness; and every man's recollection will furnish him with analogous cases. Whereas the virtuous man does, by a course of self-denial, not only fortify the principles of his soul, but affect the organization of his body; so that to the charms of vicious indulgence he becomes comparatively insensible. Thus, a man perfectly sober—accustomed, I mean, to nothing stronger than water—is not only averse from the brutality of drunkenness; but is disgusted at the smell and taste of spirituous liquors. Is it, then, probable that the greatest of all corporeal changes is regulated by a law entirely different from that which we see in constant operation? Is it not, at least, equally probable, that as every change which vice has effected in the organized structure of the human frame, has tended to increase the propensity toward, and,—contradictory as the sentiment may at first appear—to diminish the pleasures

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attendant on unlawful indulgence;*—so the last change, which is, in many cases, the result of this very indulgence, will still fatally co-operate with the conduct of the individual who is its subject, and, in some way or other, tend to complete at once the deterioration of his character and the misery of his condition?

Is it not still more consonant with reason, and agreeable to the general results of observation, to imagine that an effect diametrically opposite, will be produced on a good man by this great change? *His* whole conduct tends, as we have seen, not only to fortify his principles against the allurements of sense, but literally to diminish the force of these allurements by the effect which unvaried temperance produces on the bodily structure. Now, the changes produced by advancing age are generally calculated rather to accelerate than to retard this progress, and to abstract the soul more and more completely from the enchanting fascinations of sensuality. Death is the greatest change advancing life can bring with it. Is it not, then, probable that the effect of this last change is the same with that of each of those by which it has been preceded;—that it is only another instance in which the laws of nature co-operate with the exertions of the individual, to produce one result;—and that as every minor change has tended to emancipate the good man from the tyranny of passion; so this last and greatest change will complete his emancipation;—crown, with ultimate and perfect success, the efforts he has made in the cause of virtue; and concur with his own previous endeavours to promote his true and lasting happiness?

* For this I find I have D. Stuart's authority; and also Dr. Butler's.

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PROVIDENCE.

" ——— ——— Stant adamantinis
Decreta cœli fixa vinclis,
Nec dubio labefacta casu,
Nec fracta vi, nec temporis invidis
Oblivioni obnoxia dentibus.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Æterne rerum Conditor, omnia
Consulta cujus, factaque, sanctitas
Illustrat : haud quicquam tibi ingens
Orbis habet, simile, aut secundum !"

Psm. LXXVII. *Buchanan.*

And would'st thou, vain, presumptuous, feeble man,
Th' eternal counsels of the Almighty scan ;—
With the short line of human reason, try
To fathom the abyss of Deity ;—
Boast of thy wisdom's mean, contracted store,
And disbelieve, when most thou should'st adore ?

Yet if some gleams of heavenly light are seen,
Piercing the gloomy clouds that roll between,
Ah ! let us catch the soul-enlivening ray,
As the first dawning of immortal day.

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The more we see—with deeper reverence bend,
Till faith in sight—till doubt in knowledge end;
And all that now perplexes, quickly fly
Before the sunshine of Eternity!

Ere springing gladly from chaotic night,
Beam'd the first glow of new-created light;
Ere marshall'd stars, in brilliant order, shone,
Or seraphs bow'd before the Eternal Throne;
Ere peopled globes with happy myriads teemed;
Ere planets rolled, or distant systems gleamed;
Then in itself the uncreated mind—
Ocean of love, and mercy, unconfin'd—
In wisdom laid the universal plan,
Ere sin, or grief, or worlds, or time began.
Then did He see whatever since hath been,
Each mighty movement of the vast machine;
How, ever burning with seraphic love,
Should sinless angels sing his praise above;
How, through their hosts, the tide of bliss should roll,
Large and immortal as the deathless soul;
How each forever undisturb'd should shine
Bright and more bright, divine and more divine;—
Still to their dazzled eyes, th' unbounded view
Be as unbounded, as when life was new;
And still the matchless glory they adore
More bright, but not less distant than before,
Then did He see that man's perverted will
Would start from good, and madly seek for ill;
That from this spring would bitter waters flow,
And nature's laws produce the rebels' wo.

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Then He beheld, in all their direful forms,
Disease's tortures, and misfortune's storms;—
Saw, from the gloom, how radiant morn should spring,
Diffusing fragrance from her golden wing—
Then, Alchemist Divine, decreed to show,
From chaos, order; happiness from wo;
And make each small event in nature tend
Thus to educe the universal end.

And when the universe in order stood,
And all alike was fair, and all was good—
Each various cause within his knowledge plac'd—
Each late effect, in one wide view embrac'd—
The future evil which should surely flow
From these arrangements, He alone could know:
And all the greater good which thence should rise,
And compensate the partial sacrifice,
He sees as clearly, while our sorrowing eye
Drops the soft tear of grieved humanity;
As when, at last, a smiling world shall raise
The grateful song of universal praise.

'Tis not for Him to change his vast design,
Alter, erase, dissolve, and re-combine,
Like some mistaken mechanist, whose skill
Amends defects, or adds improvements still;
Till the device—at first imperfect—shows
The marks of wisdom, as its beauty grows;
And each defect, in turn, expelled—the whole
Bears the full impress of the artist's soul.

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From all eternity, the perfect plan
Existed, ere creation's work began ;
Before the skies, in starry lustre, rose,
Where world on world, on system, system glows ;
Before around the Mighty Maker threw
Yon heavenly mantle of ethereal blue ;
Or bade, control'd by some mysterious force,
Each floating globe to hold its measur'd course.

And when His fiat made creation stand ;
When all was form'd His glorious thoughts had plann'd ;
All He impress'd with fixed, unvarying laws,
That show the wisdom of the great First Cause.
Yet what are laws of nature ? Do they bind
Th' eternal purpose of th' Almighty Mind ?
Say—what are laws of nature, but design—
Bright declarations of the will Divine !
What—but a proof that He, whose wisdom sees
Evil and good in all their nice degrees,
Determined thus His glories to display,
And always act in one—the wisest way.

Yet if the Omniscient, in his wisdom, saw,
When first that wisdom fram'd the general law,
That while this rule was fitted to control
The various movements of the mighty whole ;
Good universal would, at times, demand
Some interposing and suspending hand—
Then—so th' Eternal would the system frame,
That, when that hour of mighty import came,
His word might stop the vast machine, or bend
Its springs innumerous t'ward some different end ;

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Yet each small link unbroken still remain,
And every wheel minute its place retain.
Not imperfection this—His general view
Embraced the law and its suspension too.
No wild caprice, or knowledge newly given
Can change th' eternal purposes of Heaven:
But when by general laws their course proceeds,
Or new arrangement to those laws succeeds;
Rule and exception in one end combine,
As different portions of the same design.

But should some frigid sceptic, therefore, dare
To doubt the all-prevailing power of prayer;
As if 'twere ours, with impious zeal, to try
To shake the purposes of Deity—
Pause, cold philosopher—nor snatch away
The last—the best—the wretched's surest—stay.
Look round on life, and trace its checkered plan,
The griefs, the joys, the hopes, the fears of man.
Tell me, if each deliverance, each success,
Each transient golden gleam of happiness,
Each palm that genius in the race acquires,
Each thrilling rapture virtuous pride inspires,—
Tell me, if each and all were not combined
In the great purpose of th' Eternal Mind.
Yet on the brow no laurelled crown would rest,
No swelling triumph rise in virtue's breast,
Had not the race been run, the contest fought,
The charms of vice despised, and purer pleasures
sought.

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Thus while we humbly own the vast decree
Formed in the bosom of Eternity ;
And know all secondary causes tend
Each to contribute to one mighty end ;
Yet while these causes firmly fixed remain ;—
Links quite unbroken in the endless chain ;
So that, could one be snapped, the whole must fail,
And wild confusion o'er the world prevail—
Why may not our petitions, which arise,
In humble adoration, to the skies,
Be fore-ordained the causes whence shall flow
Our purest pleasures in this vale of wo ?
Not that they move the purpose that hath stood,
By time unchanged, immeasurably good ;
But that the event and prayer alike may be
United objects of the same decree.

When fraught with mercy, Howard's generous hand
Diffused extensive blessings through the land ;
When, like some angel from the realms above,
He richly poured his overflowing love :—
By dread, disgust, and suffering unrepressed,
When rose the flame within his holy breast,
Shone through his life, in all his actions glowed,—
A gleam of heavenly lustre here bestowed—
Lit a late spark in sorrow's fading eyes,
And gave this earth one tint of Paradise—
All this was known to Him whom Howard served—
Whose love inspired him and whose vigor nerved,
All *had* been known in man's primæval joy ;
—No sin to taint—no danger to destroy—

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And all was fore-ordained :—Yet had not zeal
Burned in his heart, and taught that heart to feel;
Had not his open hand and bounteous store
The pris'ner ransomed, and relieved the poor;
These pure and blest effects of generous worth
Had never warmed and vivified the earth.

Then why—when Howard fixed his soul above,
Communed with Him who is essential love;
Went to the fount of light—and thus supplied
His weaker torch from that resplendent tide;
And prayed that He who raised the noble fire,
His hopes would bless, and crown his best desire—
Why might not *this*, a necessary cause,
Fixed by unknown, but yet unchanging laws,
As much conduce to set the prisoner free,
And pour the flood of light and liberty;
As those exertions whence we all can trace
Blessings so numerous on our groaning race?

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As the subjects of Necessity, Free-will, and other metaphysical questions were discussed in the Moral Philosophy Class, it was necessary that William—whatever side he adopted—should take a part in the controversy: and it will have been seen from the list of his essays already presented to the reader, that he wrote on several of them. His profound and habitual reverence for the Holy Scriptures, which—whatever befel the jarring speculations of philosophy—he knew to be "true altogether," would ever preserve him from admitting one metaphysical opinion, whose consequences, if fairly deduced, should, in his view, impugn either a doctrine or a precept of revelation. He was confident that, with whatever plausibility of reasoning or show of demonstration, such a speculation might be supported; there must be some radical error, if it was at variance with any unquestionable position of the word of God. He knew that as ALL TRUTH had "its seat in the bosom of God," and that as "her voice is the harmony of the world;" genuine philosophy must arrive at similar conclusions with divine revelation, on all those questions to the discussion of which she is competent. And on this principle, he deemed it infidelity, scarcely disguised, to say, "This notion may be little accordant with some views of scripture; but we now treat only of *philosophical* truth."

The duty of prayer is not left as a doubtful question, to any man who receives the holy scriptures as from God. Yet every one who has thought deeply on the

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subject, must have met with the metaphysical difficulty which my son here—I think, triumphantly—combats. He wrote to me on the occasion; and assured me, that he composed the poem, not as a mere trial of literary skill; but on *principle*, in order—as far as his juvenile efforts might operate—to counteract what he found to be the actual consequences, though not the intended effects, of certain speculations to which the minds of his companions were directed. He possibly found that some, with whom he was in habits of literary intercourse had deduced, or were inclined to deduce, from their notion of the *unalterable and necessary perfection of God's government*, a reason for the total neglect of prayer. Revelation, if its paramount authority were admitted, would instantly have decided the question: but,—as it was,—he reasoned on principles which those who differed from him admitted.

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Few are the parents—especially among those that have, like myself, to mourn for an only child—who will not congratulate me on having to insert, in these memoirs, the following letter from Professor Mylne, under whom my beloved William spent his last entire session.

Glasgow College, Feb. 27, 1822.

My dear Sir,

I am very much ashamed to think that, from various circumstances, which I need not detail, I have not yet been able to answer the request with which you honored me some time since; and I particularly regret that I have missed an opportunity of transmitting to Mr. Durant, in your packet to him of the 24th, my little contribution to the character of his late excellent son. I had gone to Edinburgh on Friday, and your note of Saturday did not reach me till my return home, late on the evening of the 24th. I do now very willingly engage in the office you have imposed upon me. I regard it as no unpleasant office.—In giving my testimony to the worth and amiableness of your late lamented young friend, I am but giving language to the sentiments of esteem and affection which I felt for him while he lived, and which I now fondly cherish for his memory. Yet my testimony can be but brief and simple—suited to the acquaintance which I had with him; which was only of short standing,—and had never grown up into

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habits of ease and familiarity: probably, therefore, it will fall short of that juster idea of his worth which your intimate knowledge of him would impress upon you; and, of course, it will be still farther from approaching to that higher estimate of him which his father could not but form,—from those endearing intercourses of reciprocal confidence and affection, in which they had been accustomed to live.—I have only to state in a few words, the very sincere esteem in which I held him, and the grounds on which that esteem was rested.

My acquaintance with W. F. Durant cannot be said to have commenced before Nov. 1820, at which time he joined the Ethic class. Being then brought immediately under my observation as a student, I soon had abundant evidence how well he was entitled to his high reputation for talents and good conduct in all the preceding stages of his course of education in our University.—His uniform and exemplary attention to all the parts of his academical duties; the masterly appearances he made on all those occasions which gave opportunities for exerting and proving either his natural abilities, or his previous acquirements, or his literary industry; the unobtrusive modesty with which, on such occasions, his eminence was exhibited; or, rather, with which, without any effort on his part, it came into view; secured to him from the class an unanimous sentiment of esteem, combined with cordial affection. His class-fellows, the associates with him in study, the constant witnesses, and, therefore, the well qualified judges, of his merit, highly appreciated its superiority, and eagerly took every opportunity of doing it justice. The rank which they as-

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signed to him was among those of the very highest eminence in the class; and the prize which they adjudged to him, by their votes, corresponded to the high consideration in which they held him. It gives me great pleasure to say that, in these sentiments, and this decision of the Ethic students, that year, I most cordially concurred.

Of the various remarkable features in his mind, that which always struck me as most remarkable and characteristic, was the soundness and vigor of his judgment, to which, at so early a period of his life, he had arrived. Perhaps I may have noticed it the more, because it was brought before me on many occasions, and particularly by the exercises composed by him, and submitted to my examination. These exercises make part of the regular business in our Ethic class. They are written on subjects, moral or metaphysical, that either have been presented to the students, or, sometimes, that have been chosen by themselves; and, from the manner in which they are executed, a tolerably correct judgment may be formed, not only of the attainments, the industry and ability of their authors, but, sometimes also, of their peculiar cast of mind, the general complexion and tendency of their intellectual constitution and habits. From many of these performances, put into my hands by Mr. Durant, I certainly formed a high idea both of his powers and of his principles. I thought I perceived in them, not those shining qualities only, which one is pleased, though not much surprised, to meet with in the young; but others also, more rare and enviable, which are thought to characterise minds happily form-

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ed at first, and brought to ripeness and solidity by advanced years, and by judicious culture and discipline. The clearness of his conceptions, the precision of his language, and the closeness and accuracy of his reasoning;—his candor in comparing and estimating different philosophical doctrines;—his caution in forming opinions;—his moderation and temper in stating and defending them;—and the mild, but decisive firmness with which he maintained them, when he felt their evidence to be satisfactory, and their consequences important;—appeared to me clear indications of an intellect, which had not only been naturally endowed with great acuteness and perspicacity, but which also had already reached to no common degree of eminence in steadiness, coolness, mildness, and other qualities, which we scarcely expect to find except in those whose powers have been matured, whose principles have been fixed, by lives spent, not merely in the pursuits of science, but in the cultivation of practical wisdom.

I have chosen to confine myself to what seemed to me to be the most striking features in his character. His firm and manly way of thinking and feeling so often brought under my notice in the exercises I have mentioned, was not less visible in other instances. It seemed to me to influence his whole conduct, and to throw around his behaviour and manner, at all times, an air of respectability and dignity. I leave it to those who knew him more intimately than I did, to speak of other excellent and amiable qualities of heart and temper, which I have reason to know belonged to his character; but which I had little opportunity of observing. Since

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my connexion with this University, I know no instance of the death of a student, which has excited more general and deep regret, or which has more painfully disappointed the fond hopes of a life full of honor to the individual himself, of gratification to his friends, and of benefit to society.

Believe me to be, dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

JAMES MYLNE.

To the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw.

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HIS RETURN HOME IN MAY, 1821, AND HIS OCCUPATIONS DURING THE VACATION.

His arrival last May, (1821) produced unmixed joy. To his aunt and father, at least, he was more lovely than ever; and, except that he seemed *improved* in every thing, he was unaltered. His afflicted relative was better, and we took a journey together, which while it seemed greatly to strengthen her, in an equal degree delighted us. Towards the end of the summer, however, she faltered; but rallied again sufficiently to render his departure from us for Scotland less bitter than I feared it would have been—he *seemed*, at least, to think that he should see her again, and see her improved.

On his return to us, he paid increased attention to mathematics, &c. in order to prepare himself for the NATURAL PHILOSOPHY class, on which he was about to enter in the following session. He composed less in Latin; and in Greek he read (besides his constant and daily reading in the Greek Testament) only the Idylls of Theocritus, of whom he was uncommonly fond. His chief employment was an essay of considerable length, "ON THE STANDARD OF TASTE," intended for a UNIVERSITY PRIZE. In this, he examined, with more than even his usual acuteness, the principles of Hume, Reid, Lord Kaimes, Burke, Blair, Stewart, Allison, and almost every writer of eminence, on the subject. Of the *success* of his labours, in comparison with those of his competitors,

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we can have no proof; for, as the essays were not to be given in till January, 1822, *his* could not of course, take its chance. Of the *ability* displayed in it, there can be but one opinion.* He wrote also an excellent translation of Cicero's fine oration, De Lege Manilia.

While at home, he read with great attention, and with almost unmixed pleasure, the four volumes of the late Dr. Brown on Mental Philosophy. We had contemplated something in reference to that work, for our employment during a part of next summer: but this, with many other of my fondest schemes, is perished forever. He read also Locke; and his intention was, to finish, at least, for the present, his metaphysical studies, by reading through Des Cartes and Malebranche at College. Steady to his purpose, he had, I found, begun the former author—how far he had proceeded, I know not,—when an end was put to all such pursuits.

* Though the Essay could not be presented for competition, both Dr. Wardlaw and I thought it not undesirable that a few of the professors, who knew and respected my son, should see it. In a letter, dated March 2, Dr. Wardlaw says, "I have this morning sent the exercise on Taste to Mr. Mylne, accompanied with an explanatory letter. It is one, I think, which will more than maintain (dear lamented youth!) the high reputation he had acquired. Alas! that that reputation should now attach to the memory only, instead of attending, as we fondly but vainly hoped, the living author, through an active, and brilliant and (what is best of all) useful career! The perusal of it has only served to awaken all my bitter, and, I had almost said, and I fear I might say, with too much truth, *infidel* regrets. But, oh! if all were as clear to us, as it is to the Supreme Disposer himself, where would be the trial of faith, where the room for the exercise of trust? "Be still, and know that I am God."

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On Thursday, 17th of October, he left us for Scotland. His health seemed as good as usual; and if his spirits were less buoyant than on former occasions, I could attribute it to a suspicion, lurking in his mind, that his aunt was worse than she would acknowledge. He pursued and terminated his journey in health. There seemed, I thought, a want of that vivacity which had generally characterized his correspondence; but it was not such as to create the slightest alarm.

On his arrival at Glasgow, he entered the class of Dr. Meikleham, who has spoken in highly respectful terms of an introductory essay which William delivered. But as that gentleman has permitted me to print his letter, I will myself say nothing of two essays which I have found among my son's papers,—one, "On the course of study in the Natural Philosophy class," and another, "On Solidity."

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DR. MEIKLEHAM'S TESTIMONIAL.

College, Glasgow, Feb. 15, 1822.

The late William Friend Durant entered himself a student in my public class, on Friday, the 2d of November last. He was taken ill very soon after. My course commenced on Tuesday the 6th of November. Mr. Durant attended only a few days. My knowledge of him, therefore, from my own observation, must, of necessity, be very imperfect. At the same time, it so happens, that I had an opportunity of perceiving, that he promised to attain, in my department, to superior distinction. As soon as I had fairly commenced my course, and given some explanation of its object, and of the method to be followed in conducting it, I proposed to my students, when assembled, at the hour of examination, on Wednesday the 7th of November, that they should, each of them, write a short essay, containing some account of what they had heard in the lectures of Tuesday and Wednesday,—this essay to be read in the class on Friday. Mr. Durant's name was by the date of his enrolment the fifth on my list. The four gentlemen whose names had been taken down prior to his, happened to be absent from the meeting of Friday, or to be unprepared. Mr. Durant was present; and very fully prepared. He was, thus accidentally, the first who read an essay in my class this session. His essay commanded the entire attention of his hearers. It was full, distinct, and perspicuous; and was heard,

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not only with pleasure, but also, I believe, with considerable benefit, by many of his fellow-students. To enable me to estimate, as soon as possible, the comparative merits of my students, I very generally, at the time of their earliest appearances, make some short note, whereby I may recal, in some degree, the impression made at the time on my mind. Accordingly, there stand in my roll, opposite to Mr. Durant's name, and referring to this essay, the words, *very superior*. By the end of the following week, I had occasion to remark some irregularity in Mr. Durant's attendance. He immediately waited upon me, and was much affected when he informed me, that his mind had received a severe shock from hearing of the death of his aunt. I saw him no more.

WILLIAM MEIKLEHAM,
Professor of Natural Philosophy.

He entered at the same time under the Hebrew professor, and had just commenced his attendance, as he was taken ill. I had wished him to begin with me in the summer; but *I* had learned the language with points, and it was taught at Glasgow without points; and he had, besides, so much to do with mathematics and his essay, that he had no time for Hebrew. He entered also the extra class of Mr. Mylne, who delivers, once in two years, a course of lectures on political econ-

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omy—a subject to which William had paid, both at home and at college, considerable attention from the age of thirteen or fourteen. He had read Malthus, Godwin, and some others; besides the masterly discussions of the subject in the Monthly, Eclectic, Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, for the last six years. Just after he was fifteen, he wrote on the poor laws a considerable tract, in which he had examined, with no small degree of ability, the principles of Malthus and his opponents. It now lies by me as a literary curiosity.

As we find, my dear son arrived, for the last time, at Glasgow, and just commencing those studies which would have completed his literary and philosophical course at the University, I may, before I touch on the events which terminated his short and brilliant career on earth; and which should most naturally close the narrative; take a brief review of him, either as he appears in these memoirs, or offers himself to my memory. Allowing for only the single exception, that his information became daily more extensive, and his powers of mind more matured, I might fix on any period from his seventh year, and it would describe his character through life. He was no otherwise changed than as "he grew in stature and in wisdom."

He was of a ROBUST AND MOST MANLY FORM. Without being handsome, he was a youth that, by the firmness, the erectness, the *tout ensemble* of his appearance, would often strike the attention of strangers. He was rather

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indifferent to dress, hated the appearance of being finical; and at College, I understand, though never at home, was almost slovenly. But there was such a perfect vigor of make and movement about him; such power of exertion; that, to use his own language in reference to another,—

> "Long unfatigued, he vigorous bounded on,
> Grace in each step, in every action shone;"*

such an expression of talent and sweetness, of simplicity and candor; that every person who saw and knew him, felt that he was one of the finest illustrations of the *sana mens in sano corpore*. One of our dearest friends,† addressing, soon after his death, a number of young people, said, "One of the leading delusions of youth, is presumption on the length of life. Since, however, I last met you, a new instance has come to my knowledge, in my own immediate acquaintance, of the absolute vanity of confiding in the vigor of youth, in constitutional strength, and in all that seems to promise protracted length of days.—The son of a much valued friend, approaching to manhood, favoured with a form the most athletic, and with health, that, from the days of infancy, never flagged or abated—blest too with talents of the highest order, cultivated with the most persevering diligence, graced with literary honors well earned—adorned with a child-like simplicity the most attractive, and with filial virtues that met and exceeded all the wishes of the * * * * of fathers—that son, of

* The Wizard. † Mr. Bullar, of Southampton.

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so many hopes and so many prayers—that beloved youth, to whom so many youths looked up with fond veneration, and loved for the engaging goodness that arrogated nothing to itself, nor ever gave pain to an inferior mind. * * * * If any might have been entitled to presume on health and long life, *he* was of that number. If, too, we had looked out for one whose lengthened life seemed peculiarly desirable, that his fine talents might have given new energy to the noblest principles in a career of usefulness, *here* was a youth who seemed marked for such a purpose."—"Where," says Dr. Wardlaw, "among you all is a frame more robust, or a constitution more sound, or a look more full of health, than *his*, whom sudden disease has, in a few days, shaken to the dust?"

He possessed some rather striking PECULIARITIES, which often afforded us great entertainment, and sometimes produced no small vexation. In many of these, he exactly resembled his maternal grandfather, though he had never seen him, and though neither his mother nor his aunt had one of these characteristics. He was remarkably *unhandy*. I had bought him, when quite young, a chest of carpenter's tools, hoping that, in rainy weather, he might be able to amuse himself by mechanical contrivances. A companion of his,—son of my highly valued friend, the clergyman of Poole—had considerable dexterity, and used to help him in his carpentering; but he never could produce any thing which was not the most uncouth that human hands could well form. He was the most *unapt* of any person I have known, except his grandfather, *at finding things*. He

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has often gone to my desk for something lying upon it before his eyes, sought diligently for some minutes, and returned without finding it. I have accompanied him to the same place, and instantly pointed it out in the very spot to which I had directed him, and where he had before sought it in vain. He was remarkably *parsimonious in his personal expenditure.* I have known him, when a child, take out six-pence into the fair; pass an hour there, looking at the different stalls; and return with his money entire, saying, "I did not like to purchase toys, as they would do no good; and I'll thank you, mamma, to put the money away for me." It must not be inferred from this, that he was niggardly—his parsimony, which continued to the end of life, was wholly as it *regarded himself.* It was a kind of constitutional prudence; which, however, he elevated, by christian principle, into a moral duty: for in writing to me once on the subject, he said, "This is, in my opinion, necessary to usefulness: for economy is the nurse of liberality." He cared not how much his aunt or his parents gave away; and, indeed, rejoiced in every act of their beneficence. He knew his dear, benevolent mother's maxim, approved of it, and thanked God that it was not a *mere* maxim in his family. She often said, "We have but one child—the trifle we possess will be his—and will it not be far more conducive to his happiness to leave the prayers of the needy and the blessing of God on that little, than, by our covetousness, to add a few hundreds or thousands to the sum?"—*He always acted towards others honorably and liberally,*—but never extravagantly; and though he had authority, while at

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College, to spend and draw for, what he pleased, he never expended one shilling on himself or his own gratification, that was not absolutely necessary.

His INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER is sufficiently shown in the extracts from his papers. But the rapidity of his acquisitions, the depth, compass, acuteness, brilliancy, and retentiveness of his mind, are almost inconceivable. As an instance of his rapidity, I will mention a single fact. In consequence of having to write an essay on a particular subject, he deemed it necessary to read Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments. This work, which consists of two respectable octavo volumes, he read, amidst his other engagements, in three days; and *so* read, as to be complete master of that author's views. He wrote an admirable piece, in which Smith's Theory was considered: nor had he, I believe, occasion to recur to that author again in any reference to his arguments. His mastery of Stewart, Reid, Locke and others, was equally rapid and complete. In metaphysical science he seems to have resembled Sir Isaac Newton in mathematics; who, it is said, merely *read* through Euclid, and perceived every demonstration as he passed along, without the labor of *working* the problems. Dr. Wardlaw, who knew the results, rather than the exact processes of his inquiries, has, by his statement of those results, shown that his acquisitions, though the effect of intense labor, must have been rapid: for, considerable as were his advances while at College, he carried thither an immense share of knowledge, at the age of fifteen years and nine months. "Seldom," says he, "Seldom, if ever, have I known a young man possessed

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of a richer combination of excellencies. His reading had been far beyond his years, in kind, in variety, and in extent; but it had not been beyond his understanding. It was well remembered, well digested, and ready for application to use. He was distinguished by a general maturity of mind, which evinced itself upon all subjects; by penetration and comprehensiveness of thought, acuteness in reasoning, dexterity in detecting and exposing the fallacies and weak points of an argument; by richness of poetic imagination, chastened and regulated by a correct and classical taste; and by an uncommon command of appropriate and elegant language, displayed in his compositions, both in prose and verse, and in the facility and eloquence of oral communication—a command which was the result of the early and well directed study of the most approved and standard writers."

He had ever been the companion of his aunt and his parents; entered, from his earliest years, into all our conversations; heard every thing we read together; and discussed what he pleased. This—circumstanced as we were—formed an essential part of our plan of education. He was, consequently, A KEEN DISPUTANT, though he never lost his temper in argument. There was a considerable playfulness of mind, even in his most serious reasonings; and a consciousness of intellectual strength made him apparently easy in the most knotty questions to which he directed his attention. From the thrilling transactions of the world, he was, almost necessarily, A WARM POLITICIAN at seven; and I have known him, at that early age, burn with indignation, or burst

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into tears, when he thought the British name had been dishonored; or a state delinquent sheltered, by the power of party, from deserved punishment. He became almost imperceptibly acquainted with the nature of different governments; and had, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, well studied that of his own country, in De Lolme, Hume, and others.

He was endued with AN UNCOMMON SHARE OF GOOD SENSE,—discerning and prudent beyond almost any person I ever knew. One interview with a stranger would generally enable him to form a just estimate of the character. *I* have often, in such cases, asked his opinion, and have never, that I recollect, found him mistaken; for subsequent acquaintanceship with the individual has confirmed the justness of his first conclusions respecting him. So deep was our conviction of his prudence, that in almost every thing of an important nature, we consulted him from the age of twelve. His reasons—often profound, almost ever just—ingeniously and forcibly stated, have frequently altered the determinations of my whole family council; and in no single instance have we eventually regretted that he was suffered to influence our decision. In some cases, I believe, we *have* regretted that we had not acted according to his judgment.

His AFFECTION towards his parents and friends was TENDER AND ARDENT. He seemed ever to feel that he lived for *us*. Nothing ever charmed him so much as to be about our persons, and to minister to our pleasures. To accomplish this—play, dearly as he loved it—

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youthful companions—every thing—would be abandoned.

His DISPOSITION WAS REMARKABLY SWEET—and in this, as in the powers of his mind, he was the very counterpart of his beloved mother. We went, from the beginning, upon the principle of never teasing him, or of suffering him to be teased. We had seen some children rendered incurably pettish, by being often thwarted and disappointed, in order to inure them to disappointment, and to improve their tempers! ! The wisdom of such a procedure we left other parents to exemplify! Our plan was, ever to keep him in good humour. Many will read this, who knew him from his infancy to his death; and I may fearlessly state, before them, his claims to one of the most lovely dispositions they have ever known. He was three successive winters under the roof of Dr Wardlaw,* who says, "With his high intellectual qualities, there were united an excellent natural temper, and dispositions singularly amiable. Always open and affable, he was equally distant from the extremes of levity and moroseness. All the while he was under my roof, I do not remember to have seen him once out of temper. If he ever was, he had the good sense and self-command to restrain its improper expression. He was the pleasantest of inmates:—temperate, regular, chaste, upright and faithful, ever ready to oblige, ever fearful of being troublesome, and thoroughly domestic in all his habits, he was a universal favourite in the family, with parents, and children, and servants."

* Funeral Sermon.

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He HAD GREAT DELICACY OF SENTIMENT. Full of wit, with a boundless command of the ludicrous, and even of the sarcastic, he never made any man feel its sting except for arrogance, or licentiousness, or for both united. On one occasion, to chastise for a moral delinquency, he wrote, and I believe, sent, anonymously, to the individual for whom it was intended, a poem, which for severity of expression, has seldom been surpassed. I will not give a clue by which that individual shall be known; and, therefore, this statement of a fact can wound no one. "With these powers and capacities," says Dr. Wardlaw, "he associated an amusing PLAYFULNESS OF MIND, which highly enjoyed a little facetious pleasantry, and at times sparkled in genuine wit; which occasionally indulged itself in harmless satire, and good-humoured sophistry, and now and then frolicked, with the happiest effect, in the *jeux d'esprit* of sportive verse."

He was the frequent companion of many who were very much his inferiors—yet IN NO SINGLE INSTANCE IN HIS LIFE, I BELIEVE, DID HE EVER INFLICT A WOUND, BY MAKING ANY OF THEM FEEL THAT HE THOUGHT HIMSELF THEIR SUPERIOR. He descended to all their little chat, their games, their gambols, and would, in an instant, turn from the discussion of the origin of evil, or of fate and free will, to the whipping of a top, or the flying of a kite. Towards all his acquaintance, but especially towards his aunt and parents, his constant study was how to do the kindest things in the most delicate manner. And often have we appealed to him for decision in *our* manner of doing things; and in no instance repented of abiding by his advice.

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His CHEERFULNESS was great and almost uninterrupted. Though endued with a heart of considerable sensibility, warmed with the most affectionate attachments; and possessed of an imagination teeming with the most exquisite associations of poetic thought; he had nothing morbid in his constitutional feelings. Except during his first month or two at College, in 1818, I never knew him cast down for a day. Even in the loss of a mother, whom he almost idolized, there was nothing beyond the most manly and sacred grief: and he had then sufficient energy and spirits to become the supporter of his father and his aunt. We never had trifled with his feelings. We could not endure the infliction of an unnecessary pain, even in joke: for we were aware that good tempers are sometimes injured, and bad ones made worse, by those little vexations which either create or increase a feverish irritability of spirits, that frequently ends in deep and incurable gloom. His face, which spoke his heart, was the very index of content and happiness.

His CANDOUR was not the least striking feature of his character; and HIS LOVE OF TRUTH was so inflexible, that, I believe he never so much as *approached* towards a falsehood in his life. He had not the folly to throw open his heart to all men. He knew, from a child, almost all the secrets of our family, nor did we, except in cases of peculiar delicacy, wish him to be ignorant of them: but he never even to his most favourite servant, disclosed a thought which we could wish him to conceal. He was remarkably reserved and cautious before strangers, and most prudently so, even with his

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more intimate acquaintance; but never did his tongue and heart disagree. All who *knew* him could rely on his perfect sincerity. I have never known an event in his history, which touched him so tenderly, as one which *seemed to imply* a doubt of his truth. On a memorable occasion, he had written to a gentleman, who had previously shown him much attention, and for whom he felt great respect, and almost a filial affection, disavowing an action charged upon him; which, without impeaching his integrity, reflected on his delicacy and prudence. An answer was returned, full of affectionate expressions, *but taking no notice of his avowal of innocence.* He wrote to me in the bitterest anguish, that, by that silence, the gentleman should imply a doubt of his honor. That silence was probably a mere oversight: for his learned correspondent did, I am confident, know him too well, really to suspect the truth of his assertion; and certainly had too much affection for him to have intentionally inflicted a wound on a heart so candid, so tender, so christian. But if it were intentional, his FRIEND (for his previous and subsequent kindness justifies the employment of the term) was soon convinced that he had for once mistaken William's character; for he presently after treated him with marked and respectful attentions, and was among the first to bear an unsolicited testimony to the splendor of my son's talents, and to the virtues of his heart.

Much as he owed to the natural temper with which God had favoured him; to the eminently bright example and judicious instructions of his mother; as well as to the general plan of his education;—HIS MORAL VIR-

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TUES, AND EVEN A LARGE PORTION OF HIS INTELLECTUAL ENDOWMENTS, ARE DISTINCTLY AND UNEQUIVOCALLY ASCRIBABLE, EITHER DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, TO HIS PERSONAL RELIGION. Christianity presented to his mind an object of constant, unparalleled, infinite importance,—roused his understanding to its utmost vigour of exertion; awakened and kept alive all the best affections and holier tendencies of a renewed heart;—checked the intrusion of the baser passions, or kept them from gaining a malignant ascendancy:—taught him to feel responsible for his talents and advantages, and, on *principle*, to improve them with a view to future usefulness;—threw open, before his ardent mind, prospects more than commensurate with his unusually extended views;—and, by its displays of redeeming grace, through the great Mediator, made him ever feel that "God is Love." And, while such views, considered in all their truth and importance, offered to his understanding excitements, in comparison with which every branch of learning was insignificant; they gave to his powers that activity, which enabled him to gain a comparatively easy triumph over almost all difficulties, in every department of literature and science to which his attention was directed.

This RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE caused him to do what he thought to be his duty, how little soever his natural temper and taste inclined him to the performance. His favourite studies were, the CLASSICS; HISTORY, especially as exhibiting the effects of different political constitutions; and MENTAL PHILOSOPHY, in all its branches; but he knew that MATHEMATICS, which he detested, ought to be studied, and he set himself to the task, with a deter-

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mination to excel. He says in a letter written during his first session, and when about sixteen, "I have plenty of work cut out for the vacation—Algebra and Geometry, both of which I *hate;* but I have long learned to conquer likings and dislikings of this kind—two or three vacation exercises, I hope, besides reading the classics, and following out a course of study in preparation for the Logic class.—I am in great hopes that we shall have some *laborious* vacation exercises. There are only the mathematics I dread. I am sure my skull has not that bump; or bumps are deceitful." If he gained no particular distinction, he lost no part of his fame, with the mathematical class of last winter; and I have, it will have been seen, the authority of Dr Meikleham, who was to have conducted him through the higher branches of that science, in its application to natural philosophy, for saying, that William's commencing Essay in his class gave him promise of the highest honors. He acted from a sense of duty in this, as in other things; and as that sense of duty sprung from his christian principles, and was strengthened by them; it cannot be denied, that RELIGION contributed materially to form even his *mental* character. And how it affected his moral feelings, and his conduct in life, can be conjectured only by those who have themselves enjoyed—and, in an extensive circle of christian acquaintance, have seen—the full operation of divine principles. Religion cheered his soul in all its sorrows, and enabled him to "comfort us with the same comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God." Oh! how eloquently, sweetly and evangelically, has he dwelt with me, in

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our walks and rides, on some strikingly original thoughts on the blessedness of the righteous both on earth and in heaven,—especially in reference to one who was ever present to our imagination,—thoughts, which refreshed my soul with views of glory; which then charmed, now cheer me, and must ever dwell in my memory!

THE SCRIPTURES TEACH US TO ASCRIBE EVERY THING GOOD IN MAN TO THE INFLUENCE OF THE DIVINE GRACE. "It is God that worketh in us to will and to do." This, so far from superseding the necessity of means, always supposes their existence. On miraculous communications, neither revelation nor fact warrants us to calculate, in the ordinary government of the world, or in the sanctification of the heart. Under this impression, his parents conscientiously employed every method which appeared to them most calculated to inform his mind on religious subjects, and especially to impress it with awful and cheering views of the divine character. In our representations of infinite benevolence—splendid proofs of which were ever shining around us, and shining pre-eminently in the gospel,—we never dared to hide from him the irreconcileableness of sin with the divine nature; and the impossibility of ever enjoying the presence of God, without that purity of heart, which the Holy Spirit produces; and which it is equally our duty and our privilege to implore from Heaven. This preserved him from the flippant, unmanly, unthinking and irreverent practice of those, who take their stand on a benevolence imperfectly under-

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stood, and thence argue,—in opposition equally to all fair analogy, and unequivocal declarations of holy writ, —that there can be no future punishment, or no such punishment as the scripture threatens;—and who, amidst their fancied demonstrations, laugh at its alarming representations, as the bugbear of the nursery, or the invention of mercenary priests and gloomy fanatics. He never spoke of the GOD OF LOVE, but in terms of profound reverence; and never could contemplate that love apart from those other equally essential perfections of the divine character, at which a wise and thoughtful man must tremble. "For our God is a consuming fire." This view, without throwing a particle of gloom into his religion, rendered it deeply serious.

It will not be denied that, under God, he may have owed a large portion of his religion to early domestic instruction. And, unless we are to suppose that, on religious subjects, every man is to gain his knowledge by intuition, or by a miraculous inspiration from heaven, what can be more reasonable, than to expect that education, in this, as in other departments, should be the great means of illuminating and informing the mind? Were any man disposed to ascribe every thing truly virtuous and christian in the human character, to education, exclusive of a heavenly, however undefinable, influence; he is, if a professed believer in revelation, referred at once to the inspired record; or, if not a believer, to the evidence of facts. Or, should a man object to the *reasonableness* of religion, from the circumstance, that it may be so greatly and so generally ascribed to the instrumentality of early teachers, and to

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the formation of early associations and habits,* I would

* For the sake of my youthful readers, I will transcribe, and recommend to their serious attention, the close of an ESSAY ON HABIT, written by William, when in the moral Philosophy class. "All these curious questions, however, sink into comparative unimportance, when we turn our eyes to the actual results, which arise from the operation of habit, whatever may be its exact nature. What is the wretch, sinking under the consequences of vicious gratification—diseased in body, but more diseased in mind—frequenting, with unwearied diligence, the haunts of dissipation, although his pursuit of pleasure end only in the bitterness of disappointment, or the loathing of disgust; and, with sedulous assiduity, endeavouring to secure those luxuries, the presence of which can no longer prevent uneasiness, although their absence would excite emotions nearly allied to agony? What is the old man, who, fondly and weakly clinging to a world he must so soon quit for ever—who, averting his eye from that unseen futurity, to which the voice of his God is about to summon him—and who, looking back, not with repentance, but with regret, on those vices in which he is still disposed, but not still able, to indulge—drags into scenes of gaiety, for which the infirmities of age have totally unfitted him, a body worn down by disease, and impressed (so to speak) with the signet of death;—and thus vainly endeavours, by engaging in a round of what would once have been pleasures, to forget the grave that awaits him, and the tribunal at which he must so shortly appear? What are these wretched characters but fearful examples of the unconquerable force of HABIT?

"And what is he, who, after having, in the strength of heavenly principle, resisted temptation, whether presented in the form of sarcastic severity, and acute ridicule, and violent opposition; or under the more alluring aspect of friendly invitation, and hearty conviviality, and fascinating amusement, and seductive pleasure—who, after having led a life of the most exalted virtue, and the most unimpeachable integrity—and who, after having practised the strictest morality, till his perseverance has reduced to com-

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refer him to a work, with which my dear son was in his last year most intimately acquainted;* and to which, it will have been seen, his letters refer, in terms of high, if not unqualified admiration:—when the objecter shall have refuted that book, we pledge ourselves to meet him on some other ground.

But great as was the influence of his education, and of the lovely associations of infancy and boyhood, HE WAS NO BELIEVER ON TRUST.† He examined and thought for himself; and though this has been referred to in an early part of his history, I must here repeat, that his religion was *most rational:* he had examined, by the most rigid processes of inquiry, every step of his way to the firm conviction that "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." And such was the firmness of that conviction; such his perfect ac-

parative powerlessness the attractions of vice—is about to leave a world, where he has little to regret, although much to enjoy—a world, where, among many avoidable and some inevitable evils, he sees, every here and there, the blessed effects of his own benevolent exertions—a world, of which he was, in life's meridian, the blessing; but on which his setting sun is shedding a still softer and purer radiance;—What is such a man but a fine example of the results which flow from virtuous HABITS?"

* Bishop Butler's Analogy.

† He says, in an essay on Superstition, written before he was thirteen, "It is not superstitious to receive religion with all its marvels; but it is superstitious to receive *even* religion without examination. This implicit belief in the common religion because it is the common religion, has been the foundation of the temples of Venus and Bacchus; it has supported the papal throne, as well as the ridiculous doctrines of the Koran."

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quaintance with objections, and his mastery of the whole argument; and such his acuteness in discovering the fallacy of the most specious reasonings; that I would, without a moment's dread of consequences, have risked him at fifteen, with the most ingenious infidel in Europe. This state of mind too was the result of education—yet of an education, which never blinked the difficulties attendant on the inquiry; but met them, in the confidence of the easy triumph which an honest regard to truth ensured.

Satisfied with its evidences, but not content to know that it came from God, he SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURE as for "hidden treasure." His opinions in religion were what are ordinarily termed evangelical—he was DECIDEDLY EVANGELICAL. On that profound subject, which has, in some of its modifications, divided the world in all ages and countries, but on which the humbly wise and good will agree to differ—a subject on which man *will* think, but to the comprehension of which the powers of man are unequal—on that subject, he firmly held the general opinions of moderate Calvinists, both as best agreeing with certain fixed principles of philosophy, and with the untortured language of scripture. He had thought, and could reason on this subject with uncommon acuteness; and would sometimes, with perfect ease, involve a bold disputant on either side, in the inexplicable difficulties of the question. He felt almost a contempt for those dogmatists of any party, who talk loosely, ignorantly and confidently; and pretend that their opponents are either blind or disingenuous. Knowing the precise state of the question, and honestly taking

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his side, he never hesitated to avow his opinions, when they were called for: but, seeing all the difficulties which met an inquirer, in either path, he considered the adoption of a class of opinions opposite to his own as reflecting no disgrace upon either the head or the heart. And I need not say to those who know me, that —decidedly Calvinistic myself,—I accord perfectly with his views. He loved good men of every name; and considered that genuine religion consisted in the personal and powerful application of truths held in common by all real christians, rather than in the adoption of those peculiar opinions which distinguish any one denomination.

He had, from an early period, been accustomed to read some of the most serious, searching, and experimental writers—as Baxter, Leighton, Jeremy Taylor, Saurin, and others, who lay open the heart, and show all the various exercises to which it is subject in the christian life. These were principally his Sunday reading; though, till after he went to College, he had not *much* leisure; having, from his eighth to his sixteenth year, been generally employed in teaching a Sunday School class. As narrative, however, has charms, which purely didactic performances do not possess, we put into his hands, and he read through, Milner's Church History, Middleton's Biographia Evangelica, (a heavy work, but containing much important information) and Burnet's History of the Reformation. These put him in possession of the controversies between the catholics and protestants; while Neale's History of the Puritans, Bogue and Bennet's History of Dissenters, and some other

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works of the kind, brought him acquainted with the grounds on which our non-conforming forefathers gave up their livings in the establishment, and founded those churches, to one of which he himself, not less conscientiously, than from early habit, belonged.

Accurate, however, and extensive as were his views of divine truth, he knew very soon that TO REST IN THAT KNOWLEDGE WOULD LEAVE HIM AFTER ALL DESTITUTE OF THAT GENUINE PERSONAL RELIGION WITHOUT WHICH NO MAN CAN SEE GOD. He knew that christianity, if effectual to salvation, must have a renovating influence; elevating the principles, and purifying the affections of the soul, and regulating the conduct of life: and that which he *knew*, I trust he also *felt*. He did not, indeed, obtrude his feelings, by making his "*experience*" the topic of conversation; and, under professions of humility, directing the attention of mankind to himself;—he did not consider that that state of internal conflict to which the soul is subject; that those varieties of feeling which are peculiar to each individual; those sacred emotions of the heart which belong to the soul itself, and are fit only for the eye of God, and of the most intimate christian friend; should be thrown open by christians themselves to the gaze of the world. He had been taught to think and speak soberly of himself; to cherish, as the only means of maintaining "the life of God in the soul," a spirit that would cultivate communion with God in secret; and to display, in something less equivocal than words which a hypocrite might utter, the fruits of his more retired exercises,—*in the avoidance of sin, and in the performance of every christian duty*. He was not

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only vexed to hear the cant of hypocrites; but I have known him more than once deeply grieved to hear those, whom he believed to be good men, expressing themselves in a tone of spirituality, and of abstractedness from the world, beyond what he *knew* to be consistent with their habitual temper and conduct. With those, who lived near to God, whose meekness, and gentleness, and goodness were exemplary,—whose hearts were evidently fixed on things above—he could sit with pleasure, "from early dawn to dewy eve," and hear *them* declare the things of God.

Dr Wardlaw* says, "But high as this character is —excellent and engaging as this portrait appears—it is not yet finished. It wants a principal feature. Or rather, I should say, it wants that animating soul, that living and vivifying principle, that 'vital spark of heavenly flame,' which imparted to the whole at once its energy and its loveliness, its finest expression both of attractive grace, and of commanding dignity. I need hardly say, that I mean RELIGION. I have no hesitation in adding this to the intellectual and moral qualities that have already been enumerated. Yes: the splendor of science was, in him, united with the mild and holy radiance of sincere piety;—not the sentimental piety of poetry and romance, but the intelligent devotion of examined and settled principle. He was a firm believer in divine revelation: and his was not a mind that could ever be satisfied with a belief, resting on mere educational prejudice and prepossession. True—he had been brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He had

* Funeral Sermon.

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seen religion under its most inviting aspects * * * * * and why should not this have contributed to produce the early impression, and to settle the matured and permanent conviction of its reality and its excellence? Such manifestations of its influence form a part of the legitimate and conclusive evidences of its truth. But his convictions did not rest on this ground alone. The truth of the gospel was a question, of which he felt the infinite importance, and which he was early encouraged to examine. He gave all his mind, with becoming seriousness, to the inquiry; he weighed proofs; he considered objections; he searched the scriptures—for himself. His faith was thus founded in evidence, and established by his own experience of the power of those motives to godliness, which the gospel presents to the mind. Amidst the temptations of youth, and especially the fascinating seductions of 'the honor that cometh from men,' he maintained a steady and dignified consistency; he was capable, I am well persuaded, of no unworthy compromise, of no timid sacrifice of principle, no self-interested or unmanly acquiescence in what he conceived to be erroneous in sentiment, or vicious in conduct. He did not obtrude his principles, but he never shrunk from their avowal. Those who knew him best, his associates and competitors in study, will bear me witness, that he had nothing about him of the *cant* of religion. He made no high and forward pretensions; no effort to appear more than he actually was. He was serious on serious subjects, and would never bear to hear them treated with levity. But he was cheerful and open as the day. He entered, with a char-

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acteristic vivacity, into every thing connected with the business either of his class, or of the University. Whatever approached to hypocritical affectation or disingenuousness, he held in unqualified abhorrence; and on no subject was his abhorrence more indignant, than on the subject of religion, of which humble sincerity is the first and most essential attribute."

His genuine piety, his paramount regard to evangelical truth, made him one of the most candid of hearers, whether in private or in the house of God. He has often listened, with pleasure and profit, to men of the most humble talents, in whose statements he could instantly perceive a want of critical accuracy, or any thing like inconsequential reasoning: but where the preacher's manner was unaffected, and his aim obviously to do good, he never made more than a passing remark, in his kindest manner—*and that was kind, indeed*—rejoicing in the hope that good would be done by the exhibition of truth, on the whole, so just and so simple. Though he ardently loved those discourses which called his faculties into full action; he approved of none, how elaborate, profound, or eloquent soever, which did not show to man, his ruin as a sinner, and display the glories of Christ as the only and all-sufficient Saviour. He knew that there was no legitimate topic of pulpit discussion which would not fairly admit the introduction of those cardinal truths of christianity; and he felt that ignorant and dying men were not treated kindly or justly, if the preacher did not at once fairly expose to them their danger, and direct them to the evangelical remedy. Of all preachers living, he admired and loved no

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one more than Dr Wardlaw, whose evangelical style of preaching is well known, but whose delicacy I will not offend by saying, while he lives, all that my dear son thought of him, as a philosopher, a christian, and a minister of religion.

This imperfect sketch of my dear son's character is recommended to the notice and general imitation of my youthful readers. They have already seen how RELIGION guided him in life: they will presently perceive what a calmness it gave to the hours that immediately preceded his death. Were I to address them from his grave, I could find no language so expressive of my own views,—none so much calculated to impress their minds, as that of Dr Wardlaw, in the beautiful and impressive sermon, to which such frequent references have been already made.

"'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes;—but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Wherefore, remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh; for childhood and youth are vanity. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.'

"There are present, I presume, not a few, who are pursuing the same course of study which our friend has so suddenly and prematurely closed; and some, it may be, of his intimate associates in that useful and honorable career—who admired his talents, who esteemed

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his virtues, who enjoyed his society, who valued his friendship,—and who now, in heaviness of spirit, miss him in the class-room, in the private walk, in the friendly party, and in the social discussions of philosophy and literature :—'the place that knew him knowing him no more.'—To such let me say—Emulate his ardour in the acquisition of knowledge : imitate his constant attention to his studies, his industry and perseverance, his honour and openness and candour, his good humour and kindness. But above all, allow me, with affectionate earnestness, to beseech you,—follow him in his piety. You admired his talents : let his talents recommend the principles of his character. Let his learning bespeak a favourable regard to his religion. Let the sentiments which he entertained be counted worthy of your serious examination. Treat not with contempt or indifference what he held in high estimation. And let his testimony to the religion of the gospel come to your minds and hearts, with the solemn interest which ought to accompany the counsel of a dying friend.

"O recollect, from whom you have derived your powers, and by whom they are maintained in exercise! Remember that He who gave and who continues them, can, in a moment, by a single paralyzing touch, reduce them to utter impotence, and turn the thrillings of admiration, in the bosoms of all that know and love you, into the meltings of pity. Forget not, that the possession of superior powers and superior attainments involves in it a corresponding obligation and responsibility. Be not ye guilty of the ingratitude and infatuation of prostituting and alienating them from their Author, and from

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the high purposes for which he has conferred them. Whatever may be the profession you choose for the occupation of your future life, whilst you sedulously apply your faculties to the fulfilment of its duties, O be not unmindful of the claims, the high, the paramount claims of him who gave you being,—who constituted your minds what they are, and gave you your opportunities for their improvement. Let all be sanctified by piety; all consecrated to God at the foot of the CROSS; all cordially inscribed with "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.'—Let God himself be the object that supremely engages the powers of your understandings and the affections of your hearts. Forget not the Creator, whilst you explore his works. Let the philosophy both of mind and matter draw your souls, in devout adoration, to the Fountain of all existence.

"O beware of that strangest and falsest of all the associations of thought that have ever been formed in the human mind,—the association of *piety* with *weakness*. —Whatever is excellent and honourable you have been accustomed, and not without reason, to connect with eminence in mental qualifications, and with high attainments in useful learning:—nor would I quench, or even damp, I would rather stimulate your ardor. But why, O why is it that with piety should so frequently be associated the impression of imbecility, and a secret consciousness of shame and fear of avowal? There is a high-minded spirit of independence, that is, alas! too captivating to the youthful heart, and tempts it to throw off the restraints of religion, to disengage itself from vulgar shackles,—the shackles of weak and ordinary

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minds. But was ever conception more false? Was ever association of ideas more presumptuous? Was ever independence of spirit more miserably mis-named? Was ever feeling of shame more mis-placed and groundless? Was ever shrinking timidity more basely dishonourable?—Piety weakness! O what must the infinite God, the great object of all the sentiments and affections and services of piety,—what must He think of such a connexion of ideas as this!—Piety weakness! It is the purest excellence, and the sublimest elevation,—the felicity alike and the glory of the most exalted of created natures. O, there is no illusion of the youthful mind, no one of the many spells by which it is fascinated and bewildered, that I should be more earnestly solicitous to break and to dissipate than this. Away with it from your minds! It is unworthy of a place in the bosom of any rational being. Let the example that is before you this evening contribute to satisfy you, that true religion, whilst it may, (blessed be God!) be the happy inmate of the weakest mind, does, at the same time, ennoble the loftiest and most powerful;—that though it can dwell in the most limited, it can fill the amplitude of the most capacious."

His views, and his experience of the gospel, so happily calculated to accompany and guide him in all his path through life, and to comfort him amidst its inevitable trials;—did not fail to support him in the hour of his dissolution. That hour is past. And my hand al-

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most refuses—my full heart and my weeping eyes, will scarcely permit my hand—to do its office—in detailing the circumstances just preceding, and immediately connected with, that awful and overwhelming event.* * *

When he left us in October last, his aunt was in no more than her usual state of weakness. I apprehended that she could not live through the winter: *she* felt an *assurance* of dying. But as both were unwilling to deepen the gloom which such a prospect produced, neither of us mentioned to the other the suspicion entertained; fondly hoping that each was ignorant of the danger which the other perceived. I found, after her death, that she had mentioned to a young friend her approaching end, but said, "I know how much my beloved brother and nephew will feel it, and I will not distress them by expressing my opinion on the subject." Once, about six weeks before his departure, I tenderly hinted to my beloved child the fears I entertained. He felt the suggestion most exquisitely; and in a manner more hurried than I had ever witnessed, he said, "Oh! don't, my dear father! don't indulge such apprehensions! She has been weaker than she is now, and has recovered." This, I have reason to think, was said to cheer me;—was, at best, the expression of his wishes, rather than of his hopes. I never distressed him, by another reference to an event of whose rapid approach I felt a fixed assurance; but on which neither of us could dare to converse. On the morning that he left us, we tenderly embraced, and contrived to smile. My eye followed him till the coach vanished from my sight. My heart felt an unusual burden: for though I enjoyed

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the prospect of his return in the spring, there was a feebleness in the expectation for which I could not account; and a natural dread that, on returning, he would find no kind aunt to welcome and embrace him with me. He arrived safely at Glasgow; and a letter, affording unspeakable delight, announced that event to us on the first Sabbath of November. This, with the blest enjoyments of that holy day, produced in my mind a state of happiness which I never expect to find surpassed till I arrive in heaven. Was it graciously afforded, to fortify me for the scenes through which I had so soon to pass?

In less than a fortnight after his departure, my beloved sister was seized with pains in her head, unusually violent, which, proving to arise from hydrocephalus, terminated her life in less than a week. She was the sixth of our dear friends and relations who had died in a little more than twelve months. Left alone by her death, I felt inconceivably desolate; and, while I was receiving congratulations on her removal from this scene of constant suffering to a state of perfect bliss, my heart was—perhaps, selfishly—mourning that I had now no domestic companion that could weep or rejoice with me, no dear object on whom I could expend my sympathy and attention. But I had yet a son, on whose continued life I might fairly calculate; and from whom I might expect all the gratification that talents, industry, affection, and christian worth could afford.

Here let me, for one moment, pause, to weep over the remains of a sister, whom, with only two exceptions, I loved, for twenty years, more dearly than any other

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human being. She was one of the very best persons I ever knew; and I bless God, that with no small share of the imperfections of our common nature about me, I yet contributed largely to her happiness for nearly the latter half of her life. I will here take the liberty of extracting from a periodical religious journal a part of her character there briefly delineated.—"Possessed of respectable talents, highly cultivated, and with a heart ever alive to the glory of God and the welfare of her fellow-creatures, she was admirably fitted to concur with her late sister in forming and maintaining those benevolent institutions which, it is hoped, will long continue to bless the places of their residence. In 1807, she came with her venerable mother, to reside with Mr. and Mrs. Durant; and resumed in Poole the habits of activity by which she had been distinguished at Newbury. Seven years ago, however, it pleased God to visit her with an illness which continued, without a day's intermission, till her death. Though her weakness was always great, and her pains were often excessive, she never forgot the wants and woes of others. Her personal exertions were indeed limited, but she was still the centre and the soul of a large circle of operations. She suggested methods and supplied means, by which many others became, in some degree, capable of supplying her 'lack of service.' And it affords her surviving friends one of their richest consolations, that, through divine grace, she was disposed to devote so large a portion of her time and income to the noblest of purposes. In her healthier days, she was a diligent superintendent and teacher of the female Sunday School; and more than

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one of her scholars, on joining the church, ascribed their first and best religious impressions to her serious and affectionate addresses when they were under her care. Yet, while almost prodigal of thought, time, health, and property, in the service of her fellow-creatures, she looked only to the grace of God, her Saviour, for acceptance and eternal life. It pleased her Heavenly Father to afford her, during her long and trying affliction, a calm, and even a cheerful, submission to his will. In her moments of exemption from extreme pain and lassitude, she was still capable of enjoying—and of enjoying intensely—the company of her endeared family and select christian friends. Nor was there, perhaps, a moment in which her mind was suffered to entertain a serious doubt of her interest in the blessings of the gospel. Her concluding struggle, though severe, was but short. She was at last confined to her bed, only four days. On the sabbath preceding her dissolution, she had the satisfaction of attending, though amidst weakness and pain, the communion of the Lord's Supper. Her faculties remained unimpaired to the last hour; and though the nature of her disease prevented much conversation, yet what she did say was every thing that affection, and a soul fitted for union with the spirits of 'just men made perfect,' would dictate. About an hour before her decease, she gently withdrew her hand from that of an affectionate attendant, joined both her own hands, as if in the attitude of devotion, and calmly whispered, 'Precious Saviour! rich grace! glorious blessings!' May our life and latter end be like her's!"

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Deep as was my sorrow for her death, and desolate as I now felt my condition to be, there were, as it respected her, many grounds of consolation, which, as the violence of my anguish subsided, presented themselves to my mind;—and while my understanding perceived their justness, my heart began to feel their force. I was regaining a portion of my usual cheerfulness, which would, I dreamed, have soon been complete, but that I thought of the sorrow of my son, for whom I now seemed almost entirely to live; and who would, I feared, indulge a tender, overwhelming and long-continued grief for his best and dearest female friend. And though, in general, I certainly looked forward to his return next spring with pain; yet I was able, at some seasons, calmly and comfortably to contemplate his stay under the parental roof for twelve or eighteen months before he should actually enter an Inn of Court; and had begun to plan a course of united study, for that anticipated time.

It was my anxious wish to break the news to him as delicately and gradually as possible. In a former letter, it had just been hinted that his aunt had a very bad pain in her head, which prevented her writing, as usual, on a part of the sheet. This, I thought, would just sufficiently awaken his fears, to prepare him for what might possibly—and for what did, in fact—happen. But as she was subject to the head-ache, he was not, it seems, at all alarmed. In order that the fatal intelligence might not come upon him too abruptly, I enclosed a letter (from which the following is an extract) for him to Dr Wardlaw, whose gentleness of nature is well

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known; and who would, I was sure, do all that even parental tenderness could dictate. William's keen eye instantly saw something which led him to anticipate the doctor's actual communication; and before his friend could well ask him, if he had lately heard from his father, he eagerly, and in evident anguish, exclaimed, "Is my aunt dead?"

Sabbath Morning.

"And now, my dearest, dearest, only earthly treasure, I proceed, as sighs and tears will allow me, to announce an event, which, I felt persuaded, at your departure, it would be the melancholy lot of some one to communicate before your return. As Dr Wardlaw will have prepared you for the distressing intelligence, I need not keep you in suspense. Last night, about nine, your best and kindest of relatives took her flight from us to God. It has, indeed, been an agonizing week for me; but the bitterness is past. I have kissed the poor insensible clay, till I almost imagined she returned my embrace: but the illusion has vanished; and I feel myself indeed alone. Knowing how dearly you loved her, and were beloved—knowing that while *she* lived, *you* were happy, my heart has bled more for you than even for myself. O God! grant that her death may never lead to consequences that shall affect the happiness of him for whom I should be contented to live in any condition—for whose good—dear as life still is—I should be contented to die at a stake!

"If, my dear, you should ask why I gave you no

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more specific account of her illness in my letter of last week, I will candidly tell you, it was to spare your feelings. She had a head-ache; which, in its first stages, resembled a complaint that some of your friends had had, and from which they had recovered. It was, indeed, alarming by the time I sent off the letter; but still the indications were not decisive. I thought it cruel to distress your mind by a thousand painful apprehensions, when she *might*, perhaps, by the time my letter should reach Glasgow, have been as well as usual."

* * * * * * * * * *

"It was not, of course, prudent to talk very much with her; but her conversation, whenever we did talk, was cheerful and calm, indicative of a heart at peace with God. She was peculiarly affectionate. There was one subject on which I scarcely felt myself at liberty, to touch: I feared it would be too much for her; yet I did venture, on Friday morning, to *mention you*. I had just received a letter from Mr James, expressing his regret at being from home when you passed through Birmingham; informing me that Dr Wardlaw, whom he saw in London, had spoken very highly of you; and, at the same time, saying some kind things himself. This I mentioned to her, thinking it would gratify. She wiped the tears from her swimming eyes, with —"*Dear precious boy! Oh! how are we blessed in him!*"—You may suppose I often and affectionately visited her. Yesterday forenoon, she seemed so remarkably well, that I held a (comparatively) long conversation with her. I never knew her more collected; never more tenderly affectionate. She then mentioned you for the last time

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—"*Oh! my beloved brother! what a treasure God has given us in that dear boy—that dear boy—that dear boy!*"

He felt her death most keenly; yet sent off the following letter, in order certainly to ease my mind, by representing his own as more calm, than, I fear, it really was. He made an effort; and, by that effort, he might have wrought himself into the momentary state of mind, which his language so sweetly breathes.

My dearest Father,

Thus far had I written before the distressing news arrived which has produced a deep effect on my mind. I thought of burning what I had written, that I might not trouble you with any thing unharmonious with the general tone of our feelings. As it is, however, important, and I hope not written in a spirit which will distress you, or of which the dear deceased would have disapproved, I let it stand. I weep for my beloved aunt most sincerely. I feel her loss most deeply. But they are not tears of bitterness, or feelings of hopeless sorrow. That I might have been more kind and attentive I know;* but my conscience acquits me

* This no one else knew; for never did a mother nurse, with more tenderness, or treat with more assiduous attentions, an only child, than he did his aunt. His conduct towards her was the admiration of all who knew us. And as this, and every other part of the Memoir are written for many who are perfectly acquainted with us and our domestic transactions, it must, in common candour, be supposed, that I have not ventured to depict scenes of blissful peace in my family, or to portray characters, which so many have it in their power—if the picture be overcharged—to pronounce extravagant.

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of having generally preferred my own will to her happiness; and I have the unspeakable consolation of knowing that I was, on the whole, made subservient to her enjoyments. As for herself, I can feel no sympathy, except the sympathy of joy—her afflictions exchanged for an exceeding weight of glory—her sickness, for that place where there is neither "sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain"—her comparatively inefficient desires after usefulness, for exertion, itself happiness! It is only a selfish sorrow—a feeling that something is torn away, with which every dearer association is connected—and that the last of a family which was distinguished for the best of nobility, is now gone to take possession of that "house not made with hands, eternal and on high,"—beyond the ken of mortals. It is for yourself I most deeply feel. The solitude of our house must indeed be gloomy. For the present you must have cousin Mary Anne, or somebody to stay with you. As for those more permanent family arrangements which the late mournful event renders necessary, my feelings are not at present such as to enable me to enter on the topic; nor are you, probably, in a fit state to receive my communications. I shall, however, soon take an opportunity of giving you my sentiments. I have the unspeakable happiness of *perfect confidence*, I feel that my interests are, in your hands, *perfectly safe*.

Ten thousand tender recollections present the image of our beloved relative in so many forms of mournful combination, that we cannot, perhaps, unfalteringly say, "Thy will be done." We can, however, now see that all was right; and what we now see, we shall soon

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be able to feel. When my dear and revered mother was snatched away, it was from the midst of a life then in its meridian, and affording, to the very last, hopes of future vigor. My dear aunt, however,—although useless she could not be—had been for years trammelled by weakness and disease—her constitution had long appeared to be without all power of renovation, and she seemed to be spared only to contribute to our good. All her weakness, pain and sorrow, are now exchanged for immortal vigor and eternal joy. Surely, then, she has gained more—infinitely more—than we have lost. And although to weep is unavoidable—to repine is unchristian, and almost unkind. My feelings on this occasion, are, indeed, of a peculiar order,—sorrow for *our loss*, satisfaction in *her gain*. We know that, whenever a christian friend expires, an infinitely blessed exchange has been made. But when that friend has left health, comfort, and the endearments of a numerous family behind, imagination cannot present a picture of unseen realities sufficiently vivid to illumine the darker hues which are immediately around us. In the present case, however, if we can but for a moment lay aside the feelings of *immediate mourners*, what is there in her past, to compare with her present, enjoyments? She appears to have held fast hold of the consolations of the gospel, when the deepest waters of Jordan were rolling round her: but, oh! if her *death* had been all dark and stormy,—her *life* would have given bright promise of eternal calm. She was a woman of comparatively little religious conversation—but then her whole life was one bright commentary on the doctrine of the cross—sober,

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unfeigned piety. All these things aggravate our loss, but then they concur to give a brighter indication of her present happiness and glory. Oh! that I may be able to imitate those who are gone before me! Pray for me, as I know you do. I hope to regulate my conduct,—as they would have me to regulate it—as you now would wish to see it regulated. To this, however, I am wholly inadequate, without divine assistance. Oh! may that assistance be afforded! I cannot say that your last letter had prepared me for this; although for years I have never opened a letter without deeming that such information *might* be contained in it. Friends here are all kindness.

Your affectionate, and,

be hopes, dutiful son,

W. F. DURANT.

"He appears to have begun," soon after this, and "at the time when his own illness was coming on, to compose a hymn on her death. The two following verses were found in his desk, recently written on a slip of paper. The encroachments of his own disease prevented his either re-touching them, or adding more. I give them in their first beautiful and touching simplicity. They show the bearing of his mind, and might be appropriately inscribed on his own early tomb:—

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Though to-night the seed be sown in gloom,
Amid darkness, (and) tears, and sorrow,
It shall spring from the tomb, in immortal bloom,
On the bright and glorious morrow.

The tears that we shed o'er holy dust
Are the tribute of human sadness;
But the grave holds in trust the remains of the just,
Till the day of eternal gladness." *

Before his letter arrived, I wrote to him again, immediately on returning from the funeral of his aunt: and I venture to give this epistle—though hastily written—both because he wrote an imperfect answer to it; and as a fresh proof of our mutual confidence.

Poole, Saturday, Twelve o'clock.

My dearest, dearest Treasure,

I AM now, *indeed,* alone—literally alone—for your cousins and friends are gone away. To say, I am *unhappy*, would be wrong; for I really am not so; but I feel most deeply and tenderly—and the more so, from having just seen the coffin of your dear, dear mother. I have all the consolation, on this occasion, which the most affectionate sympathy of friends can afford—and, I hope, even better consolation still. My reason and my christian principles have come in to my aid; and I see how much mercy there has been, and still is, in the dispensation. That she was spared to provide for your last journey to Glasgow: and that there was

* Funeral Sermon.

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such a temporary revival as to enable you to go off in comfort, are blessings not to be forgotten. And now, that I calmly look upon her past sufferings—and sufferings which she must still have endured, had she lived—I cannot indulge the selfishness of wishing her back. Yet, diseased as she was—full as she was of pain and lassitude—she did most materially contribute to our comfort. To *me*, in your absence, she was always an interesting object connected with my home—and to return was always pleasant to me, as my presence ever afforded pleasure to her. Indeed, my dear, it is cause of unfeigned thankfulness, that, through the divine goodness, we were enabled so greatly to alleviate her sorrows, and to make existence,—afflicted as she was—still a desirable good to her. After shedding our tears over her, our great business is, to consider the right improvement of the event. Could your dear mother and aunt now revisit and advise, I am sure they would enjoin upon us increased circumspection, devotedness and zeal. We have seen—alas! we *have* seen*—their distinguished excellencies. This fresh death has produced many an—"Ah! Poole has scarcely ever seen two such sisters! What institutions were there, when they came among us? And what institutions now among us did not owe their origin, or a large portion of their efficiency to them?"—This usefulness was not effected without considerable pecuniary sacrifices: but shall

* I alluded in this to the Roman use of the perfect tense, as "*vixerunt*," they *have* lived;—a delicate mode of announcing the death of their friends.

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you or I complain that we have so much less, in consequence?

I intend to preach to-morrow morning and evening; and in the afternoon, I have numerous baptisms. My friends, who can little tell the real state of my mind,—wish me not to undertake so much; but the truth is, I *must* be engaged; I *must* have an object that will, of necessity, call off my attention. I mean to have no spare time; but to do as I did on your dear mother's removal. This, while calculated to do myself good, is, I am convinced, what the dear departed, if they could but communicate their wishes, would enjoin upon me. I am the last man to imagine, that the withdrawment of so much excellence from my family and my circle of useful friends, should induce me to slothfulness, and to the neglect of duties which I ought, under any circumstances, to discharge. I trust your dear mother's removal neither diminished my wish to do good, nor has, in fact, lessened my usefulness. May you, my dear William, become increasingly earnest in pursuing "the mark of the prize of your high calling!" Oh! with what different feelings should we lament ungodly,—or even inactive and useless friends! May *our* surviving friends have, at least, as much relief at our graves, as we have had at the graves of those over whom we now weep!

When your beloved mother left us, I instantly saw what your aunt must feel in the contemplation of a possible, and not improbable event. As the feeling must have been a dreadful aggravation of her loss in dear Rebecca, I hastened, you may recollect, to assure her, on

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the next morning, that nothing but death should part us. It was ever after a consolation to me, that I had given her this prompt and quieting assurance. It is equally impossible but that some feeling, not altogether dissimilar, should, on the present occasion, arise in your mind. Let this, my beloved, satisfy you : *I will never move in any direction, without first consulting you, and never proceed a step without* YOUR CONCURRENCE. You know my integrity, and my affection for you too well to ask for any other pledge of my regard to your happiness. I have never found your opinion or advice wrong, on any question of prudence; and this, independently of my affection for you, and my general confidence in you, will induce me to consult you in every thing of importance. Lord Chatham wrote to his son William, "I know, at least, *one beardless man* at College." And I bless God that I know one man of *full understanding* and consummate prudence, under nineteen, at Glasgow. May my future conduct prove me worthy of such a man for my son!"

To this letter, he had attempted, at the commencement of his illness, to prepare an answer. "It was written at intervals under oppressive languor, which, to all who know the nature of his distemper, even in its incipient stages, will at once account for the absence of that correct and easy elegance by which his compositions were usually characterized." A letter from Dr Wardlaw, shows why it was not sent. As the last thing he ever wrote, it possesses an interest which parents can in some measure, understand. It will ever be preserved by me as a precious relic; though it is written

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with a confusedness and imperfection that renders it almost illegible.

My dearest, dearest Father,

Every loss I endure seems, by concentrating, to strengthen the affections; and, as my circle contracts, I fix myself more and more on you. You have my entire confidence and gratitude. My dear aunt had my warmest affections. She, however, is gone; and, we may confidently add, gone to glory. Never-ending felicity will now attend her. Neither nights nor days of sorrow, but an eternal day of felicity and glory. This is, indeed, sufficient to dissipate the gloom of the separation, and to obliterate even from *our* minds those past sufferings, which have terminated in an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Oh! may we be enabled—especially may *I* be enabled—for I know that *you* are pressing forward to the heavenly gate—may I be enabled to walk in the footsteps of the holy dead, and, not looking at the things of this life, to press towards those which are before, and thus to make my calling and election sure! What a blessing is it to look back on a life spent entirely in the service of God! Our dear friends have doubtless had the common failings of humanity: have needed the pardoning blood of Jesus; and have been saved by firm confidence in the great Mediator. Yet in the whole course of their lives, they at least sincerely professed the name of Jesus. We do not, I believe, know a single important action in which they have deviated from the straight and narrow

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path. My dear aunt did not possess the very brilliant talents by which my beloved mother was so highly distinguished. She had, however, sound and vigorous sense, and a heart eminently devoted to her God. My mother and yourself excepted, there never was a human being for whom I felt so much tender affection as for her. She is gone, however, to her rest, and I would not recal her. To weep is inevitable: but we ought not to weep as those who are without hope. With regard to your generous declaration, I have only to say that I will never stand in the way of *your* happiness, which is synonymous with *my own*."—The very last sentence he wrote to me! !—And ever shall I reflect upon it, with that mournful pleasure which such a declaration, from one whose heart was all sincerity, is calculated, in my circumstances, to inspire! Our ardent affection was mutual; never had been, and if God had spared him, never, I trust, would have been, cooled by a single suspicion!

There is reason now to believe, that the fatal and insidious disease which terminated his mortal existence, had commenced before he left home. He complained, I understand, of some peculiar, indescribable sensations in his head, during the whole of his journey from Poole to Birmingham. They continued, it is probable, afterwards; but, as they were unattended with pain, they appear to have excited no apprehensions; for he never mentioned them to his friends at Glasgow. Indeed, he spoke of them, at Birmingham, only in a jocular manner. But the shock produced by the intelligence of his

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aunt's death, gave a dreadful activity to the seeds of his disorder.

The fatal Tuesday (November 27) arrived, on which I had reason to expect my accustomed and cheering communication from Scotland. Once before—and only once—for the three preceding winters, a letter, from having been mis-sent, had come a day later than usual. I supposed it might have been so at this time; for his letter did not come. Little could I imagine that on that very day he left me forever! I had, on that day, written in anticipation of hearing from him; and commenced by saying, "I had expected to hear to-day from you. Perhaps, you misconceived the meaning of my request, and wait to hear again from me before you write: or you may have put your letter into the office on Friday; —and, the post not going as rapidly as I imagined, I may hear only by to-morrow. * * * Precious as a letter from you would be, I shall not distress myself. * * * I thank you, my love, for your affectionate and christian letter on the death of dear aunt; but, before I speak in reference to her, I will just answer, once for all, the former part of your epistle. Had not cousin John informed me of your intention, I should have been surprised at its contents. I cannot, to this moment, account for it. I had deemed it *so perfectly fixed that you were to go to the bar*, that I never expected to exchange with you a syllable more on the subject. Had you, voluntarily, and on principle, chosen the ministry, I should have been unspeakably delighted: but, in default of this, I never contemplated any thing else than the bar. Let us, therefore, consider this, as fixed—reserving, at

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any future time, the power of choosing the other profession, should you ever feel it your duty to preach the gospel. You cannot but know that there is one paramount desire of my heart—one continued, ardent prayer of my soul—that you may, through life, maintain a consistent, christian character; and that, after adorning—eminently adorning—'the gospel of God your Saviour in all things;' we may meet, in a better world; and form—with the dear departed saints, to whom we owe so much—portions of the whole family of heaven. I mean, God willing, to enter you in January, at an Inn of Court; to which you need not *actually* go for a year or two. This will be quite early enough; for I should wish you to pursue your *general* studies for some time longer. Lord Mansfield did not, I think, begin his *legal* studies till twenty-four or twenty-five. Sir William Jones even later. See—with all his legal lore and acumen—what a miserable figure poor Gifford cut, by the side of his really and *generally* learned antagonists, on the late trial! You know Cicero's fine description of an orator—and how much, besides a knowledge of law and legal antiquities, he conceives necessary to complete one. I certainly wish you to excel—and, deducting the one third, as you wish, I am sure that, with all the advantages you may yet enjoy, you have no bad chance of excelling. I trust that God will make you a blessing to the world. You will, then, I am sure, be as happy as can be fairly expected in this vale of tears."

I meant to have added, in a postscript, whatever might have been necessary in answer to the letter which

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I should—as I fondly expected—receive from him on the Wednesday. Wednesday arrived; and, while felicitating myself on the prospect of a letter from him, the postman brought me the following from Dr Wardlaw. I was terrified at the sight of *his* hand, and my mind—unaccustomed as it had ever been, and still is, to gloomy anticipations—instantly felt, "It is the precursor of my child's death."

Glasgow, November 23, 1821.

My very dear Sir,

I FEEL exceedingly that you should have suffered any measure of paternal anxiety, which I know you must have done for these two days past. Your justly dear and valued William, towards whom our attachment grows, the longer we know him, has been a good deal unwell for these some days past. He had written a letter nearly out the day before yesterday; which, however, having penned at our dining-room fireside, I found, on my coming home from my brother's at night, he had inadvertently left out on going to bed. I put it into my drawer; and, happening to go out early next morning, and being detained out by various businesses, it was too late for the post of yesterday, when I came home. Upon looking at it again himself, he said it was so ill written, he would not send it. To-day I hoped he might have been able to write another. But I must be his substitute, as he is, necessarily, confined to his bed. The doctors,—one of whom saw him the

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night before last, and who then prescribed a little medicine for his cold, and for cleansing his bowels, and bracing his stomach, and a gargle for his throat, which was not inflamed, but relaxed—have seen him again this morning, and have expressed a degree of apprehension of a tendency towards an affection of the head; to check which, in time, they have taken from him a considerable quantity of blood, and prescribed a fresh dose of aperient medicine.

I am well aware of the sensibility of a father's heart, and especially of the heart of a father situated as you are towards such a son. I have always, however, held it as my maxim, on which I have ever wished to be dealt with myself, that it is best to tell the precise truth to friends at a distance. The medical men give me hopes that the bleeding and other means may prove speedily effectual in checking and finally removing the tendency I have mentioned. They will be back this evening, and in the morning; and you may be assured, that no post shall pass without your hearing how he continues. I trust I shall be able to-morrow to relieve you from the anxiety which I know this letter must occasion; and which I most earnestly wish I could have avoided giving you. Deeply do I regret the distance that is between him and his fond father; as I know what a gratification it would be to you to tend him, and assist in bringing him round to wonted health and strength.

You may depend on his being nursed with all the care and tenderness which real attachment to himself, and parental sympathy with you can produce. He is a great favourite with us both;—and my dear wife is an

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excellent sick-nurse. I have been assisting at the taking of the blood and otherwise; and it is Saturday.

Most faithfully, your's,

RALPH WARDLAW.

GREAT as was my alarm, I resolved to wait the issue of another post. The following letter came, and determined my instant departure. "I am sorry I cannot relieve you from anxiety. The report of this morning was,—*No better.* The medical men have been here twice to-day, and will be twice more. The symptoms are *decidedly paralytic.* Oh! my dear Sir, it does pain my heart to tell you all this." I left home with but a feeble ray of hope to irradiate the gloom produced by my fears; but expected that, during the few hours of my stay in London, I might get possession of another letter from Glasgow on its passage towards Poole, which would teach me what I had to expect. Dr Wardlaw, naturally calculating on my departure, had directed for my nephew, and though I saw that letter, and could, almost at the risk of being committed to Newgate, have torn it from the hand of the clerk, I was obliged by the rigid laws of the post-office, to let it pass without the possibility of knowing its contents. This greatly aggravated my pains; and I proceeded to Manchester in the unutterable agonies of suspense—but,

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there, met the more dreadful, and all but overwhelming, confirmation of my most alarming apprehensions. I dare not even attempt a description of my agony,—*feeling, myself for the first time* COMPLETELY *destitute!* I bless God for the preservation of my reason, which I seriously feared would sink under the pressure of my accumulated sorrows.

Never, never can I forget the dreadful journey from Manchester to Glasgow—my feelings on approaching that city, and on entering the house of my invaluable friends, Dr and Mrs. Wardlaw. Parents themselves, and feeling all but parental affection for my beloved child, they bore with my weaknesses, wept with me, and sustained me—nor can I ever, while affection shall find a place in my heart, cease to feel towards them all that is due to the tenderest and most unbounded kindness. From them I learned all the melancholy particulars of the closing scenes; but instead of attempting to describe them myself, I will extract the brief account given in Dr Wardlaw's Funeral Sermon, p. 24—28.

"Is there not, to the heart of an agonized parent, feeling the dreary blank made in his society by the absence of such a son—is there not consolation, strong consolation, in the thought that he has seen the object of his love *safe before him?*—and may not this thought impart peace and joy to his spirit, while he travels onward the remainder of his pilgrimage? Suppose he had himself been first called away—could he, think you, notwithstanding the delight infused into his departing spirit by the conviction of that son's faith and piety and

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stability of principle—could he have left him behind, in a world abounding with every variety of temptation, without a secret pang of apprehension, without a feeling of tender solicitude about his highest interests?—But, by the divine arrangement, every thing of this kind is saved him. He can go through life, with the delightful impression, the calm and settled conviction, that the son of his heart's love, his dear, dear boy, is safe and happy. And when he himself shall be called away, instead of having to part from him, in that solemn moment, with emotions of anxious trepidation, it shall be one of the joys of his departure, that he is going to join his company, and to be with him for ever. Thus he has a new interest in heaven; and, in anticipating death, a new object of hope before him. Instead of wailing, in all the bitterness of unmingled and unmitigated wo, like David, over a son that had not only died—that had been little—but had died in unnatural and impious rebellion against his father and his God—'O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'—Instead of this, he can adopt the language of the same royal mourner, when his infant child, for whom he had fasted and prayed and wept, was taken from him—'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

"Our dear departed friend and companion was not one for whom we sorrow without hope. He was, as I have before mentioned, a firm believer of that gospel by which life and incorruption have been brought to light; and he felt and exemplified its sacred influence. After the tidings arrived of the death of that dear rela-

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tive who was removed so very recently before him, and who had been to him as a second mother, his mind was evidently drawn, with a peculiar degree of interest and impression, to the contemplation of eternal things. He conversed, with solemn pleasure, about death and heaven. His mind was serious and spiritual. It seems as if her departure had been purposely timed to prepare him for his own; and he was in a frame of mind for dying, before the symptoms of approaching death discovered themselves.

"During his short and rapid illness, the difficulty and indistinctness of articulation, which was one of its most affecting indications, rendered conversation impracticable. The testimony, consequently, of his faith and hope, was, of necessity, brief and limited. The questions which I felt it my duty to put to him in reference to his prospects for a future world when it became too evident that he was approaching its confines, were unavoidably, for the reason I have mentioned, so framed as to require no more than a simple negative or affirmative reply. In such circumstances we must be satisfied with what we *can* obtain; and all who knew the perfect ingenuousness of his character will attach to his answers the full credit of sincerity.—Standing by his bed-side, I took him affectionately by the hand, and, looking him in the face, repeated these words, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners:—You believe this saying?'—I thought as I began to speak, there was an attempt to restrain the nervous restlessness of the arm of which I held the hand, and that his

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countenance assumed a gently pleased and interested expression :—'You believe this saying?' 'Yes.'—'And it is the ground of your hope before God?' 'Yes.'—'Have you any fear of dying?' 'No.'—'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day :—You enjoy this persuasion, I trust?' 'Yes.'—'You remember David says, Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for *thou art with me*. He could not have had a better reason than this for fearing no evil?' 'No.'—'And this is the reason why *you* fear no evil?' 'Yes.'—'When God, in the bible, tells us not to fear, he always gives us a good reason why we should not. Fear not: for I am the first and the last, and the living one ; and I was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore; and have the keys of hell and of death. Fear not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee ; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. You are enabled, I hope, to resign yourself to his blessed will?' 'Yes.'——'You like to hear of Jesus Christ and his salvation?' 'Yes.'

"Such were the pleasing indications of the frame of his spirit in dying; and we could only regret that the nature of his disorder prevented the more full expression of it.

"I ought to add, that no patient could be more thoroughly submissive. From the commencement to the termination of his distemper, he never gave the slightest indication, by word, or look, or sign, of impa-

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tience, or repining, or discomposure, or of even a momentary reluctance to do, to take, or to bear, whatever was prescribed for him. It arose from that firmness of mind which always distinguished him, accompanied by a sense of propriety and duty, and a spirit of pious resignation."

At Glasgow, I received all the attentions which could be afforded by the friends, companions and preceptors of my departed child; many of whom accompanied me, with mourning hearts, to his last earthly home, in the yard of the North Church; where his remains were deposited, "to mingle with the dust—I was going to say, of *strangers*—but my heart refuses the word—I will rather say—of *friends*, although at a distance from his father's sepulchres. Those who had been laid in the same hallowed spot before him were, it is true, unacquainted with him, and he with them: but they were the kindred of such as knew and loved him well, and whose ashes will in a short time be successively joined to his own."*—There, to use my dear child's own words, on a similar occasion,—there,

> "The silent grave has claim'd her share of clay,
> And guards it till the great delivering day."

To his fellow-students of the Natural Philosophy Class, I am indebted for the following tender and beautiful address, presented to me the morning after my arrival.

* Dr Wardlaw's Preface.

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Rev. Sir.

At a moment when you must labor under the most acute feelings of parental sorrow, it would be unpardonable to intrude, if we were not assured that no allusion to that lamented event which has, unhappily, been its occasion, can add to its poignancy, or increase its power to absorb the mind.

We are aware, indeed, that the highest alleviation under so severe a stroke as that which has deprived you of a beloved son—and of such a son as it falls to the lot of few fathers to possess,—must arise from sources superior to that of human sympathy, however genuine; and we trust that such alleviation will be proportioned to the weight of that affliction which you endure: still we cannot refrain from expressing our heartfelt condolence in that loss which we all mourn, and giving utterance to those feelings of deep regret, which we cherish for one, now, alas! no more.

As his fellow students, we could not but be intimately acquainted with his intellectual endowments, which were of the highest order; and many of us were not less aware of the qualities of his heart.

It must be a subject of unfeigned regret to all who know of the event which we so much deplore, that those talents and virtues, which had raised their lamented possessor to such an elevation among his fellow students, and which seemed destined, ere long, to adorn the bar, or, perhaps, eventually, the senate of our country, have become prematurely the prey of death.

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It is but doing justice to that moral and intellectual worth, the loss of which has filled us with mingled sorrow and surprise, to say, that the College has lost one of the most distinguished members that ever composed its classes; and that society is deprived of one, who, in the hope and expectation of all, would have proved to it a bright and useful ornament.

We trust, Sir, that we shall not be thought to have violated the sacredness of parental grief, in thus expressing our sincere and united sentiments on this melancholy occasion; and in giving a pledge, in which we are persuaded the whole College joins, of the affectionate veneration, in which we embalm the memory of our late and regretted friend and companion, whose excellencies and attainments were so remarkable, and so far above his years.

Believe us to remain,

Rev. Sir,

Your's with true sympathy and respect,

The Students of the Natural Phil. Class.

Glasgow College,
Nov. 30, 1821.

FRANKLIN BAKER, Censor.

I WILL not fatigue and offend the reader by a detail of my melancholy return—rendered, indeed, less melancholy as far as Manchester, by the company of a dear friend and relative,* who, with considerable inconve-

Rev. J. A. Coombs.

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nience to himself, took a journe yfrom thence to Glasgow, on purpose to soothe my anguish on the way back. At Birmingham, Bristol, and every place at which I rested, the tenderest sympathy and most unremitted attentions of friends awaited me. From several parts of the kingdom, from churchmen and dissenters, from laymen and ministers, I have received letters of warmest friendship, and, I believe, of sincere condolence. And though one of my affectionate correspondents remarks, in language perfectly characteristic of the writer, "I will not apply the poor mechanism of words to a case which nothing but the consolations of God can reach;" he may rest assured that the wisdom, which those words have contained,—the affection of heart, which they have expressed,—the assurances of kind remembrance at a throne of grace, which they have given,—have afforded me a large portion of those consolations, which God has mixed in this my bitterest cup. To my own congregation, whose affection wanted not this fresh stimulus to render it all that was gratifying, I owe more than I can express. And I hope that, through their prayer to God for me, I may repay their kindnesses, by conferring upon them, in my future ministry, far greater benefits than any which I have yet been the instrument of communicating. Several funeral sermons were preached on the occasion of his death in neighbouring towns; for which, as an expression of respect for my family—I take this opportunity of presenting thanks to my brethren; at the same time, offering my fervent prayer to Him, "from whom cometh every good and perfect gift," that He would pour forth an abundant

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measure of grace on the youth of their respective congregations.

HOME—once so cheerful, so delightful—now rendered so desolate—HOME,

> "Whose echoes and whose empty tread
> Would sound like voices from the dead;"

I trembled to approach. Every object there was connected with my almost idolized family—a family which, under every conceivable or possible circumstance, must continue to be equally dear to my affections—my sister, wife, and child. But duty called me; and in somewhat less than three weeks from my departure, I revisited an abode that had never, till then, been totally cheerless.

Memory has, for a season at least, lost nearly all its pleasures. Whether they shall, under any circumstances, return, experience alone can decide. It now performs its office with a dreadful fidelity. I shrink from its reviews, yet indulge them; they torture me, yet I cherish them. Instead, however, of sinking into a state of morbid sensibility; I would study to derive, from my severe afflictions, an increased ardor in discharging the duties of life, as a christian and a minister of the gospel:—yet, to suppress sorrows, so natural; to attempt not to feel; would be a folly approaching to madness. I do feel, because God has called me to feel—but, from this death of my child, and the death of my entire household, I will take refuge in the death of my best Friend, who "gave himself a ransom for many;" and whose word ensures, both to the departed and to myself, a life eternal, and unmixed with sorrow.

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And now, ye beloved sister, son and wife, who have preceded me in your flight to glory, farewell, farewell; but not for ever!—I will endeavor, in dependence upon that strength and grace which sustained and sanctified you—to follow your footsteps with more exactness than I have hitherto done. And if your deaths but quicken me to greater circumspection, activity and usefulness, I will dry up my tears, or smile from amidst them; I will bless God for all the pleasure and profit he afforded me by your presence on earth; and even thank Him that, to accomplish so much good, He has taken you away from me to heaven! But while I mark your ascent to glory,—congratulate you on not having to weep for me as I now weep,—and say to "your God and my God, to your Father, and my Father, Thy will be done"—I must add, in the beautiful and pious language of one,* over whose almost magic pages, we have, often rapt in admiration, spent so many hours together;—"Lord, if thou wilt support me, I will for ever praise thee: if thou wilt suffer the load to press me yet more heavily, I will cry unto thee, and complain unto my God; and at last I will lie down and die; and by thy mercies, and intercession of the holy Jesus, and the conduct of thy blessed Spirit, pass into those regions, where holy souls rest, and weep no more."

* Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

THE END.

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